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THE WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

EDITED

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAY

BY

LESLIE STEPHEN

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. V

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE
1882

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THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE

OF THE LATE

MR. JONATHAN WILD

THE GREAT

AND

ARTICLES IN THE CHAMPION

BY

HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. SMALL

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE
1882

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THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE

OF THE LATE

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THE GREAT

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THE LIFE

OF

MR. JONATHAN WILD

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

SHOWING THE WHOLESOME USES DRAWN FROM RECORDING THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THOSE WONDERFUL PRODUCTIONS OF NATURE CALLED *GREAT MEN*.

As it is necessary that all great and surprising events, the designs of which are laid, conducted, and brought to perfection by the utmost force of human invention and art, should be produced by great and eminent men, so the lives of such may be justly and properly styled the quintessence of history. In these, when delivered to us by sensible writers, we are not only most agreeably entertained, but most usefully instructed; for besides the attaining hence a consummate knowledge of human nature in general; of its secret springs, various windings, and perplexed mazes; we have here before our eyes lively examples of whatever is amiable or detestable, worthy of admiration or abhorrence, and are consequently taught, in a manner infinitely more effectual than by precept, what we are eagerly to imitate or carefully to avoid.

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But besides the two obvious advantages of surveying, as it were in a picture, the true beauty of virtue and deformity of vice, we may moreover learn from Plutarch, Nepos, Suetonius, and other biographers, this useful lesson, not too hastily, nor in the gross, to bestow either our praise or censure; since we shall often find such a mixture of good and evil in the same character, that it may require a very accurate judgment and a very elaborate inquiry to determine on which side the balance turns: for though we sometimes meet with an Aristides or a Brutus, a Lysander or a Nero, yet far the greater number are of the mixt kind; neither totally good nor bad: their greatest virtues being obscured and allayed by their vices, and those again softened and coloured over by their virtues.

Of this kind was the illustrious person whose history we now undertake; to whom, though nature had given the greatest and most shining endowments, she had not given them absolutely pure and without allay. Though he had much of the admirable in his character, as much perhaps as is usually to be found in a hero, I will not yet venture to affirm that he was entirely free from all defects; or that the sharp eyes of censure could not spy out some little blemishes lurking amongst his many great perfections.

We would not therefore be understood to affect giving the reader a perfect or consummate pattern of human excellence; but rather, by faithfully recording some little imperfections, which shadowed over the lustre of those great qualities which we shall here record, to teach the lesson we have above mentioned; to induce our reader with us to lament the frailty of human nature, and to convince him that no mortal, after a thorough scrutiny, can be a proper object of our adoration.

But before we enter on this great work we must endeavour to remove some errors of opinion which mankind have, by the disingenuity of writers, contracted: for these, from their fear of contradicting the obsolete and absurd doctrines of a set of simple fellows, called, in derision, sages or philosophers, have endeavoured, as much as possible, to confound

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the ideas of greatness and goodness; whereas no two things can possibly be more distinct from each other: for Greatness consists in bringing all manner of mischief on mankind, and Goodness in removing it from them. It seems therefore very unlikely that the same person should possess them both; and yet nothing is more usual with writers, who find many instances of greatness in their favourite hero, than to make him a compliment of goodness into the bargain; and this, without considering that by such means they destroy the great perfection called uniformity of character. In the histories of Alexander and Cæsar, we are frequently, and indeed impertinently, reminded of their benevolence and generosity, of their clemency and kindness. When the former had with fire and sword overrun a vast empire, had destroyed the lives of an immense number of innocent wretches, had scattered ruin and desolation like a whirlwind, we are told, as an example of his clemency, that he did not cut the throat of an old woman, and ravish her daughters, but was content with only undoing them. And when the mighty Cæsar, with wonderful greatness of mind, had destroyed the liberties of his country, and with all the means of fraud and force had placed himself at the head of his equals, had corrupted and enslaved the greatest people whom the sun ever saw, we are reminded, as an evidence of his generosity, of his largesses to his followers and tools, by whose means he had accomplished his purpose, and by whose assistance he was to establish it.

Now, who doth not see that such sneaking qualities as these are rather to be bewailed as imperfections than admired as ornaments in these great men; rather obscuring their glory, and holding them back in their race to greatness, indeed unworthy the end for which they seem to have come into the world, *viz.*, of perpetrating vast and mighty mischief?

We hope our reader will have reason justly to acquit us of any such confounding ideas in the following pages; in which, as we are to record the actions of a great man, so we have no where mentioned any spark of goodness, which

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had discovered itself either faintly in him, or more glaringly in any other person, but as a meanness and imperfection, disqualifying them for undertakings which lead to honour and esteem among men.

As our hero had as little as perhaps is to be found of that meanness, indeed only enough to make him partaker of the imperfection of humanity, instead of the perfection of Diabolism, we have ventured to call him *The Great;* nor do we doubt but our reader, when he hath perused his story, will concur with us in allowing him that title.

CHAPTER II.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF AS MANY OF OUR HERO'S ANCESTORS AS CAN BE GATHERED OUT OF THE RUBBISH OF ANTIQUITY, WHICH HATH BEEN CAREFULLY SIFTED FOR THAT PURPOSE.

IT is the custom of all biographers, at their entrance into their work, to step a little backwards (as far, indeed, generally as they are able) and to trace up their hero, as the ancients did the river Nile, till an incapacity of proceeding higher puts an end to their search.

What first gave rise to this method is somewhat difficult to determine. Sometimes I have thought that the hero's ancestors have been introduced as foils to himself. Again, I have imagined it might be to obviate a suspicion that such extraordinary personages were not produced in the ordinary course of nature, and may have proceeded from the author's fear, that, if we were not told who their fathers were, they might be in danger, like Prince Prettyman, of being supposed to have had none. Lastly, and perhaps more truly, I have conjectured, that the design of the biographer hath been no more than to show his great learning and knowledge of antiquity. A design to which the

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world hath probably owed many notable discoveries, and indeed most of the labours of our antiquarians.

But, whatever original this custom had, it is now too well established to be disputed. I shall therefore conform to it in the strictest manner.

Mr. Jonathan Wild, or Wyld, then (for he himself did not always agree in one method of spelling his name), was descended from the great Wolfstan Wild, who came over with Hengist, and distinguished himself very eminently at that famous festival, where the Britons were so treacherously murdered by the Saxons; for when the word was given, *i.e. Nemet eour Saxes, Take out your swords,* this gentleman, being a little hard of hearing, mistook the sound for *Nemet her Sacs, Take out their purses;* instead therefore of applying to the throat, he immediately applied to the pocket of his guest, and contented himself with taking all that he had, without attempting his life.

The next ancestor of our hero, who was remarkably eminent, was Wild, surnamed Langfanger, or Longfinger. He flourished in the reign of Henry III. and was strictly attached to Hubert de Burgh, whose friendship he was recommended to by his great excellence in an art of which Hubert was himself the inventor; he could, without the knowledge of the proprietor, with great ease and dexterity, draw forth a man's purse from any part of his garment where it was deposited, and hence he derived his surname. This gentleman was the first of his family who had the honour to suffer for the good of his country: on whom a wit of that time made the following epitaph:

> O shame o' Justice, Wild is hang'd,
> For thatten he a pocket fang'd,
> While safe old Hubert, and his gang,
> Doth pocket o' the nation fang.

Langfanger left a son named Edward, whom he had carefully instructed in the art for which he himself was so famous. This Edward had a grandson, who served as a volunteer under the famous Sir John Falstaff, and by his

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gallant demeanour so recommended himself to his captain, that he would have certainly been promoted by him, had Harry the Fifth kept his word with his old companion.

After the death of Edward, the family remained in some obscurity down to the reign of Charles the First, when James Wild distinguished himself on both sides the question in the civil wars passing from one to t'other, as heaven seemed to declare itself in favour of either party. At the end of the war, James not being rewarded according to his merits, as is usually the case of such impartial persons, he associated himself with a brave man of those times, whose name was Hind, and declared open war with both parties. He was successful in several actions, and spoiled many of the enemy; till at length, being overpowered and taken, he was, contrary to the law of arms, put basely and cowardly to death, by a combination between twelve men of the enemy's party, who, after some consultation, unanimously agreed on the said murder.

This Edward took to wife Rebecca, the daughter of the above-mentioned John Hind, Esq., by whom he had issue John, Edward, Thomas, and Jonathan, and three daughters, namely, Grace, Charity, and Honour. John followed the fortunes of his father, and, suffering with him, left no issue. Edward was so remarkable for his compassionate temper, that he spent his life in soliciting the causes of the distressed captives in Newgate, and is reported to have held a strict friendship with an eminent divine, who solicited the spiritual causes of the said captives. He married Editha, daughter and co-heiress of Geoffrey Snap, Gent., who long enjoyed an office under the high sheriff of London and Middlesex, by which, with great reputation, he acquired an handsome fortune: by her he had no issue. Thomas went very young abroad to one of our American colonies, and hath not been since heard of. As for the daughters, Grace was married to a merchant of Yorkshire, who dealt in horses. Charity took to husband an eminent gentleman, whose name I cannot learn; but who was famous for so friendly a disposition that he was bail for above a hundred persons in one year. He

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had likewise the remarkable humour of walking in Westminster Hall with a straw in his shoe. Honour, the youngest, died unmarried. She lived many years in this town, was a great frequenter of plays, and used to be remarkable for distributing oranges to all who would accept of them.

Jonathan married Elizabeth, daughter of Scragg Hollow, of Hockley in the Hole, Esq., and by her had Jonathan, who is the illustrious subject of these memoirs.

CHAPTER III.

THE BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION OF MR. JONATHAN WILD, THE GREAT.

IT is observable that nature seldom produces any one who is afterwards to act a notable part on the stage of life, but she gives some warning of her intention; and as the dramatic poet generally prepares the entry of every considerable character with a solemn narrative, or at least a great flourish of drums and trumpets; so doth this our *Alma Mater* by some shrewd hints pre-admonish us of her intention, giving us warning as it were, and crying:

"—— *Venienti occurrite morbo.*"

Thus Astyages, who was the grandfather of Cyrus, dreamt that his daughter was brought to bed of a vine, whose branches overspread all Asia; and Hecuba, while big with Paris, dreamt that she was delivered of a fire-brand that set all Troy in flames; so did the mother of our Great Man, while she was with child of him, dream that she was enjoyed in the night by the gods Mercury and Priapus. This dream puzzled all the learned astrologers of her time, seeming to imply in it a contradiction; Mercury being the god of ingenuity, and Priapus the terror of those who

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practised it. What made this dream the more wonderful, and perhaps the true cause of its being remembered, was a very extraordinary circumstance, sufficiently denoting something preternatural in it; for, though she had never heard even the name of either of those gods, she repeated these very words in the morning, with only a small mistake of the quantity of the latter, which she chose to call *Priăpus* instead of *Priāpus;* and her husband swore that though he might possibly have named Mercury to her (for he had heard of such an heathen god), he never in his life could any wise have put her in mind of that other deity, with whom he had no acquaintance.

Another remarkable incident was, that during her whole pregnancy she constantly longed for every thing she saw; nor could be satisfied with her wish unless she enjoyed it clandestinely; and as nature, by true and accurate observers, is remarked to give us no appetites without furnishing us with the means of gratifying them; so had she at this time a most marvellous glutinous quality attending her fingers, to which, as to birdlime, every thing closely adhered that she handled.

To omit other stories, some of which may be perhaps the growth of superstition, we proceed to the birth of our hero, who made his first appearance on this great theatre the very day when the plague first broke out in 1665. Some say his mother was delivered of him in an house of an orbicular or round form in Covent Garden; but of this we are not certain. He was some years afterwards baptised by the famous Mr. Titus Oates.

Nothing very remarkable passed in his years of infancy, save, that as the letters *Th* are the most difficult of pronunciation, and the last which a child attains to the utterance of, so they were the first that came with any readiness from young Master Wild. Nor must we omit the early indications which he gave of the sweetness of his temper; for though he was by no means to be terrified into compliance, yet might he by a sugarplum be brought to your purpose: indeed, to say the truth, he was to be bribed to any

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thing, which made many say he was certainly born to be a Great Man.

He was scarce settled at school before he gave marks of his lofty and aspiring temper; and was regarded by all his schoolfellows with that deference which men generally pay to those superior geniuses who will exact it of them. If an orchard was to be robbed Wild was consulted, and though he was himself seldom concerned in the execution of the design, yet was he always concerter of it, and treasurer of the booty; some little part of which he would now and then, with wonderful generosity, bestow on those who took it. He was generally very secret on these occasions; but if any offered to plunder of his own head, without acquainting Master Wild, and making a deposit of the booty, he was sure to have an information against him lodged with the schoolmaster, and to be severely punished for his pains.

He discovered so little attention to school-learning that his master, who was a very wise and worthy man, soon gave over all care and trouble on that account, and, acquainting his parents that their son proceeded extremely well in his studies, he permitted his pupil to follow his own inclinations; perceiving they led him to nobler pursuits than the sciences; which are generally acknowledged to be a very unprofitable study, and indeed greatly to hinder the advancement of men in the world: but though Master Wild was not esteemed the readiest at making his exercise, he was universally allowed to be the most dexterous at stealing it of all his schoolfellows: being never detected in such furtive compositions, nor indeed in any other exercitations of his great talents, which all inclined the same way, but once, when he had laid violent hands on a book called *Gradus ad Parnassum*, i.e. *A step towards Parnassus;* on which account his master, who was a man of most wonderful wit and sagacity, is said to have told him, he wished it might not prove in the event *Gradus ad Patibulum*, i.e. *A step towards the gallows.*

But though he would not give himself the pains requisite to acquire a competent sufficiency in the learned languages,

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yet did he readily listen with attention to others, especially when they translated the classical authors to him; nor was he in the least backward, at all such times, to express his approbation. He was wonderfully pleased with that passage in the eleventh Iliad, where Achilles is said to have bound two sons of Priam upon a mountain, and afterwards to have released them for a sum of money. This was, he said, alone sufficient to refute those who affected a contempt for the wisdom of the ancients, and an undeniable testimony of the great antiquity of Priggism.[1] He was ravished with the account which Nestor gives in the same book, of the rich booty which he bore off (*i.e.* stole) from the Eleans. He was desirous of having this often repeated to him, and at the end of every repetition, he constantly fetched a deep sigh, and said, *It was a glorious booty.*

When the story of Cacus was read to him out of the eighth Æneid he generously pitied the unhappy fate of that great man, to whom he thought Hercules much too severe: one of his schoolfellows commending the dexterity of drawing the oxen backward by their tails into his den, he smiled, and with some disdain said, *He could have taught him a better way.*

He was a passionate admirer of heroes, particularly of Alexander the Great, between whom and the late King of Sweden he would frequently draw parallels. He was much delighted with the accounts of the Czar's retreat from the latter, who carried off the inhabitants of great cities to people his own country. *This*, he said, *was not once thought of by* Alexander; *but* added, *perhaps he did not want them.*

Happy had it been for him if he had confined himself to this sphere; but his chief, if not only blemish was, that he would sometimes, from a humility in his nature too pernicious to true greatness, condescend to an intimacy with inferior things and persons. Thus the Spanish rogue was his favourite book, and the cheats of Scapin his favourite play.

[1] This word, in the cant language, signifies thievery.

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The young gentleman being now at the age of seventeen, his father, from a foolish prejudice to our universities, and out of a false, as well as excessive regard to his morals, brought his son to town, where he resided with him till he was of an age to travel. Whilst he was here all imaginable care was taken of his instruction, his father endeavouring his utmost to inculcate principles of honour and gentility into his son.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. WILD'S FIRST ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD. HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH COUNT LA RUSE.

AN accident happened soon after his arrival in town, which almost saved the father his whole labour on this head, and provided Master Wild a better tutor than any after-care or expense could have furnished him with. The old gentleman, it seems, was a FOLLOWER of the fortunes of Mr. Snap, son of Mr. Geoffrey Snap, whom we have before mentioned to have enjoyed a reputable office under the sheriff of London and Middlesex, the daughter of which Geoffrey had intermarried with the Wilds. Mr. Snap the younger, being thereto well warranted, had laid violent hands on, or, as the vulgar express it, arrested one Count La Ruse, a man of considerable figure in those days, and had confined him to his own house, till he could find two seconds who would in a formal manner give their words that the Count should, at a certain day and place appointed, answer all that one Thomas Thimble, a tailor, had to say to him; which Thomas Thimble, it seems, alleged that the Count had, according to the law of the realm, made over his body to him as a security for some suits of clothes to him delivered by the said Thomas Thimble. Now, as the Count, though perfectly a man of honour, could not immediately find these seconds, he was obliged for some time to reside at Mr. Snap's house:

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for it seems the law of the land is, that whoever owes another 10*l.* or indeed 2*l.* may be, on the oath of that person, immediately taken up and carried away from his own house and family, and kept abroad till he is made to owe 50*l.* whether he will or no; for which he is perhaps afterwards obliged to lie in gaol; and all these without any trial had, or any other evidence of the debt than the abovesaid oath, which if untrue, as it often happens, you have no remedy against the perjurer; he was, forsooth, mistaken.

But though Mr. Snap would not (as perhaps by the nice rules of honour he was obliged) discharge the Count on his parole; yet did he not (as by the strict rules of law he was enabled) confine him to his chamber. The Count had his liberty of the whole house, and Mr. Snap using only the precaution of keeping his doors well locked and barred, took his prisoner's word that he would not go forth.

Mr. Snap had by his second lady two daughters, who were now in the bloom of their youth and beauty. These young ladies, like damsels in romance, compassionated the captive Count, and endeavoured by all means to make his confinement less irksome to him; which, though they were both very beautiful, they could not attain by any other way so effectually, as by engaging with him at cards, in which contentions, as will appear hereafter, the Count was greatly skilful.

As whisk and swabbers was the game then in the chief vogue, they were obliged to look for a fourth person, in order to make up their parties. Mr. Snap himself would sometimes relax his mind from the violent fatigues of his employment by these recreations; and sometimes a neighbouring young gentleman, or lady, came in to their assistance: but the most frequent guest was young Master Wild, who had been educated from his infancy with the Miss Snaps, and was, by all the neighbours, allotted for the husband of Miss Tishy, or Lætitia, the younger of the two; for though, being his cousin-german, she was perhaps, in the eye of a strict conscience, somewhat too nearly related to him; yet

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the old people on both sides, though sufficiently scrupulous in nice matters, agreed to overlook this objection.

Men of great genius as easily discover one another as freemasons can. It was therefore no wonder that the Count soon conceived an inclination to an intimacy with our young hero, whose vast abilities could not be concealed from one of the Count's discernment: for though this latter was so expert at his cards that he was proverbially said to *play the whole game*, he was no match for Master Wild, who, inexperienced as he was, notwithstanding all the art, the dexterity, and often the fortune of his adversary, never failed to send him away from the table with less in his pocket than he brought to it, for indeed Langfanger himself could not have extracted a purse with more ingenuity than our young hero.

His hands made frequent visits to the Count's pocket before the latter had entertained any suspicion of him, imputing the several losses he sustained rather to the innocent and sprightly frolic of Miss Doshy, or Theodosia, with which, as she indulged him with little innocent freedoms about her person in return, he thought himself obliged to be contented; but one night, when Wild imagined the Count asleep, he made so unguarded an attack upon him, that the other caught him in the fact: however, he did not think proper to acquaint him with the discovery he had made; but preventing him from any booty at that time, he only took care for the future to button his pockets, and to pack the cards with double industry.

So far was this detection from causing any quarrel between these two Prigs,[1] that in reality it recommended them to each other: for a wise man, that is to say a rogue, considers a trick in life as a gamester doth a trick at play. It sets him on his guard; but he admires the dexterity of him who plays it. These, therefore, and many other such instances of ingenuity, operated so violently on the Count, that, notwithstanding the disparity which age, title, and above all dress, had set between them, he resolved to enter into an acquaintance with Wild. This soon produced a perfect intimacy, and

[1] Thieves.

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that a friendship, which had a longer duration than is common to that passion between persons who only propose to themselves the common advantages of eating, drinking, whoring, or borrowing money; which ends, as they soon fail, so doth the friendship founded upon them. Mutual interest, the greatest of all purposes, was the cement of this alliance, which nothing of consequence, but superior interest, was capable of dissolving.

CHAPTER V.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN YOUNG MASTER WILD AND COUNT LA RUSE, WHICH, HAVING EXTENDED TO THE REJOINDER, HAD A VERY QUIET, EASY, AND NATURAL CONCLUSION.

ONE evening, after the Miss Snaps were retired to rest, the Count thus addressed himself to young Wild: "You cannot, I apprehend, Mr. Wild, be such a stranger to your own great capacity as to be surprised when I tell you I have often viewed, with a mixture of astonishment and concern, your shining qualities confined to a sphere where they can never reach the eyes of those who would introduce them properly into the world, and raise you to an eminence where you may blaze out to the admiration of all men. I assure you I am pleased with my captivity, when I reflect I am likely to owe to it an acquaintance, and I hope friendship, with the greatest genius of my age; and, what is still more, when I indulge my vanity with a prospect of drawing from obscurity (pardon the expression) such talents as were, I believe, never before like to have been buried in it: for I make no question, but, at my discharge from confinement, which will now soon happen, I shall be able to introduce you into company where you may reap the advantage of your superior parts.

"I will bring you acquainted, sir, with those, who as

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they are capable of setting a true value on such qualifications, so they will have it both in their power and inclination to prefer you for them. Such an introduction is the only advantage you want, without which your merit might be your misfortune; for those abilities which would entitle you to honour and profit in a superior station, may render you only obnoxious to danger and disgrace in a lower."

Mr. Wild answered: "Sir, I am not insensible of my obligations to you, as well for the overvalue you have set on my small abilities, as for the kindness you express in offering to introduce me among my superiors. I must own, my father hath often persuaded me to push myself into the company of my betters; but, to say the truth, I have an awkward pride in my nature, which is better pleased with being at the head of the lowest class than at the bottom of the highest. Permit me to say, though the idea may be somewhat coarse, I had rather stand on the summit of a dunghill than at the bottom of a hill in Paradise; I have always thought it signifies little into what rank of life I am thrown, provided I make a great figure therein; and should be as well satisfied with exerting my talents well at the head of a small party or gang, as in the command of a mighty army: for I am far from agreeing with you, that great parts are often lost in a low situation; on the contrary, I am convinced it is impossible they should be lost. I have often persuaded myself that there were not fewer than a thousand in Alexander's troops capable of performing what Alexander himself did.

"But because such spirits were not elected or destined to an imperial command, are we therefore to imagine they came off without a booty? or that they contented themselves with the share in common with their comrades? Surely, no. In civil life, doubtless, the same genius, the same endowments have often composed the statesman and the Prig: for so we call what the vulgar name a Thief. The same parts, the same actions often promote men to the head of superior societies, which raise them to the head of lower; and where is the essential difference, if the one ends on Tower Hill, and

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the other at Tyburn? Hath the block any preference to the gallows, or the axe to the halter, but was given them by the ill-guided judgment of men? You will pardon me, therefore, if I am not so hastily inflamed with the common outside of things, nor join the general opinion in preferring one state to another. A guinea is as valuable in a leathern as in an embroidered purse; and a cod's head is a cod's head still, whether in a pewter or a silver dish."

The Count replied as follows: "What you have now said doth not lessen my idea of your capacity; but confirms my opinion of the ill effects of bad and low company. Can any one doubt whether it is better to be a great statesman or a common thief? I have often heard that the devil used to say, where, or to whom, I know not, that it was better to reign in Hell than to be a *valet de chambre* in Heaven, and perhaps he was in the right; but sure, if he had had the choice of reigning in either, he would have chosen better. The truth therefore is, that by low conversation we contract a greater awe for high things than they deserve. We decline great pursuits not from contempt, but despair. The man who prefers the high road to a more reputable way of making his fortune doth it because he imagines the one easier than the other; but you yourself have asserted, and with undoubted truth, that the same abilities qualify you for undertaking, and the same means will bring you to your end in both journeys; as in music, it is the same tune, whether you play it in a higher or a lower key. To instance in some particulars: — is it not the same qualification which enables this man to hire himself as a servant, and to get into the confidence and secrets of his master, in order to rob him, and that to undertake trust of the highest nature with a design to break and betray them? Is it less difficult by false tokens to deceive a shopkeeper into the delivery of his goods, which you afterwards run away with, than to impose upon him by outward splendour, and the appearance of fortune, into a credit by which you gain, and he loses twenty times as much? Doth

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it not require more dexterity in the fingers to draw out a man's purse from his pocket, or to take a lady's watch from her side, without being perceived of any (an excellence in which, without flattery, I am persuaded you have no superior), than to cog a die, or to shuffle a pack of cards? Is not as much art, as many excellent qualities, required to make a pimping porter at a common bawdy-house, as would enable a man to prostitute his own or his friend's wife or child? Doth it not ask as good a memory, as nimble an invention, as steady a countenance, to forswear yourself in Westminster Hall, as would furnish out a complete tool of state, or perhaps a statesman himself? It is needless to particularise every instance; in all we shall find, that there is a nearer connection between high and low life than is generally imagined, and that a highwayman is entitled to more favour with the great than he usually meets with. If therefore, as I think I have proved, the same parts which qualify a man for eminence in a low sphere, qualify him likewise for eminence in a higher, sure it can be no doubt in which he would choose to exert them. Ambition, without which no one can be a great man, will immediately instruct him, in your own phrase, to prefer a hill in Paradise to a dunghill; nay, even fear, a passion the most repugnant to greatness, will show him how much more safely he may indulge himself in the full and free exertion of his mighty abilities in the higher, than in the lower rank: since experience teaches him, that there is a crowd oftener in one year at Tyburn, than on Tower Hill in a century." Mr. Wild with much solemnity rejoined, "That the same capacity which qualifies a Millken,[1] a Bridle-cull,[2] or a Buttock and File,[3] to arrive at any degree of eminence in his profession, would likewise raise a man in what the world esteems a more honourable calling, I do not deny; nay, in many of your instances it is evident, that more ingenuity, more art is necessary to the lower, than the higher proficients. If therefore you had only contended, that every Prig might be

[1] A Housebreaker. [2] A Highwayman.
[3] A Shoplifter. Terms used in the Cant Dictionary.

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a statesman if he pleased, I had readily agreed to it; but when you conclude, that it is his interest to be so, that ambition would bid him take that alternative, in a word, that a statesman is greater or happier than a Prig, I must deny my assent. But, in comparing these two together, we must carefully avoid being misled by the vulgar erroneous estimation of things: for mankind err in disquisitions of his nature, as physicians do, who, in considering the operations of a disease, have not a due regard to the age and complexion of the patient. The same degree of heat, which is common in this constitution, may be a fever in that; in the same manner that which may be riches or honour to me, may be poverty or disgrace to another: for all these things are to be estimated by relation to the person who possesses them. A booty of 10*l.* looks as great in the eye of a Bridle-cull, and gives as much real happiness to his fancy, as that of as many thousands to the statesman; and doth not the former lay out his acquisitions in whores and fiddles, with much greater joy and mirth, than the latter in palaces and pictures? What are the flattery, the false compliments of his gang, to the statesman, when he himself must condemn his own blunders, and is obliged against his will to give fortune the whole honour of his success? what is the pride, resulting from such sham applause, compared to the secret satisfaction which a Prig enjoys in his mind in reflecting on a well-contrived and well-executed scheme? Perhaps indeed the greater danger is on the Prig's side; but then you must remember that the greater honour is so too. When I mention honour, I mean that which is paid *him* by his gang; for that weak part of the world, which is vulgarly called THE WISE, see both in a disadvantageous and disgraceful light: And as the Prig enjoys (and merits too) the greater degree of honour from his gang, so doth he suffer the less disgrace from the world, who think his misdeeds, as they call them, sufficiently at last punished with a halter, which at once puts an end to his pain and infamy; whereas the other is not only hated in power, but detested and contemned at the scaffold; and future ages vent their malice

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HAVING FIRST PICKED HIS POCKET OF THREE SHILLINGS.

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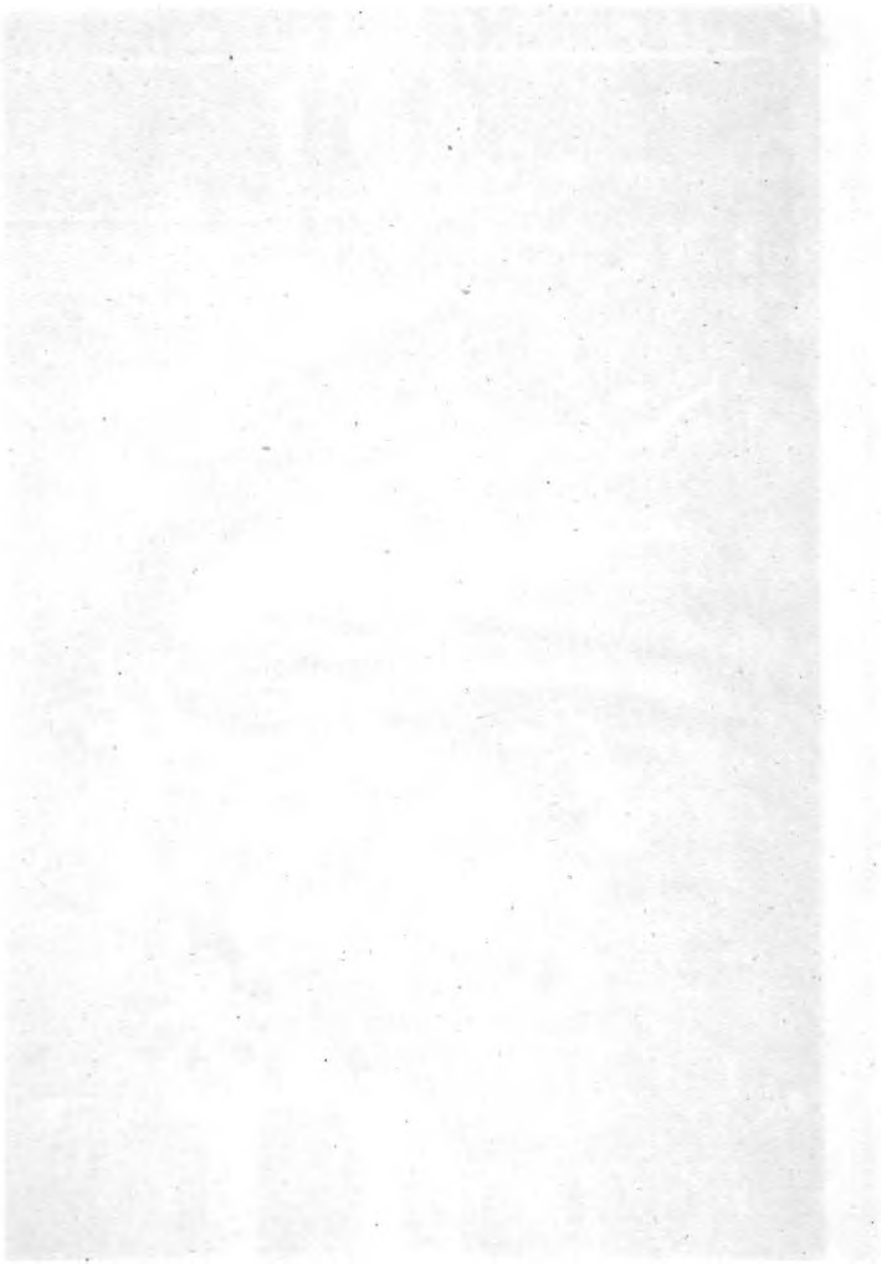

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on his fame, while the other sleeps quiet and forgotten. Besides, let us a little consider the secret quiet of their consciences; how easy is the reflection of having taken a few shillings or pounds from a stranger, without any breach of confidence, or perhaps any great harm to the person who loses it, compared to that of having betrayed a public trust, and ruined the fortunes of thousands, perhaps of a great nation? How much braver is an attack on the highway, than at the gaming table; and how much more innocent the character of a b—dy-house than c—t pimp?" He was eagerly proceeding, when, casting his eyes on the Count, he perceived him to be fast asleep: wherefore, having first picked his pocket of three shillings, then gently jogged him in order to take his leave, and promised to return to him the next morning to breakfast, they separated: the Count retired to rest, and Master Wild to a night-cellar.

CHAPTER VI.

FURTHER CONFERENCES BETWEEN THE COUNT AND MASTER WILD, WITH OTHER MATTERS OF THE GREAT KIND.

THE Count missed his money the next morning, and very well knew who had it; but, as he knew likewise how fruitless would be any complaint, he chose to pass it by without mentioning it. Indeed it may appear strange to some readers that these gentlemen, who knew each other to be thieves, should never once give the least hint of this knowledge in all their discourse together; but, on the contrary, should have the words honesty, honour, and friendship, as often in their mouths as any other men. This, I say, may appear strange to some; but those who have lived long in cities, courts, gaols, or such places, will perhaps be able to solve the seeming absurdity.

When our two friends met the next morning, the Count

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(who, though he did not agree with the whole of his friend's doctrine, was, however, highly pleased with his argument), began to bewail the misfortune of his captivity, and the backwardness of friends to assist each other in their necessities; but what vexed him, he said, most, was the cruelty of the fair: for he entrusted Wild with the secret of his having had an intrigue with Miss Theodosia, the elder of the Miss Snaps, ever since his confinement, though he could not prevail with her to set him at liberty. Wild answered, with a smile: "It was no wonder a woman should wish to confine her lover where she might be sure of having him entirely to herself; but added, he believed he could tell him a method of certainly procuring his escape." The Count eagerly besought him to acquaint him with it. Wild told him, bribery was the surest means, and advised him to apply to the maid. The Count thanked him, but returned, "That he had not a farthing left besides one guinea, which he had then given her to change." To which Wild said, "He must make it up with promises, which he supposed he was courtier enough to know how to put off." The Count greatly applauded the advice, and said, he hoped he should be able in time to persuade him to condescend to be a great man, for which he was so perfectly well qualified.

This method being concluded on, the two friends sat down to cards, a circumstance which I should not have mentioned, but for the sake of observing the prodigious force of habit; for though the Count knew, if he won ever so much of Mr. Wild, he should not receive a shilling, yet could he not refrain from packing the cards; nor could Wild keep his hands out of his friend's pockets, though he knew there was nothing in them.

When the maid came home, the Count began to put it to her; offered her all he had, and promised mountains *in futuro;* but all in vain, the maid's honesty was impregnable. She said, "She would not break her trust for the whole world; no, not if she could gain a hundred pound by it." Upon which Wild stepping up, and telling her: "She need not fear losing her place, for it would never be found out;

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that they could throw a pair of sheets into the street, by which it might appear he got out at a window; that he himself would swear he saw him descending; that the money would be so much gains in her pocket; that, besides his promises, which she might depend on being performed, she would receive from him twenty shillings and ninepence in ready money (for she had only laid out threepence in plain Spanish), and lastly, that, besides his honour, the Count should leave a pair of gold buttons (which afterwards turned out to be brass) of great value in her hands, as a further pawn."

The maid still remained inflexible, till Wild offered to lend his friend a guinea more, and to deposit it immediately in her hands. This reinforcement bore down the poor girl's resolution, and she faithfully promised to open the door to the Count that evening.

Thus did our young hero not only lend his rhetoric, which few people care to do without a fee, but his money too, a sum which many a good man would have made fifty excuses before he would have parted with, to his friend, and procured him his liberty.

But it would be highly derogatory from the GREAT character of Wild, should the reader imagine he lent such a sum to a friend without the least view of serving himself. As, therefore, the reader may easily account for it in a manner more advantageous to our hero's reputation, by concluding that he had some interested view in the Count's enlargement, we hope he will judge with charity, especially as the sequel makes it not only reasonable, but necessary, to suppose he had some such view.

A long intimacy and friendship subsisted between the Count and Mr. Wild, who, being by the advice of the Count dressed in good clothes, was by him introduced into the best company. They constantly frequented the assemblies, auctions, gaming-tables, and play-houses; at which last they saw two acts every night, and then retired without paying, this being, it seems, an immemorial privilege which the beaux of the town prescribe for to themselves. This, however, did

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not suit Wild's temper, who called it a cheat, and objected against it as requiring no dexterity but what every blockhead might put in execution. He said it was a custom very much savouring of the Sneaking-budge,[1] but neither so honourable nor so ingenious.

Wild now made a considerable figure, and passed for a gentleman of great fortune in the funds. Women of quality treated him with great familiarity, young ladies began to spread their charms for him, when an accident happened that put a stop to his continuance in a way of life too insipid and inactive to afford employment for those great talents, which were designed to make a much more considerable figure in the world than attends the character of a beau or a pretty gentleman.

CHAPTER VII.

MASTER WILD SETS OUT ON HIS TRAVELS, AND RETURNS HOME AGAIN. A VERY SHORT CHAPTER, CONTAINING INFINITELY MORE TIME AND LESS MATTER THAN ANY OTHER IN THE WHOLE STORY.

WE are sorry we cannot indulge our reader's curiosity with a full and perfect account of this accident; but as there are such various accounts, one of which only can be true, and possibly, and indeed probably none; instead of following the general method of historians, who in such cases set down the various reports, and leave to your own conjecture which you will choose, we shall pass them all over.

Certain it is, that whatever this accident was, it determined our hero's father to send his son immediately abroad for seven years; and, which may seem somewhat remarkable, to his majesty's plantations in America. That part of the world being, as he said, freer from vices than the courts and cities

[1] Shoplifting.

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of Europe, and consequently less dangerous to corrupt a young man's morals. And as for the advantages, the old gentleman thought they were equal there with those attained in the politer climates; for travelling, he said, was travelling in one part of the world as well as another: it consisted in being such a time from home, and in traversing so many leagues; and appealed to experience, whether most of our travellers in France and Italy did not prove at their return that they might have been sent as profitably to Norway and Greenland?

According to these resolutions of his father, the young gentleman went aboard a ship, and with a great deal of good company, set out for the American hemisphere. The exact time of his stay is somewhat uncertain; most probably longer than was intended: But howsoever long his abode there was, it must be a blank in this history; as the whole story contains not one adventure worthy the reader's notice; being, indeed, a continued scene of whoring, drinking, and removing from one place to another.

To confess a truth, we are so ashamed of the shortness of this chapter, that we would have done a violence to our history, and have inserted an adventure or two of some other traveller; to which purpose we borrowed the journals of several young gentlemen who have lately made the tour of Europe; but to our great sorrow, could not extract a single incident strong enough to justify the theft to our conscience.

When we consider the ridiculous figure this chapter must make, being the history of no less than eight years, our only comfort is, that the histories of some men's lives, and perhaps of some men who have made a noise in the world, are in reality as absolute blanks as the travels of our hero. As, therefore, we shall make sufficient amends in the sequel for this inanity, we shall hasten on to matters of true importance, and immense greatness. At present we content ourselves with setting down our hero where we took him up, after acquainting our reader that he went abroad, stayed seven years, and then came home again.

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CHAPTER VIII.

AN ADVENTURE WHERE WILD, IN THE DIVISION OF THE BOOTY, EXHIBITS AN ASTONISHING INSTANCE OF *GREATNESS.*

THE Count was one night very successful at the hazard-table, where Wild, who was just returned from his travels, was then present; as was likewise a young gentleman whose name was Bob Bagshot, an acquaintance of Mr. Wild's, and of whom he entertained a great opinion; taking therefore Mr. Bagshot aside, he advised him to provide himself (if he had them not about him) with a case of pistols, and to attack the Count, in his way home, promising to plant himself near with the same arms, as a *Corps de Reserve*, and to come up on occasion. This was accordingly executed, and the Count obliged to surrender to savage force what he had in so genteel and civil a manner taken at play.

And as it is a wise and philosophical observation, that one misfortune never comes alone, the Count had hardly passed the examination of Mr. Bagshot, when he fell into the hands of Mr. Snap, who, in company with Mr. Wild, the elder, and one or two more gentlemen, being, it seems, thereto well warranted, laid hold of the unfortunate Count, and conveyed him back to the same house, from which, by the assistance of his good friend, he had formerly escaped.

Mr. Wild and Mr. Bagshot went together to the tavern, where Mr. Bagshot (generously, as he thought) offered to share the booty, and having divided the money into two unequal heaps, and added a golden snuff-box to the lesser heap, he desired Mr. Wild to take his choice.

Mr. Wild immediately conveyed the larger share of the ready into his pocket, according to an excellent maxim of his: "First secure what share you can before you wrangle for the rest:" And then, turning to his companion, he asked him, with a stern countenance, whether he intended to keep all that sum to himself? Mr. Bagshot answered with

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some surprise, that he thought Mr. Wild had no reason to complain: for it was surely fair, at least on his part, to content himself with an equal share of the booty, who had taken the whole. "I grant you took it," replied Wild, "but, pray, who proposed or counselled the taking it? Can you say that you have done more than executed my scheme? and might not I, if I had pleased, have employed another, since you well know there was not a gentleman in the room but would have taken the money, if he had known how conveniently and safely to do it?" "That is very true (returned Bagshot), but did not I execute the scheme, did not I run the whole risk? Should not I have suffered the whole punishment if I had been taken, and is not the labourer worthy of his hire?" "Doubtless (says Jonathan) he is so, and your hire I shall not refuse you, which is all that the labourer is entitled to, or ever enjoys. I remember when I was at school to have heard some verses, which for the excellence of their doctrine made an impression on me, purporting that the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, work not for themselves. It is true, the farmer allows fodder to his oxen, and pasture to his sheep; but it is for his own service, not theirs. In the same manner the ploughman, the shepherd, the weaver, the builder, and the soldier, work not for themselves but others; they are contented with a poor pittance (the labourer's hire), and permit us, the GREAT, to enjoy the fruits of their labours. Aristotle, as my master told us, hath plainly proved, in the first book of his politics, that the low, mean, useful part of mankind, are born slaves to the wills of their superiors, and are indeed as much their property as the cattle. It is well said of us, the higher order of mortals, that we are born only to devour the fruits of the earth; and it may be as well said of the lower class, that they are born only to produce them for us. Is not the battle gained by the sweat and danger of the common soldier? are not the honour and fruits of the victory the general's who laid the scheme? Is not the house built by the labour of the carpenter, and the bricklayer? Is it not built for the profit only of the architect, and for the use

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of the inhabitant, who could not easily have placed one brick upon another? Is not the cloth, or the silk, wrought into its form, and variegated with all the beauty of colours, by those who are forced to content themselves with the coarsest and vilest part of their work, while the profit and enjoyment of their labours fall to the share of others? Cast your eye abroad, and see who is it lives in the most magnificent buildings, feasts his palate with the most luxurious dainties, his eyes with the most beautiful sculptures and delicate paintings, and clothes himself in the finest and richest apparel; and tell me if all these do not fall to his lot, who had not any the least share in producing all these conveniences, nor the least ability so to do? Why then should the state of a Prig[1] differ from all others? Or why should you, who are the labourer only, the executor of my scheme, expect a share in the profit? Be advised, therefore, deliver the whole booty to me, and trust to my bounty for your reward." Mr. Bagshot was some time silent, and looked like a man thunderstruck: but at last recovering himself from his surprise, he thus began: "If you think, Mr. Wild, by the force of your arguments to get the money out of my pocket, you are greatly mistaken. What is all this stuff to me? D—n me, I am a man of honour, and though I can't talk as well as you, by G— you shall not make a fool of me; and if you take me for one, I must tell you, you are a rascal." At which words he laid his hand to his pistol. Wild perceiving the little success the great strength of his arguments had met with, and the hasty temper of his friend, gave over his design for the present, and told Bagshot he was only in jest. But this coolness with which he treated the other's flame had rather the effect of oil than of water. Bagshot replied in a rage, "D—n me, I don't like such jests; I see you are a pitiful rascal, and a scoundrel." Wild, with a philosophy worthy of great admiration, returned, "As for your abuse, I have no regard to it; but to convince you I am not afraid of you, let us lay the whole booty on the table, and let the conqueror take it all." And having so

[1] A Thief.

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said, he drew out his shining hanger, whose glittering so dazzled the eyes of Bagshot, that, in a tone entirely altered, he said, "No! he was contented with what he had already; that it was mighty ridiculous in them to quarrel among themselves; that they had common enemies enough abroad, against whom they should unite their common force; that if he had mistaken Wild, he was sorry for it; and as for a jest, he could take a jest as well another." Wild, who had a wonderful knack of discovering and applying to the passions of men, beginning now to have a little insight into his friend, and to conceive what arguments would make the quickest impression on him, cried out in a loud voice, "That he had bullied him into drawing his hanger, and since it was out, he would not put it up without satisfaction." "What satisfaction would you have?" (answered the other.) "Your money or your blood," said Wild. "Why, lookye, Mr. Wild (said Bagshot), if you want to borrow a little of my part, since I know you to be a man of honour, I don't care if I lend you:—for though I am not afraid of any man living, yet rather than break with a friend, and as it may be necessary for your occasions—" Wild, who often declared that he looked upon borrowing to be as good a way of taking as any, and, as he called it, the genteelest kind of Sneaking-budge, putting up his hanger, and shaking his friend by the hand, told him he had hit the nail on the head; it was really his present necessity only that prevailed with him against his will; for that his honour was concerned to pay a considerable sum the next morning. Upon which, contenting himself with one half of Bagshot's share, so that he had three parts in four of the whole, he took leave of his companion, and retired to rest.

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CHAPTER IX.

WILD PAYS A VISIT TO MISS LÆTITIA SNAP. A DESCRIPTION OF THAT LOVELY YOUNG CREATURE, AND THE SUCCESSLESS ISSUE OF MR. WILD'S ADDRESSES.

THE next morning when our hero waked, he began to think of paying a visit to Miss Tishy Snap; a woman of great merit, and of as great generosity; yet Mr. Wild found a present was ever most welcome to her, as being a token of respect in her lover. He therefore went directly to a toy-shop, and there purchased a genteel snuff-box, with which he waited upon his mistress, whom he found in the most beautiful undress. Her lovely hair hung wantonly over her forehead, being neither white with, nor yet free from powder; a neat double clout, which seemed to have been worn a few weeks only, was pinned under her chin; some remains of that art with which ladies improve nature shone on her cheeks: her body was loosely attired, without stays or jumps; so that her breasts had uncontrolled liberty to display their beauteous orbs, which they did as low as her girdle; a thin covering of a rumpled muslin handkerchief almost hid them from the eyes, save in a few parts, where a good-natured hole gave opportunity to the naked breast to appear. Her gown was a satin of a whitish colour, with about a dozen little silver spots upon it, so artificially interwoven at great distance, that they looked as if they had fallen there by chance. This, flying open, discovered a fine yellow petticoat, beautifully edged round the bottom with a narrow piece of half gold lace, which was now almost become fringe: beneath this appeared another petticoat stiffened with whalebone, vulgarly called a hoop, which hung six inches at least below the other; and under this again appeared an under-garment of that colour which Ovid intends when he says,

"——*Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.*"

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She likewise displayed two pretty feet covered with silk, and adorned with lace: and tied, the right with a handsome piece of blue ribbon; the left as more unworthy, with a piece of yellow stuff, which seemed to have been a strip of her upper-petticoat. Such was the lovely creature whom Mr. Wild attended. She received him at first with some of that coldness which women of strict virtue by a commendable, though sometimes painful restraint, enjoin themselves to their lovers. The snuff-box being produced, was at first civilly, and indeed, gently refused; but on a second application accepted. The tea-table was soon called for, at which a discourse passed between these young lovers, which, could we set it down with any accuracy, would be very edifying as well as entertaining to our reader; let it suffice then that the wit, together with the beauty of this young creature, so inflamed the passion of Wild, which, though an honourable sort of a passion, was at the same time so extremely violent, that it transported him to freedoms too offensive to the nice chastity of Lætitia, who was, to confess the truth, more indebted to her own strength for the preservation of her virtue than to the awful respect or backwardness of her lover: he was indeed so very urgent in his addresses, that had he not with many oaths promised her marriage, we could scarce have been strictly justified in calling his passion honourable; but he was so remarkably attached to decency, that he never offered any violence to a young lady without the most earnest promises of that kind, these being, he said, a ceremonial due to female modesty, which cost so little, and were so easily pronounced, that the omission could arise from nothing but the mere wantonness of brutality. The lovely Lætitia, either out of prudence, or perhaps religion, of which she was a liberal professor, was deaf to all his promises, and luckily invincible by his force; for, though she had not yet learnt the art of well clenching her fist, nature had not however left her defenceless: for at the ends of her fingers she wore arms, which she used with such admirable dexterity, that the hot blood of Mr. Wild soon began to appear in several little

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spots on his face, and his full-blown cheeks to resemble that part which modesty forbids a boy to turn up any where but in a public school, after some pedagogue, strong of arm, hath exercised his talents thereon. Wild now retreated from the conflict, and the victorious Lætitia, with becoming triumph, and noble spirit, cried out, "D—n your eyes, if this be your way of showing your love, I'll warrant I gives you enough on't." She then proceeded to talk of her virtue, which Wild bid her carry to the devil with her, and thus our lovers parted.

CHAPTER X.

A DISCOVERY OF SOME MATTERS CONCERNING THE CHASTE LÆTITIA, WHICH MUST WONDERFULLY SURPRISE, AND PERHAPS AFFECT OUR READER.

MR. WILD was no sooner departed than the fair conqueress, opening the door of a closet, called forth a young gentleman whom she had there inclosed at the approach of the other. The name of this gallant was Tom Smirk. He was clerk to an attorney, and was indeed the greatest beau and the greatest favourite of the ladies at the end of the town where he lived. As we take dress to be the characteristic or efficient quality of a beau, we shall, instead of giving any character of this young gentleman, content ourselves with describing his dress only to our readers. He wore, then, a pair of white stockings on his legs, and pumps on his feet: his buckles were a large piece of pinchbeck plate, which almost covered his whole foot. His breeches were of red plush, which hardly reached his knees; his waistcoat was a white dimity, richly embroidered with yellow silk, over which he wore a blue plush coat with metal buttons, a smart sleeve, and a cape reaching half way down his back. His wig was of a brown colour, covering almost half his pate, on which was hung, on one side, a little laced

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hat, but cocked with great smartness. Such was the accomplished Smirk, who, at his issuing forth from the closet, was received with open arms by the amiable Lætitia. She addressed him by the tender name of dear Tommy; and told him she had dismissed the odious creature whom her father intended for her husband, and had now nothing to interrupt her happiness with him.

Here, reader, thou must pardon us if we stop a while to lament the capriciousness of nature in forming this charming part of the creation, designed to complete the happiness of man; with their soft innocence to allay his ferocity, with their sprightliness to soothe his cares, and with their constant friendship to relieve all the troubles and disappointments which can happen to him. Seeing then that these are the blessings chiefly sought after, and generally found in every wife, how must we lament that disposition in these lovely creatures which leads them to prefer in their favour those individuals of the other sex who do not seem intended by nature as so great a masterpiece. For surely, however useful they may be in the creation, as we are taught that nothing, not even a louse, is made in vain; yet these beaux, even that most splendid and honoured part, which, in this our island, nature loves to distinguish in red, are not, as some think, the noblest work of the Creator. For my own part, let any man choose to himself two beaux, let them be captains or colonels, as well dressed men as ever lived, I would venture to oppose a single Sir Isaac Newton, a Shakespeare, a Milton, or perhaps some few others, to both these beaux; nay, and I very much doubt whether it had not been better for the world in general that neither of these beaux had ever been born, than that it should have wanted the benefit arising to it from the labour of any one of those persons.

If this be true, how melancholy must be the consideration, that any single beau, especially if he have but half a yard of ribbon in his hat, shall weigh heavier in the scale of female affection than twenty Sir Isaac Newtons. How must our reader, who perhaps had wisely accounted for the

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resistance which the chaste Lætitia had made to the violent addresses of the ravished (or rather ravishing) Wild, from that lady's impregnable virtue, how must he blush, I say, to perceive her quit the strictness of her carriage, and abandon herself to those loose freedoms which she indulged to Smirk. But, alas! when we discover all, as to preserve the fidelity of our history we must, when we relate that every familiarity had passed between them, and that the FAIR Lætitia (for we must, in this single instance, imitate Virgil, where he drops the *pius* and the *pater*, and drop our favourite epithet of *chaste*), the FAIR Lætitia had, I say, made Smirk as happy as Wild desired to be, what must then be our reader's confusion? We will therefore draw a curtain over this scene, from that philogyny which is in us, and proceed to matters, which, instead of dishonouring the human species, will greatly raise and ennoble it.

CHAPTER XI.

CONTAINING AS NOTABLE INSTANCES OF HUMAN GREATNESS AS ARE TO BE MET WITH IN ANCIENT OR MODERN HISTORY. CONCLUDING WITH SOME WHOLESOME HINTS TO THE GAY PART OF MANKIND.

WILD no sooner parted from the chaste Lætitia than, recollecting that his friend the Count was returned to his lodgings in the same house, he resolved to visit him: for he was none of those half-bred fellows who are ashamed to see their friends when they have plundered and betrayed them: from which base and pitiful temper many monstrous cruelties have been transacted by men, who have sometimes carried their modesty so far as to the murder or utter ruin of those against whom their consciences have suggested to them that they have committed some small trespass, either by the debauching a friend's wife or daughter, belying or betraying the friend himself, or some other such trifling instance. In

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our hero there was nothing not truly great: he could, without the least abashment, drink a bottle with the man who knew he had the moment before picked his pocket; and, when he had stript him of every thing he had, never desired to do him any further mischief; for he carried good nature to that wonderful and uncommon height that he never did a single injury to man or woman by which he himself did not expect to reap some advantage. He would often indeed say that by the contrary party men often made a bad bargain with the devil, and did his work for nothing.

Our hero found the captive Count, not basely lamenting his fate, nor abandoning himself to despair, but, with due resignation, employing himself in preparing several packs of cards for future exploits. The Count, little suspecting that Wild had been the sole contriver of the misfortune which had befallen him, rose up and eagerly embraced him; and Wild returned his embrace with equal warmth. They were no sooner seated than Wild took an occasion, from seeing the cards lying on the table, to inveigh against gaming, and, with a usual and highly commendable freedom, after first exaggerating the distrest circumstances in which the Count was then involved, imputed all his misfortunes to that cursed itch of play, which, he said, he concluded had brought his present confinement upon him, and must unavoidably end in his destruction. The other, with great alacrity, defended his favourite amusement (or rather employment), and, having told his friend the great success he had after his unluckily quitting the room, acquainted him with the accident which followed, and which the reader, as well as Mr. Wild, hath had some intimation of before; adding, however, one circumstance not hitherto mentioned, viz., that he had defended his money with the utmost bravery, and had dangerously wounded at least two of the three men that had attacked him. This behaviour Wild, who not only knew the extreme readiness with which the booty had been delivered, but also the constant frigidity of the Count's courage, highly applauded, and wished he had been present to assist him. The Count then proceeded to animadvert on the carelessness of

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the watch, and the scandal it was to the laws that honest people could not walk the streets in safety; and, after expatiating some time on that subject, he asked Mr. Wild if he ever saw so prodigious a run of luck (for so he chose to call his winning, though he knew Wild was well acquainted with his having loaded dice in his pocket); the other answered, it was indeed prodigious, and almost sufficient to justify any person, who did not know him better, in suspecting his fair play. No, man, I believe, dares call that in question, replied he. No surely, says Wild, you are well known to be a man of more honour: but pray, sir, continued he, did the rascals rob you of all? Every shilling, cries the other, with an oath; they did not leave me a single stake.

While they were thus discoursing, Mr. Snap, with a gentleman who followed him, introduced Mr. Bagshot into the company. It seems Mr. Bagshot, immediately after his separation from Mr. Wild, returned to the gaming-table, where, having trusted to fortune that treasure which he had procured by his industry, the faithless goddess committed a breach of trust, and sent Mr. Bagshot away with as empty pockets as are to be found in any laced coat in the kingdom. Now, as that gentleman was walking to a certain reputable house or shed in Covent Garden market, he fortuned to meet with Mr. Snap, who had just returned from conveying the Count to his lodgings, and was then walking to and fro before the gaming-house door; for you are to know, my good reader, if you have never been a man of wit and pleasure about town, that as the voracious pike lieth snug under some weed before the mouth of any of those little streams which discharge themselves into a large river, waiting for the small fry which issue thereout; so hourly before the door or mouth of these gaming-houses doth Mr. Snap, or some other gentleman of his occupation, attend the issuing forth of the small fry of young gentlemen, to whom they deliver little slips of parchment, containing invitations of the said gentlemen to their houses, together with one Mr. John Doe,[1] a person

[1] This is a fictitious name which is put into every writ; for what purpose the lawyers best know.

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whose company is in great request. Mr. Snap, among many others of these billets, happened to have one directed to Mr. Bagshot, being at the suit or solicitation of one Mrs. Anne Sample, Spinster, at whose house the said Bagshot had lodged several months, and whence he had inadvertently departed without taking a formal leave, on which account Mrs. Anne had taken this method of *speaking with* him.

Mr. Snap's house being now very full of good company, he was obliged to introduce Mr. Bagshot into the Count's apartment, it being, as he said, the only chamber he had to *lock up* in. Mr. Wild no sooner saw his friend than he ran eagerly to embrace him, and immediately presented him to the Count, who received him with great civility.

CHAPTER XII.

FURTHER PARTICULARS RELATING TO MISS TISHY, WHICH PERHAPS MAY NOT GREATLY SURPRISE AFTER THE FORMER. THE DESCRIPTION OF A VERY FINE GENTLEMAN. AND A DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILD AND THE COUNT, IN WHICH PUBLIC VIRTUE IS JUST HINTED AT, WITH, &c.

MR. SNAP had turned the key a very few minutes before a servant of the family called Mr. Bagshot out of the room, telling him there was a person below who desired to speak with him; and this was no other than Miss Lætitia Snap, whose admirer Mr. Bagshot had long been, and in whose tender breast his passion had raised a more ardent flame than that which any of his rivals had been able to raise. Indeed she was so extremely fond of this youth, that she often confessed to her female confidantes, if she could ever have listened to the thought of living with any one man, Mr. Bagshot was he. Nor was she singular in this inclination, many other young ladies being her rivals in this lover,

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who had all the great and noble qualifications necessary to form a true gallant, and which nature is seldom so extremely bountiful as to indulge to any one person. We will endeavour, however, to describe them all with as much exactness as possible. He was then six feet high, had large calves, broad shoulders, a ruddy complexion, with brown curled hair, a modest assurance, and clean linen. He had indeed, it must be confessed, some small deficiencies to counterbalance these heroic qualities; for he was the silliest fellow in the world, could neither write nor read, nor had he a single grain or spark of honour, honesty, or good-nature, in his whole composition.

As soon as Mr. Bagshot had quitted the room, the Count, taking Wild by the hand, told him he had something to communicate to him of very great importance: "I am very well convinced," said he, "that Bagshot is the person who robbed me." — Wild started with great amazement at this discovery, and answered with a most serious countenance, "I advise you to take care how you cast any such reflections on a man of Mr. Bagshot's nice honour; for I am certain he will not bear it." "D—n his honour," quoth the enraged Count, "nor can I bear being robbed; I will apply to a justice of the peace." Wild replied with great indignation, "Since you dare entertain such a suspicion against my friend, I will henceforth disclaim all acquaintance with you. Mr. Bagshot is a man of honour, and my friend, and consequently it is impossible he should be guilty of a bad action." He added much more to the same purpose, which had not the expected weight with the Count; for the latter still seemed certain as to the person, and resolute in applying for justice, which, he said, he thought he owed to the public, as well as to himself. Wild then changed his countenance into a kind of derision, and spoke as follows: "Suppose it should be possible that Mr. Bagshot had, in a frolic (for I will call it no other), taken this method of borrowing your money, what will you get by prosecuting him? Not your money again; for you hear he was stript at the gaming-table;" (of which Bagshot had, during their short confabulation informed them)

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"you will get then an opportunity of being still more out of pocket by the prosecution. Another advantage you may promise yourself, is the being blown up at every gaming-house in town, for that I will assure you of; and then much good may it do you to sit down with the satisfaction of having discharged what it seems you owe the public. I am ashamed of my own discernment when I mistook you for a great man. Would it not be better for you to receive part perhaps all) of your money again by a wise concealment; or however *seedy*[1] Mr. Bagshot may be now, if he hath really played this frolic with you, you may believe he will play it with others, and when he is in cash you may depend on a restoration; the law will be always in your power, and that is the last remedy which a brave or a wise man would resort to. Leave the affair therefore to me; I will examine Bagshot, and if I find he hath played you this trick, I will engage my own honour, you shall in the end be no loser." The Count answered: "If I were sure to be no loser, Mr. Wild, I apprehend you have a better opinion of my understanding than to imagine I would prosecute a gentleman for the sake of the public. These are foolish words of course, which we learn a ridiculous habit of speaking, and will often break from us without any design or meaning. I assure you, all I desire is a reimbursement, and if I can by your means obtain that, the public may——" concluding with a phrase too coarse to be inserted in a history of this kind.

They were now informed that dinner was ready, and the company assembled below stairs, whither the reader may, if he please, attend these gentlemen.

There sat down at the table Mr. Snap. and the two Miss Snaps, his daughters, Mr. Wild the elder, Mr. Wild the younger, the Count, Mr. Bagshot, and a grave gentleman, who had formerly had the honour of carrying arms in a regiment of foot, and who was now engaged in the office (perhaps a more profitable one) of assisting or following Mr. Snap in the execution of the laws of his country.

[1] Poor.

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Nothing very remarkable passed at dinner. The conversation (as is usual in polite company) rolled chiefly on what they were then eating, and what they had lately eaten. In this the military gentleman, who had served in Ireland, gave them a very particular account of a new manner of roasting potatoes, and others gave an account of other dishes. In short, an indifferent bystander would have concluded from their discourse that they had all come into this world for no other purpose than to fill their bellies; and indeed, if this was not the chief, it is probable it was the most innocent design nature had in their formation.

As soon as *the dish* was removed, and the ladies retired, the Count proposed a game at hazard, which was immediately assented to by the whole company, and the dice being immediately brought in, the Count took up the box, and demanded who would set him: to which no one made any answer, imagining perhaps the Count's pockets to be more empty than they were; for in reality, that gentleman (notwithstanding what he had heartily swore to Mr. Wild) had, since his arrival at Mr. Snap's, conveyed a piece of plate to pawn, by which means he had furnished himself with ten guineas. The Count, therefore, perceiving this backwardness in his friends, and probably somewhat guessing at the cause of it, took the said guineas out of his pocket, and threw them on the table; when lo! (such is the force of example) all the rest began to produce their funds, and immediately, a considerable sum glittering in their eyes, the game began.

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CHAPTER XIII.

A CHAPTER OF WHICH WE ARE EXTREMELY VAIN; AND WHICH INDEED WE LOOK ON AS OUR CHEF D'ŒUVRE, CONTAINING A WONDERFUL STORY CONCERNING THE DEVIL, AND AS NICE A SCENE OF HONOUR AS EVER HAPPENED.

My reader, I believe, even if he be a gamester, would not thank me for an exact relation of every man's success; let it suffice then that they played till the whole money vanished from the table.—Whether the devil himself carried it away, as some suspected, I will not determine; but very surprising it was that every person protested he had lost, nor could any one guess who, unless *the devil* had won.

But though very probable it is that this arch fiend had some share in the booty, it is likely he had not all; Mr. Bagshot being imagined to be a considerable winner, notwithstanding his assertions to the contrary; for he was seen by several to convey money often into his pocket; and what is still a little stronger presumption is, that the grave gentleman, whom we have mentioned to have served his country in two honourable capacities, not being willing to trust alone to the evidence of his eyes, had frequently dived into the said Bagshot's pocket, whence (as he tells us in the apology for his life afterwards published[1]), though he might extract a few pieces, he was very sensible he had left many behind. —The gentleman had long indulged his curiosity in this way before Mr. Bagshot, in the heat of gaming, had perceived him: but, as Bagshot was now leaving off play, he discovered this ingenious feat of dexterity; upon which, leaping up from his chair in violent passion, he cried out, "I thought I had been among gentlemen, and men of honour,

[1] Not in a book by itself, in imitation of some other such persons, but in the Ordinary's account, &c., where all the apologies for the lives of rogues and whores, which have been published within these twenty years, should have been inserted.

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but d—n me, I find we have a pickpocket in company." The scandalous sound of this word extremely alarmed the whole board, nor did they all show less surprise than the *Conv——n* (whose not sitting of late is much lamented) would express at hearing there was an Atheist in the room; but it more particularly affected the gentleman at whom it was levelled, though it was not addressed to him. He likewise started from his chair, and, with a fierce countenance and accent, said, "Do you mean me? D—n your eyes, you are a rascal and a scoundrel." Those words would have been immediately succeeded by blows, had not the company interposed, and with strong arm withheld the two antagonists from each other. It was however a long time before they could be prevailed on to sit down; which being at last happily brought about, Mr. Wild the elder, who was a well-disposed old man, advised them to shake hands and be friends; but the gentleman, who had received the first affront, absolutely refused it, and swore, *He would have the villain's blood.* Mr. Snap highly applauded the resolution, and affirmed that the affront was by no means to be put up by any who bore the name of a gentleman, and that, unless his friend resented it properly, he would never execute another warrant in his company; that he had always looked upon him as a man of honour, and doubted not but he would prove himself so; and that, if it was his own case, nothing should persuade him to put up with such an affront without proper satisfaction. The Count likewise spoke on the same side, and the parties themselves muttered several short sentences, purporting their intentions. At last, Mr. Wild, our hero, rising slowly from his seat, and having fixed the attention of all present, began as follows: "I have heard with infinite pleasure every thing which the two gentlemen who spoke last have said with relation to honour, nor can any man possibly entertain a higher and nobler sense of that word, nor a greater esteem of its inestimable value, than myself. If we have no name to express it by in our Cant Dictionary, it were well to be wished we had. It is indeed the essential quality of a gentleman, and

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MORE WORDS WOULD HAVE BEEN IMMEDIATELY SUCCEEDED BY BLOWS.

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which no man who ever was great in the field, or on the road (as others express it), can possibly be without. But alas! gentlemen, what pity is it, that a word of such sovereign use and virtue should have so uncertain and various an application that scarce two people mean the same thing by it? Do not some by honour mean good-nature and humanity, which weak minds call virtues? How then! Must we deny it to the great, the brave, the noble; to the sackers of towns, the plunderers of provinces, and the conquerors of kingdoms? Were not these men of honour? and yet they scorn those pitiful qualities I have mentioned. Again, some few (or I am mistaken) include the idea of honesty in their honour. And shall we then say that no man who withholds from another what law, or justice perhaps, calls his own, or who greatly and boldly deprives him of such property, is a man of honour? Heaven forbid I should say so in this, or, indeed, in any other good company. Is honour truth? No, it is not in the lie's going from us, but in its coming to us, our honour is injured. Doth it then consist in what the vulgar call cardinal virtues? It would be an affront to your understandings to suppose it, since we see every day so many men of honour without any. In what then doth the word honour consist? Why in itself alone. A man of honour is he that is called a man of honour; and while he is so called he so remains, and no longer. Think not any thing a man commits can forfeit his honour. Look abroad into the world, the PRIG while he flourishes is a man of honour; when in gaol, at the bar, or the tree, he is so no longer. And why is this distinction? Not from his actions; for those are often as well known in his flourishing estate as they are afterwards; but because men, I mean those of his own party, or gang, call him a man of honour in the former, and cease to call him so in the latter condition. Let us see then; how hath Mr. Bagshot injured the gentleman's honour? Why, he hath called him a pickpocket; and that, probably, by a severe construction, and a long round about way of reasoning, may seem a little to derogate from his honour, if considered in a

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very nice sense. Admitting it, therefore, for argument's sake, to be some small imputation on his honour, let Mr. Bagshot give him satisfaction; let him doubly and triply repair this oblique injury by directly asserting that he believes he is a man of honour." The gentleman answered, he was content to refer it to Mr. Wild, and whatever satisfaction he thought sufficient he would accept. Let him give me my money again first, said Bagshot, and then I will call him a man of honour with all my heart. The gentleman then protested he had not any, which Snap seconded, declaring he had his eyes on him all the while; but Bagshot remained still unsatisfied, till Wild, rapping out a hearty oath, swore he had not taken a single farthing, adding, that whoever asserted the contrary gave him the lie, and he would resent it. And now, such was the ascendency of this Great man, that Bagshot immediately acquiesced, and performed the ceremonies required: and thus, by the exquisite address of our hero, this quarrel, which had so fatal an aspect, and, which between two persons so extremely jealous of their honour would most certainly have produced very dreadful consequences, was happily concluded.

Mr. Wild was indeed a little interested in this affair, as he himself had set the gentleman to work, and had received the greatest part of the booty: and as to Mr. Snap's deposition in his favour, it was the usual height to which the ardour of that worthy person's friendship too frequently hurried him. It was his constant maxim, that he was a pitiful fellow who would stick at a little *Rapping*[1] for his friend.

[1] *Rapping* is a cant word for perjury.

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CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY OF *GREATNESS* IS CONTINUED.

MATTERS being thus reconciled, and the gaming over, from reasons before hinted, the company proceeded to drink about with the utmost cheerfulness and friendship; drinking healths, shaking hands, and professing the most perfect affection for each other. All which were not in the least interrupted by some designs which they then agitated in their minds, and which they intended to execute as soon as the liquor had prevailed over some of their understandings. Bagshot and the gentleman intending to rob each other; Mr. Snap and Mr. Wild the elder meditating what other creditors they could find out to charge the gentleman then in custody with: the Count hoping to renew the play, and Wild our hero laying a design to put Bagshot out of the way, or, as the vulgar express it, to hang him with the first opportunity. But none of these great designs could at present be put in execution, for Mr. Snap being soon after summoned abroad on business of great moment, which required likewise the assistance of Mr. Wild the elder, and his other friend, and as he did not care to trust to the nimbleness of the Count's heels, of which he had already had some experience, he declared he must *lock up* for that evening. Here, reader, if thou pleasest, as we are in no great haste, we will stop and make a simile. As when their lap is finished, the cautious huntsman to their kennel gathers the nimble-footed hounds; they with lank ears and tails slouch sullenly on, whilst he with his whippers-in follows close to their heels, regardless of their dogged humour, till having seen them safe within the door, he turns the key, and then retires to whatever business or pleasure calls him thence: so, with louring countenance, and reluctant steps, mounted the Count and Bagshot to their chamber, or rather kennel, whither they were attended by Snap, and those who followed him, and where Snap having seen them deposited, very contentedly locked the door and

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departed. And now, reader, we will, in imitation of the truly laudable custom of the world, leave these our good friends to deliver themselves as they can, and pursue the thriving fortunes of Wild our hero, who with that great aversion to satisfaction and content, which is inseparably incident to great minds, began to enlarge his views with his prosperity: for this restless amiable disposition, this noble avidity which increases with feeding, is the first principle or constituent quality of these our great men; to whom, in their passage on to greatness, it happens as to a traveller over the Alps, or, if this be a too far-fetched simile, to one who travels westward over the hills near Bath, where the simile was indeed made. He sees not the end of his journey at once; but passing on from scheme to scheme, and from hill to hill, with noble constancy, resolving still to attain the summit on which he hath fixed his eye, however dirty the roads may be through which he struggles, he at length arrives at—— some vile inn, where he finds no kind of entertainment nor conveniency for repose. I fancy, reader, if thou hast ever travelled in these roads, one part of my simile is sufficiently apparent (and indeed, in all these illustrations, one side is generally much more apparent than the other); but, believe me, if the other doth not so evidently appear to thy satisfaction, it is from no other reason than because thou art unacquainted with these Great Men, and hast not had sufficient instruction, leisure, or opportunity, to consider what happens to those who pursue what is generally understood by GREATNESS: for surely, if thou hadst animadverted not only on the many perils to which Great Men are daily liable while they are in their progress, but hadst discerned, as it were through a microscope (for it is invisible to the naked eye), that diminutive speck of happiness which they attain even in the consummation of their wishes, thou wouldst lament with me the unhappy fate of these Great Men, on whom nature hath set so superior a mark, that the rest of mankind are born for their use and emolument only, and be apt to cry out, "It is pity that THOSE, for whose pleasure and profit mankind are to labour and sweat, to be

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hacked and hewed, to be pillaged, plundered, and every way destroyed, should reap so LITTLE advantage from all the miseries they occasion to others." For my part, I own myself of that humble kind of mortals, who consider themselves born for the behoof of some great man or other, and, could I behold his happiness carved out of the labour and ruin of a thousand such reptiles as myself, I might with satisfaction exclaim, *Sic, sic juvat:* but when I behold one Great Man starving with hunger, and freezing with cold, in the midst of fifty thousand who are suffering the same evils for his diversion; when I see another, whose mind is a more abject slave to his own greatness, and is more tortured and racked by it than those of all his vassals; lastly, when I consider whole nations rooted out only to bring tears into the eyes of a Great Man, not indeed because he hath extirpated so many, but because he had no more nations to extirpate, then truly I am almost inclined to wish that nature had spared us this her MASTERPIECE, and that no GREAT MAN had ever been born into the world.

But to proceed with our history, which will, we hope, produce much better lessons, and more instructive than any we can preach: Wild was no sooner retired to a night-cellar than he began to reflect on the sweets he had that day enjoyed from the labours of others, viz. First, from Mr. Bagshot, who had for his use robbed the Count; and, secondly, from the gentleman, who for the same good purpose had picked the pocket of Bagshot. He then proceeded to reason thus with himself: "The art of policy is the art of multiplication; the degrees of greatness being constituted by those two little words *More* and *Less*. Mankind are first properly to be considered under two grand divisions, those that use their own hands, and those who employ the hands of others. The former are the base and rabble; the latter, the genteel part of the creation. The mercantile part of the world, therefore, wisely use the term *employing hands*, and justly prefer each other as they employ more or fewer; for thus one merchant says he is greater than another because he employs more hands. And now indeed the

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merchant should seem to challenge some character of greatness did we not necessarily come to a second division, viz. of those who employ hands for the use of the community in which they live, and of those who employ hands merely for their own use, without any regard to the benefit of society. Of the former sort are the yeoman, the manufacturer, the merchant, and perhaps the gentleman. The first of these being to manure and cultivate his native soil, and to employ hands to produce the fruits of the earth. The second being to improve them by employing hands likewise, and to produce from them those useful commodities which serve as well for the conveniences as necessaries of life. The third is to employ hands for the exportation of the redundance of our own commodities, and to exchange them with the redundances of foreign nations, that thus every soil and every climate may enjoy the fruits of the whole earth. The gentleman is, by employing hands likewise, to embellish his country with the improvement of arts and sciences, with the making and executing good and wholesome laws for the preservation of property, and the distribution of justice, and in several other manners to be useful to society. Now we come to the second part of this division, viz. Of those who employ hands for their own use only: and this is that noble and great part, who are generally distinguished into *Conquerors*, *absolute Princes*, *Statesmen*, and *Prigs*.[1] Now all these differ from each other in greatness only, they employ *more* or *fewer* hands. And Alexander the Great was only *greater* than a captain of one of the Tartarian or Arabian hordes, as he was at the head of a larger number. In what then is a single *Prig* inferior to any other great Man, but because he employs his own hands only; for he is not on that account to be levelled with the base and vulgar, because he employs his hands for his own use only. Now, suppose a *Prig* had as many tools as any prime minister ever had, would he not be as great as any prime minister whatsoever? Undoubtedly he would. What then have I to do in the pursuit of greatness, but to procure a gang, and to make

[1] Thieves.

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the use of this gang centre in myself. This gang shall rob for me only, receiving very moderate rewards for their actions; out of this gang I will prefer to my favour the boldest and most iniquitous (as the vulgar express it); the rest I will, from time to time, as I see occasion, transport and hang at my pleasure; and thus (which I take to be the highest excellence of a *Prig*) convert those laws which are made for the benefit and protection of society to my single use."

Having thus preconceived his scheme, he saw nothing wanting to put it in immediate execution but that which is indeed the beginning as well as the end of all human devices: I mean money.—Of which commodity he was possessed of no more than sixty-five guineas, being all that remained from the double benefits he had made of Bagshot, and which did not seem sufficient to furnish his house, and every other convenience necessary for so grand an undertaking. He resolved therefore to go immediately to the gaming-house, which was then sitting, not so much with an intention of trusting to fortune as to play the surer card of attacking the winner on his way home. On his arrival, however, he thought he might as well try his success at the dice, and reserve the other resource as his last expedient. He accordingly sat down to play; and as fortune, no more than others of her sex, is observed to distribute her favours with strict regard to great mental endowments, so our hero lost every farthing in his pocket. This loss however he bore with great constancy of mind, and with as great composure of aspect. To say truth, he considered the money as only lent for a short time, or rather indeed as deposited with a banker. He then resolved to have immediate recourse to his surer stratagem; and casting his eyes round the room, he soon perceived a gentleman sitting in a disconsolate posture, who seemed a proper instrument or tool for his purpose. In short (to be as concise as possible in these least shining parts of our history), Wild accosted this man, sounded him, found him fit to execute, proposed the matter, received a ready assent, and having fixed on the person who

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seemed that evening the greatest favourite of fortune, they posted themselves in the most proper place to surprise the enemy as he was retiring to his quarters, where he was soon attacked, subdued, and plundered; but indeed of no considerable booty; for it seems this gentleman played on a common stock, and had deposited his winnings at the scene of action; nor had he any more than two shillings in his pocket when he was attacked.

This was so cruel a disappointment to Wild, and so sensibly affects us, as no doubt it will the reader; that, as it must disqualify us both from proceeding any farther at present, we will now take a little breath; and, therefore, we shall here close this book.

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BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

CHARACTERS OF SILLY PEOPLE, WITH THE PROPER USES FOR WHICH SUCH ARE DESIGNED.

ONE reason why we chose to end our first book, as we did, with the last chapter, was, that we are now obliged to produce two characters of a stamp entirely different from what we have hitherto dealt in. These persons are of that pitiful order of mortals, who are in contempt called Good-natured; being indeed sent into the world by nature with the same design with which men put little fish into a pike-pond, in order to be devoured by that voracious water-hero.

But to proceed with our history, Wild having shared the booty in much the same manner as before, *i.e.* taken three-fourths of it, amounting to eighteenpence, was now retiring to rest, in no very happy mood, when by accident he met with a young fellow who had formerly been his companion, and indeed intimate friend, at school. It hath been thought that friendship is usually nursed by similitude of manners; but the contrary had been the case between these lads: for, whereas Wild was rapacious and intrepid, the other had always more regard for his skin than his money; Wild therefore had very generously compassionated this defect in his school-fellow, and had brought him off from many scrapes, into most of which he had first drawn him, by taking the fault and whipping to himself. He had always indeed been well

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paid on such occasions; but there are a sort of people, who, together with the best of the bargain, will be sure to have the obligation too on their side; so it had happened here: for this poor lad had considered himself in the highest degree obliged to Mr. Wild, and had contracted a very great esteem and friendship for him; the traces of which, an absence of many years had not in the least effaced in his mind. He no sooner knew Wild, therefore, than he accosted him in the most friendly manner, and invited him home with him to breakfast (it being now near nine in the morning), which invitation our hero with no great difficulty consented to. This young man, who was about Wild's age, had some time before set up in the trade of a jeweller, in the materials or stock for which he had laid out the greatest part of a little fortune, and had married a very agreeable woman for love, by whom he then had two children. As our reader is to be more acquainted with this person it may not be improper to open somewhat of his character, especially as it will serve as a kind of foil to the noble and great disposition of our hero, and as the one seems sent into this world as a proper object on which the talents of the other were to be displayed with a proper and just success.

Mr. Thomas Heartfree then (for that was his name) was of an honest and open disposition. He was of that sort of men, whom experience only, and not their own natures, must inform, that there are such things as deceit and hypocrisy in the world; and who, consequently, are not at five and twenty so difficult to be imposed upon as the oldest and most subtle. He was possessed of several great weaknesses of mind; being good-natured, friendly, and generous to a great excess. He had indeed too little regard to common justice, for he had forgiven some debts to his acquaintance, only because they could not pay him; and had entrusted a bankrupt on his setting up a second time, from having been convinced, that he had dealt in his bankruptcy with a fair and honest heart, and that he had broke through misfortune only, and not from neglect or imposture. He was withal so silly a fellow, that he never took the least

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advantage of the ignorance of his customers, and contented himself with very moderate gains on his goods; which he was the better enabled to do, notwithstanding his generosity, because his life was extremely temperate, his expenses being solely confined to the cheerful entertainment of his friends at home, and now and then a moderate glass of wine, in which he indulged himself in the company of his wife, who, with an agreeable person, was a mean-spirited, poor, domestic, low-bred animal, who confined herself mostly to the care of her family, placed her happiness in her husband and her children; followed no expensive fashions or diversions, and indeed rarely went abroad, unless to return the visits of a few plain neighbours, and twice a year afforded herself, in company with her husband, the diversion of a play, where she never sat in a higher place than the pit.

To this silly woman did this silly fellow introduce the GREAT WILD, informing her at the same time of their school acquaintance, and the many obligations he had received from him. This simple woman no sooner heard her husband had been obliged to her guest than her eyes sparkled on him with a benevolence, which is an emanation from the heart, and of which great and noble minds, whose hearts never swell but with an injury, can have no very adequate idea; it is therefore no wonder that our hero should misconstrue, as he did, the poor, innocent and simple affection of Mrs. Heartfree towards her husband's friend, for that great and generous passion, which fires the eyes of a modern heroine, when the colonel is so kind as to indulge his city creditor with partaking of his table to-day, and of his bed to-morrow. Wild therefore instantly returned the compliment, as he understood it, with his eyes, and presently after bestowed many encomiums on her beauty, with which perhaps she, who was a woman, though a good one, and misapprehended the design, was not displeased any more than the husband.

When breakfast was ended, and the wife retired to her household affairs, Wild, who had a quick discernment into the weaknesses of men, and who, besides the knowledge of his good (or foolish) disposition when a boy, had now

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discovered several sparks of goodness, friendship, and generosity in his friend, began to discourse over the accidents which had happened in their childhood, and took frequent occasions of reminding him of those favours which we have before mentioned his having conferred on him; he then proceeded to the most vehement professions of friendship, and to the most ardent expressions of joy in this renewal of their acquaintance. He at last told him, with great seeming pleasure, that he believed he had an opportunity of serving him by the recommendation of a gentleman to his custom, who was then on the brink of marriage, "And, if he be not already engaged, I will," says he, "endeavour to prevail on him to furnish his lady with jewels at your shop."

Heartfree was not backward in thanks to our hero, and, after many earnest solicitations to dinner, which were refused, they parted for the first time.

But here, as it occurs to our memory that our readers may be surprised (an accident which sometimes happens in histories of this kind) how Mr. Wild the elder in his present capacity, should have been able to maintain his son at a reputable school, as this appears to have been, it may be necessary to inform him, that Mr. Wild himself was then a tradesman in good business; but, by misfortunes in the world, to wit, extravagance and gaming, he had reduced himself to that honourable occupation which we have formerly méntioned.

Having cleared up this doubt, we will now pursue our hero, who forthwith repaired to the Count, and, having first settled preliminary articles concerning distributions, he acquainted him with the scheme which he had formed against Heartfree; and, after consulting proper methods to put it in execution, they began to concert measures for the enlargement of the Count; on which the first, and indeed only point to be considered, was to raise money, not to pay his debts, for that would have required an immense sum, and was contrary to his inclination or intention, but to procure him bail; for, as to his escape, Mr. Snap had taken such precautions that it appeared absolutely impossible.

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CHAPTER II.

GREAT EXAMPLES OF *GREATNESS* IN WILD, SHOWN AS WELL BY HIS BEHAVIOUR TO BAGSHOT, AS IN A SCHEME LAID, FIRST TO IMPOSE ON HEARTFREE BY MEANS OF THE COUNT, AND THEN TO CHEAT THE COUNT OF THE BOOTY.

WILD undertook, therefore, to extract some money from Bagshot, who, notwithstanding the depredations made on him, had carried off a pretty considerable booty from their engagement at dice the preceding day. He found Mr. Bagshot in expectation of his bail, and, with a countenance full of concern, which he could at any time, with wonderful art, put on, told him, that all was discovered; that the Count knew him, and intended to prosecute him for the robbery, had not I exerted (said he) my utmost interest, and with great difficulty prevailed on him in case you refund the money—"Refund the money!" cried Bagshot, "that is in your power: for you know what an inconsiderable part of it fell to my share." "How!" replied Wild, "is this your gratitude to me for saving your life? For your own conscience must convince you of your guilt, and with how much certainty the gentleman can give evidence against you." "Marry come up," quoth Bagshot, "I believe my life alone will not be in danger. I know those who are as guilty as myself. Do you tell me of conscience?"——"Yes, sirrah!" answered our hero, taking him by the collar, "and, since you dare threaten me, I will show you the difference between committing a robbery and conniving at it, which is all I can charge myself with. I own indeed I suspected, when you showed me a sum of money, that you had not come honestly by it." "How," says Bagshot, frightened out of one half of his wits, and amazed out of the other, "can you deny?"—"Yes, you rascal," answered Wild, "I do deny everything, and do you find a witness to prove it; and, to show you how little apprehensions I have of your power to

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hurt me, I will have you apprehended this moment."—At which words he offered to break from him; but Bagshot laid hold of his skirts, and, with an altered tone and manner, begged him not to be so impatient. "Refund then, sirrah," cries Wild, "and perhaps I may take pity on you." —"What must I refund?" answered Bagshot. "Every farthing in your pocket," replied Wild; "then I may have some compassion on you, and not only save your life, but, out of an excess of generosity, may return you something." At which words Bagshot seeming to hesitate, Wild pretended to make to the door, and rapt out an oath of vengeance with so violent an emphasis, that his friend no longer presumed to balance, but suffered Wild to search his pockets, and draw forth all he found, to the amount of twenty-one guineas and a half, which last piece our generous hero returned him again; telling him, he might now sleep secure, but advised him for the future never to threaten his friends.

Thus did our hero execute the greatest exploits with the utmost ease imaginable, by means of those transcendent qualities which nature had indulged him with, viz., a bold heart, a thundering voice, and a steady countenance.

Wild now returned to the Count, and informed him that he had got ten guineas of Bagshot; for, with great and commendable prudence, he sunk the other eleven into his own pocket; and told him with that money he would procure him bail, which he after prevailed on his father and another gentleman of the same occupation, to become, for two guineas each; so that he made lawful prize of six more, making Bagshot debtor for the whole ten; for such were his great abilities, and so vast the compass of his understanding, that he never made any bargain without over-reaching (or, in the vulgar phrase, cheating) the person with whom he dealt.

The Count being, by these means, enlarged, the first thing they did, in order to procure credit from tradesmen, was the taking a handsome house ready furnished in one of the new streets; in which, as soon as the Count was settled, they proceeded to furnish him with servants and equipage, and

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all the *insignia* of a large estate proper to impose on poor Heartfree. These being all obtained, Wild made a second visit to his friend, and with much joy in his countenance acquainted him that he had succeeded in his endeavours, and that the gentleman had promised to deal with him for the jewels which he intended to present to his bride, and which were designed to be very splendid and costly; he therefore appointed him to go to the Count the next morning, and carry with him a set of the richest and most beautiful jewels he had, giving him at the same time some hints of the Count's ignorance of that commodity, and that he might extort what price of him he pleased; but Heartfree told him, not without some disdain, that he scorned to take any such advantage; and, after expressing much gratitude to his friend for his recommendation, he promised to carry the jewels at the hour, and to the place appointed.

I am sensible that the reader, if he hath but the least notion of Greatness, must have such a contempt for the extreme folly of this fellow, that he will be very little concerned at any misfortunes which may befall him in the sequel; for, to have no suspicion that an old schoolfellow, with whom he had, in his tenderest years, contracted a friendship, and who, on the accidental renewing of their acquaintance, had professed the most passionate regard for him, should be very ready to impose on him; in short, to conceive that a friend should, of his own accord, without any view to his own interest, endeavour to do him a service, must argue such weakness of mind, such ignorance of the world, and such an artless, simple, undesigning heart, as must render the person possessed of it the lowest creature, and the properest object of contempt imaginable, in the eyes of every man of understanding and discernment.

Wild remembered that his friend Heartfree's faults were rather in his heart than in his head; that though he was so mean a fellow that he was never capable of laying a design to injure any human creature, yet was he by no means a fool, nor liable to any gross imposition, unless where his heart betrayed him. He therefore instructed the Count to

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take only one of his jewels at the first interview, and reject the rest as not fine enough, and order him to provide some richer. He said, this management would prevent Heartfree from expecting ready money for the jewel he brought with him, which the Count was presently to dispose of, and by means of that money, and his great abilities at cards and dice, to get together as large a sum as possible, which he was to pay down to Heartfree, at the delivery of the set of jewels, who would be thus void of all manner of suspicion, and would not fail to give him credit for the residue.

By this contrivance it will appear in the sequel that Wild did not only propose to make the imposition on Heartfree, who was (hitherto) void of all suspicion, more certain; but to rob the Count himself of this sum. This double method of cheating the very tools who are our instruments to cheat others, is the superlative degree of greatness, and is probably, as far as any spirit crusted over with clay can carry it, falling very little short of Diabolism itself.

This method was immediately put in execution, and the Count, the first day, took only a single brilliant, worth about three hundred pounds, and ordered a necklace, earrings, and solitaire, of the value of three thousand more, to be prepared by that day seven-night.

This interval was employed by Wild in prosecuting his scheme of raising a gang, in which he met with such success, that within a few days he had levied several bold and resolute fellows, fit for any enterprise, how dangerous or great soever.

We have before remarked, that the truest mark of Greatness is insatiability. Wild had covenanted with the Count to receive three-fourths of the booty, and had, at the same time, covenanted with himself to secure the other fourth part likewise, for which he had formed a very great and noble design; but he now saw with concern, that sum which was to be received in hand by Heartfree, in danger of being absolutely lost. In order therefore to possess himself of that likewise, he contrived that the jewels should be brought in

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the afternoon, and that Heartfree should be detained before the Count could see him; so that the night should overtake him in his return, when two of his gang were ordered to attack and plunder him.

CHAPTER III.

CONTAINING SCENES OF SOFTNESS, LOVE, AND HONOUR, ALL IN THE *GREAT* STYLE.

THE Count had disposed of his jewel for its full value, and this he had, by dexterity, raised to a thousand pounds; this sum therefore he paid down to Heartfree, promising him the rest within a month. His house, his equipage, his appearance, but, above all, a certain plausibility in his voice and behaviour would have deceived any, but one whose great and wise heart had dictated to him something within, which would have secured him from any danger of imposition from without. Heartfree therefore did not in the least scruple giving him credit; but as he had in reality procured those jewels of another, his own little stock not being able to furnish any thing so valuable, he begged the Count would be so kind to give his note for the money, payable at the time he mentioned; which that gentleman did not in the least scruple: so he paid him the thousand pounds in specie, and gave his note for two thousand eight hundred pounds more to Heartfree, who burnt with gratitude to Wild for the noble customer he had recommended to him.

As soon as Heartfree was departed, Wild, who waited in another room, came in, and received the casket from the Count; it having been agreed between them, that this should be deposited in his hands, as he was the original contriver of the scheme, and was to have the largest share. Wild having received the casket, offered to meet the Count late that evening to come to a division; but such was the latter's

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confidence in the honour of our hero, that, he said, if it was any inconvenience to him, the next morning would do altogether as well. This was more agreeable to Wild, and accordingly an appointment being made for that purpose, he set out in haste to pursue Heartfree to the place where the two gentlemen were ordered to meet and attack him.—Those gentlemen, with noble resolution, executed their purpose; they attacked and spoiled the enemy of the whole sum he had received from the Count.

As soon as the engagement was over, and Heartfree left sprawling on the ground, our hero, who wisely declined trusting the booty in his friends' hands, though he had good experience of their honour, made off after the conquerors: at length they being all at a place of safety, Wild, according to a previous agreement, received nine-tenths of the booty; the subordinate heroes did indeed profess some little unwillingness (perhaps more than was strictly consistent with honour) to perform their contract; but Wild, partly by argument, but more by oaths and threatenings, prevailed with them to fulfil their promise.

Our hero having thus, with wonderful address, brought this great and glorious action to a happy conclusion, resolved to relax his mind after his fatigue, in the conversation of the fair. He therefore set forwards to his lovely Lætitia; but, in his way, accidentally met with a young lady of his acquaintance, Miss Molly Straddle, who was taking the air in Bridges Street. Miss Molly seeing Mr. Wild, stopped him, and with a familiarity peculiar to a genteel town education, tapped or rather slapped him on the back, and asked him to treat her with a pint of wine, at a neighbouring tavern. The hero, though he loved the chaste Lætitia with excessive tenderness, was not of that low sniveling breed of mortals, who, as it is generally expressed, *tie themselves to a woman's apron strings;* in a word, who are tainted with that mean, base, low vice or virtue as it is called, of constancy; therefore he immediately consented and attended her to a tavern famous for excellent wine, known by the name of the Rummer and Horseshoe, where they retired to a room by

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themselves. Wild was very vehement in his addresses, but to no purpose; the young lady declared she would grant no favour till he had made her a present; this was immediately complied with, and the lover made as happy as he could desire.

The immoderate fondness which Wild entertained for his dear Lætitia, would not suffer him to waste any considerable time with Miss Straddle. Notwithstanding, therefore, all the endearments and caresses of that young lady, he soon made an excuse to go down stairs, and thence immediately set forward to Lætitia, without taking any formal leave of Miss Straddle, or indeed of the drawer, with whom the lady was afterwards obliged to come to an account for the reckoning.

Mr. Wild, on his arrival at Mr. Snap's, found only Miss Doshy at home; that young lady being employed alone, in imitation of Penelope, with her thread or worsted; only with this difference, that whereas Penelope unravelled by night what she had knit or wove, or spun by day, so what our young heroine unravelled by day, she knit again by night. In short, she was mending a pair of blue stockings with red clocks; a circumstance which, perhaps, we might have omitted, had it not served to show that there are still some ladies of this age who imitate the simplicity of the ancients.

Wild immediately asked for his beloved, and was informed that she was not at home. He then inquired where she was to be found, and declared, he would not depart till he had seen her; nay, not till he had married her; for, indeed, his passion for her was truly honourable; in other words, he had so ungovernable a desire for her person, that he would go any lengths to satisfy it. He then pulled out the casket, which he swore was full of the finest jewels, and that he would give them all to her, with other promises; which so prevailed on Miss Doshy, who had not the common failure of sisters in envying, and often endeavouring to disappoint each other's happiness, that she desired Mr. Wild to sit down a few minutes, whilst she endeavoured to find her sister, and to bring her to him. The lover thanked her, and promised to stay till her return: and Miss Doshy, leaving

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Mr. Wild to his meditations, fastened him in the kitchen by barring the door (for most of the doors in this mansion were made to be bolted on the outside), and then slapping to the door of the house with great violence, without going out at it, she stole softly up stairs, where Miss Lætitia was engaged in close conference with Mr. Bagshot. Miss Letty, being informed by her sister in a whisper of what Mr. Wild had said, and what he had produced, told Mr. Bagshot that a young lady was below to visit her, whom she would dispatch with all imaginable haste and return to him. She desired him therefore to stay with patience for her in the mean time, and that she would leave the door unlocked, though her papa would never forgive her if he should discover it. Bagshot promised on his honour, not to step without his chamber; and the two young ladies went softly down stairs; when pretending first to make their entry into the house, they repaired to the kitchen, where not even the presence of the chaste Lætitia could restore that harmony to the countenance of her lover, which Miss Theodosia had left him possessed of; for, during her absence, he had discovered the absence of a purse containing bank notes for 900*l.* which had been taken from Mr. Heartfree, and which, indeed, Miss Straddle had, in the warmth of his amorous caresses, unperceived drawn from him. However, as he had that perfect mastery of his temper, or rather of his muscles, which is as necessary to the forming a great character, as to the personating it on the stage, he soon conveyed a smile into his countenance, and concealing as well his misfortune as his chagrin at it, began to pay honourable addresses to Miss Letty. This young lady, among many other good ingredients, had three very predominant passions; to wit, vanity, wantonness, and avarice. To satisfy the first of these, she employed Mr. Smirk and company; to the second, Mr. Bagshot and company; and our hero had the honour and happiness of solely engrossing the third. Now, these three sorts of lovers she had very different ways of entertaining. With the first, she was all gay and coquette; with the second, all fond and rampant; and with the last, all cold and reserved. She

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therefore told Mr. Wild, with a most composed aspect, that she was glad he had repented of his manner of treating her at their last interview, where his behaviour was so monstrous, that she had resolved never to see him any more: that she was afraid her own sex would hardly pardon her the weakness she was guilty of in receding from that resolution, which she was persuaded she never should have brought herself to, had not her sister, who was there to confirm what she said (as she did with many oaths), betrayed her into his company, by pretending it was another person to visit her; but, however, as he now thought proper to give her more convincing proofs of his affections (for he had now the casket in his hand), and since she perceived his designs were no longer against her virtue, but were such as a woman of honour might listen to, she must own—and then she feigned an hesitation, when Theodosia began: "Nay, sister, I am resolved you shall counterfeit no longer. I assure you, Mr. Wild, she hath the most violent passion for you in the world; and indeed, dear Tishy, if you offer to go back, since I plainly see Mr. Wild's designs are honourable, I will betray all you have ever said."—"How, sister (answered Lætitia), I protest you will drive me out of the room: I did not expect this usage from you."—Wild then fell on his knees, and taking hold of her hand repeated a speech, which as the reader may easily suggest it to himself, I shall not here set down. He then offered her the casket, but she gently rejected it; and on a second offer, with a modest countenance and voice, desired to know what it contained. Wild then opened it, and took forth (with sorrow I write it, and with sorrow will it be read) one of those beautiful necklaces, with which, at the fair of Bartholomew, they deck the well-bewhitened neck of Thalestris queen of Amazons, Anna Bullen, Queen Elizabeth, or some other high princess in drollic story. It was indeed composed of that paste, which Derdæus Magnus, an ingenious toyman, doth at a very moderate price dispense of to the second-rate beaus of the metropolis. For to open a truth, which we ask our reader's pardon for having concealed from him so long, the sagacious Count,

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wisely fearing lest some accident might prevent Mr. Wild's return at the appointed time, had carefully conveyed the jewels which Mr. Heartfree had brought with him into his own pocket, and in their stead had placed in the casket these artificial stones, which, though of equal value to a philosopher, and perhaps of a much greater to a true admirer of the compositions of art, had not however the same charms in the eyes of Miss Letty; who had indeed some knowledge of jewels: for Mr. Snap, with great reason, considering how valuable a part of a lady's education it would be to be well instructed in these things, in an age when young ladies learn little more than how to dress themselves, had in her youth placed Miss Letty as the handmaid (or housemaid as the vulgar call it) of an eminent pawnbroker. The lightning, therefore, which should have flashed from the jewels, flashed from her eyes, and thunder immediately followed from her voice. She be-knaved, be-rascalled, be-rogued the unhappy hero, who stood silent, confounded with astonishment, but more with shame and indignation at being thus outwitted and over-reached. At length, he recovered his spirits, and throwing down the casket in a rage, he snatched the key from the table; and without making any answer to the ladies, who both very plentifully opened upon him, and without taking any leave of them, he flew out at the door, and repaired with the utmost expedition to the Count's habitation.

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SHE BE-KNAVED, BE-RASCALLED, BE-ROGUED THE UNHAPPY HERO.

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CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH WILD, AFTER MANY FRUITLESS ENDEAVOURS TO DISCOVER HIS FRIEND, MORALIZES ON HIS MISFORTUNE IN A SPEECH, WHICH MAY BE OF USE (IF RIGHTLY UNDERSTOOD) TO SOME OTHER CONSIDERABLE SPEECH-MAKERS.

NOT the highest-fed footman of the highest-bred woman of quality knocks with more impetuosity than Wild did at the Count's door, which was immediately opened by a well-dressed liveryman, who answered that his master was not at home. Wild, not satisfied with this, searched the house, but to no purpose; he then ransacked all the gaming-houses in town, but found no Count: indeed, that gentleman had taken leave of his house the same instant Mr. Wild had turned his back, and, equipping himself with boots and a post-horse, without taking with him either servant, clothes, or any necessaries for the journey of a great man, made such mighty expedition that he was now upwards of twenty miles on his way to Dover.

Wild, finding his search ineffectual, resolved to give it over for that night; he then retired to his seat of contemplation, a night-cellar, where, without a single farthing in his pocket, he called for a sneaker of punch, and placing himself on a bench by himself, he softly vented the following soliloquy:

"How vain is human GREATNESS! What avail superior abilities, and a noble defiance of those narrow rules and bounds which confine the vulgar; when our best concerted schemes are liable to be defeated! How unhappy is the state of PRIGGISM! How impossible for human prudence to foresee and guard against every circumvention! It is even as a game of chess, where, while the rook, or knight, or bishop, is busied in forecasting some great enterprise, a worthless pawn interposes, and disconcerts his scheme. Better had it been for me to have observed the simple laws of friendship and morality than thus to ruin my friend for the

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benefit of others. I might have commanded his purse to any degree of moderation; I have now disabled him from the power of serving me. Well! but that was not my design. If I cannot arraign my own conduct, why should I, like a woman or a child, sit down and lament the disappointment of chance? But can I acquit myself of all neglect? Did I not misbehave in putting it into the power of others to outwit me? But that is impossible to be avoided. In this a *Prig* is more unhappy than any other: a cautious man may, in a crowd, preserve his own pockets by keeping his hands in them; but while the *Prig* employs his hands in another's pocket, how shall he be able to defend his own! Indeed, in this light what can be imagined more miserable than a *Prig?* How dangerous are his acquisitions! how unsafe, how unquiet his possessions! why then should any man wish to be a *Prig*, or where is his greatness? I answer in his mind: 'tis the inward glory, the secret consciousness of doing great and wonderful actions, which can alone support the truly GREAT Man, whether he be a CONQUEROR, a TYRANT, a STATESMAN, or a PRIG.—These must bear him up against the private curse and public imprecation, and, while he is hated and detested by all mankind, must make him inwardly satisfied with himself. For what but some such inward satisfaction as this could inspire men possessed of power, of wealth, of every human blessing which pride, avarice, or luxury could desire, to forsake their homes, abandon ease and repose, and at the expense of riches and pleasures, at the price of labour and hardship, and at the hazard of all that fortune hath liberally given them, could send them at the head of a multitude of *Prigs* called an army, to molest their neighbours; to introduce rape, rapine, bloodshed, and every kind of misery among their own species? What but some such glorious appetite of mind could inflame princes, endowed with the greatest honours, and enriched with the most plentiful revenues, to desire maliciously to rob those subjects of their liberties, who are content to sweat for the luxury, and to bow down their knees to the pride of those very princes? What but this can

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inspire them to destroy one half of their subjects, in order to reduce the rest to absolute dependence on their own wills, and on those of their brutal successors? What other motive could seduce a subject, possessed of great property in his community, to betray the interest of his fellow-subjects, of his brethren, and his posterity, to the wanton disposition of such princes? Lastly, what less inducement could persuade the *Prig* to forsake the methods of acquiring a safe, an honest, and a plentiful livelihood, and, at the hazard of even life itself, and what is mistakingly called dishonour, to break openly and bravely through the laws of his country, for uncertain, unsteady, and unsafe gain? Let me then hold myself contented with this reflection, that I have been wise, though unsuccessful, and am a GREAT, though an unhappy Man."

His soliloquy and his punch concluded together; for he had at every pause comforted himself with a sip. And now it came first into his head that it would be more difficult to pay for it than it was to swallow it, when, to his great pleasure, he beheld at another corner of the room one of the gentlemen whom he had employed in the attack on Heartfree, and who, he doubted not, would readily lend him a guinea or two; but he had the mortification, on applying to him, to hear that the gaming-table had stript him of all the booty which his own generosity had left in his possession. He was therefore obliged to pursue his usual method on such occasions: so, cocking his hat fiercely, he marched out of the room without making any excuse, or any one daring to make the least demand.

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CHAPTER V.

CONTAINING MANY SURPRISING ADVENTURES, WHICH OUR HERO, WITH *GREAT GREATNESS* ACHIEVED.

WE will now leave our hero to take a short repose, and return to Mr. Snap's, where, at Wild's departure, the fair Theodosia had again betaken herself to her stocking, and Miss Letty had retired up stairs to Mr. Bagshot; but that gentleman had broken his parole, and, having conveyed himself below stairs behind a door, he took the opportunity of Wild's sally to make his escape. We shall only observe, that Miss Letty's surprise was the greater, as she had, notwithstanding her promise to the contrary, taken the precaution to turn the key; but, in her hurry, she did it ineffectually. How wretched must have been the situation of this young creature, who had not only lost a lover, on whom her tender heart perfectly doated, but was exposed to the rage of an injured father, tenderly jealous of his honour, which was deeply engaged to the sheriff of London and Middlesex for the safe custody of the said Bagshot, and for which two very good responsible friends had given not only their words but their bonds.

But let us remove our eyes from this melancholy object, and survey our hero, who, after a successless search for Miss Straddle, with wonderful greatness of mind, and steadiness of countenance, went early in the morning to visit his friend Heartfree, at a time when the common herd of friends would have forsaken and avoided him. He entered the room with a cheerful air, which he presently changed into surprise on seeing his friend in a nightgown, with his wounded head bound about with linen, and looking extremely pale from a great effusion of blood. When Wild was informed by Heartfree what had happened he first expressed great sorrow, and afterwards suffered as violent agonies of rage against the robbers to burst from him. Heartfree, in compassion to the

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deep impressions his misfortunes seemed to make on his friend, endeavoured to lessen it as much as possible, at the same time exaggerating the obligation he owed to Wild, in which his wife likewise seconded him; and they breakfasted with more comfort than was reasonably to be expected after such an accident. Heartfree expressing great satisfaction that he had put the Count's note in another pocket-book, adding, that such a loss would have been fatal to him; "for to confess the truth to you, my dear friend," said he, "I have had some losses lately which have greatly perplexed my affairs; and, though I have many debts due to me from people of great fashion, I assure you I know not where to be certain of getting a shilling." Wild greatly felicitated him on the lucky accident of preserving his note, and then proceeded, with much acrimony, to inveigh against the barbarity of people of fashion, who kept tradesmen out of their money.

While they amused themselves with discourses of this kind, Wild, meditating within himself whether he should borrow or steal from his friend, or indeed, whether he could not effect both, the apprentice brought a bank-note of 500*l.* in to Heartfree, which, he said, a gentlewoman in the shop, who had been looking at some jewels, desired him to exchange.—Heartfree looking at the number, immediately recollected it to be one of those he had been robbed of. With this discovery he acquainted Wild, who, with the notable presence of mind, and unchanged complexion, so essential to a great character, advised him to proceed cautiously; and offered (as Mr. Heartfree himself was, he said, too much flustered to examine the woman with sufficient art) to take her into a room in his house alone. He would, he said, personate the master of the shop, would pretend to show her some jewels, and would undertake to get sufficient information out of her to secure the rogues, and most probably all their booty. This proposal was readily and thankfully accepted by Heartfree. Wild went immediately up stairs into the room appointed, whither the apprentice, according to appointment, conducted the lady.

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The apprentice was ordered down stairs the moment the lady entered the room; and Wild, having shut the door, approached her with great ferocity in his looks, and began to expatiate on the complicated baseness of the crime she had been guilty of; but though he uttered many good lessons of morality, as we doubt whether from a particular reason they may work any very good effect on our reader, we shall omit his speech, and only mention his conclusion, which was by asking her what mercy she could now expect from him? Miss Straddle, for that was the young lady, who had had a good education, and had been more than once present at the Old Bailey, very confidently denied the whole charge, and said she had received the note from a friend. Wild then raising his voice, told her she should be immediately committed, and she might depend on being convicted; "but," added he, changing his tone, "as I have a violent affection for thee, my dear Straddle, if you will follow my advice, I promise you, on my honour to forgive you, nor shall you be ever called in question on this account." "Why, what would you have me to do, Mr. Wild?" replied the young lady with a pleasanter aspect.—"You must know then," said Wild, "the money you picked out of my pocket (nay, by G—d you did, and if you offer to flinch, you shall be convicted of it) I won at play of a fellow, who, it seems robbed my friend of it; you must, therefore, give an information on oath against one Thomas Fierce, and say, that you received the note from him, and leave the rest to me. I am certain, Molly, you must be sensible of your obligations to me, who return good for evil to you in this manner." The lady readily consented, and advanced to embrace Mr. Wild, who stepped a little back, and cried, "Hold, Molly; there are two other notes of 200*l.* each to be accounted for, where are they?" The lady protested with the most solemn asseverations that she knew of no more; with which, when Wild was not satisfied, she cried, "I will stand search." "That you shall," answered Wild, "and stand strip too." He then proceeded to tumble and search her, but to no purpose, till at last she burst into tears, and

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SHE CRIED, "I WILL STAND SEARCH."

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declared she would tell the truth (as indeed she did); she then confessed that she had disposed of the one to Jack Swagger, a great favourite of the ladies, being an Irish gentleman, who had been bred clerk to an attorney, afterwards whipped out of a regiment of dragoons, and was then a Newgate solicitor, and a bawdy-house bully; and as for the other, she had laid it all out that very morning in brocaded silks, and Flanders lace. With this account Wild, who indeed knew it to be a very probable one, was forced to be contented; and now abandoning all further thoughts of what he saw was irretrievably lost, he gave the lady some further instructions, and then, desiring her to stay a few minutes behind him, he returned to his friend, and acquainted him that he had discovered the whole roguery; that the woman had confessed from whom she had received the note, and promised to give an information before a justice of peace; adding, he was concerned he could not attend him thither, being obliged to go to the other end of the town to receive thirty pounds, which he was to pay that evening. Heartfree said, that should not prevent him of his company, for he could easily lend him such a trifle. This was accordingly done and accepted, and Wild, Heartfree, and the lady went to the justice together.

The warrant being granted, and the constable being acquainted by the lady, who received her information from Wild, of Mr. Fierce's haunts, he was easily apprehended, and, being confronted by Miss Straddle, who swore positively to him, though she had never seen him before; he was committed to Newgate, where he immediately conveyed an information to Wild of what had happened, and in the evening received a visit from him.

Wild affected great concern for his friend's misfortune, and as great surprise at the means by which it was brought about. However, he told Fierce he must certainly be mistaken in that point, of his having had no acquaintance with Miss Straddle; but added, that he would find her out, and endeavour to take off her evidence; which, he observed, did not come home enough to endanger him; besides, he

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would secure him witnesses of an *alibi*, and five or six to his character; so that he need be under no apprehension, for his confinement till the sessions would be his only punishment.

Fierce, who was greatly comforted by these assurances of his friend, returned him many thanks, and both shaking each other very earnestly by the hand, with a very hearty embrace they separated.

The hero considered with himself that the single evidence of Miss Straddle would not be sufficient to convict Fierce, whom he resolved to hang, as he was the person who had principally refused to deliver him the stipulated share of the booty; he therefore went in quest of Mr. James Sly, the gentleman who had assisted in the exploit; and found, and acquainted him with the apprehending of Fierce. Wild then intimating his fear lest Fierce should impeach Sly, advised him to be beforehand, to surrender himself to a justice of peace, and offer himself as an evidence. Sly approved Mr. Wild's opinion, went directly to a magistrate, and was by him committed to the Gate-house, with a promise of being admitted evidence against his companion.

Fierce was in a few days brought to his trial at the Old Bailey, where, to his great confusion, his old friend Sly appeared against him, as did Miss Straddle. His only hopes were now in the assistance which our hero had promised him. These unhappily failed him: so that the evidence being plain against him, and he making no defence, the jury convicted him, the court condemned him, and Mr. Ketch executed him.

With such infinite address did this truly great man know to play with the passions of men, to set them at variance with each other, and to work his own purposes out of those jealousies and apprehensions, which he was wonderfully ready at creating by means of those great arts which the vulgar call treachery, dissembling, promising, lying, falsehood, &c., but which are by great men summed up in the collective name of policy, or politics, or rather pollitrics; an art of which, as it is the highest excellence of human nature, perhaps our great man was the most eminent master.

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CHAPTER VI.

OF HATS.

WILD had now got together a very considerable gang, composed of undone gamesters, ruined bailiffs, broken tradesmen, idle apprentices, attorneys' clerks, and loose and disorderly youth, who being born to no fortune, nor bred to any trade or profession, were willing to live luxuriously without labour. As these persons wore different *Principles*, i.e. *Hats*, frequent dissensions grew among them. There were particularly two parties, viz., those who wore hats *fiercely* cocked, and those who preferred the *Nab* or trencher hat, with the brim flapping over their eyes. The former were called *Cavaliers* and *Tory Rory Ranter Boys*, *&c.* The latter went by the several names of *Wags*, Roundheads, Shakebags, Oldnolls, and several others. Between these continual jars arose; insomuch that they grew in time to think there was something essential in their differences, and that their interests were incompatible with each other, whereas, in truth, the difference lay only in the fashion of their hats. Wild, therefore, having assembled them all at an alehouse on the night after Fierce's execution, and perceiving evident marks of their misunderstanding, from their behaviour to each other, addressed them in the following gentle but forcible manner.[1] "Gentlemen, I am ashamed to see men embarked

[1] There is something very mysterious in this speech, which probably that chapter written by Aristotle on this subject, which is mentioned by a French author, might have given some light into; but that is unhappily among the lost works of that philosopher. It is remarkable, that *Galerus*, which is Latin for a Hat, signifies likewise a Dog-fish, as the Greek word Κυνέη doth the skin of that animal; of which I suppose the hats or helmets of the ancients were composed, as ours at present are of the beaver or rabbit. Sophocles, in the latter end of his "Ajax," alludes to a method of cheating in hats, and the scholiast on the place tells us of one Crephontes, who was a master of the art. It is observable likewise, that Achilles, in the first Iliad of Homer, tells Agamemnon, in anger, that he had dog's eyes. Now, as the eyes of a dog are handsomer than

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in so great and glorious an undertaking, as that of robbing the public, so foolishly and weakly dissenting among themselves. Do you think the first inventors of Hats, or at least of the distinctions between them, really conceived that one form of Hats should inspire a man with divinity, another with law, another with learning, or another with bravery? No, they meant no more by these outward signs, than to impose on the vulgar, and instead of putting great men to the trouble of acquiring or maintaining the substance, to make it sufficient that they condescend to wear the type or shadow of it.—You do wisely, therefore, when in a crowd, to amuse the mob by quarrels on such accounts, that, while they are listening to your jargon, you may, with the greater ease and safety, pick their pockets: but surely to be in earnest, and privately to keep up such a ridiculous contention among yourselves, must argue the highest folly and absurdity. When you know you are all *Prigs*, what difference can a broad or a narrow brim create? Is a *Prig* less a *Prig* in one hat than in another? If the public should be weak enough to interest themselves in your quarrels, and to prefer one pack to the other, while both are aiming at their purses; it is your business to laugh at, not imitate their folly. What can be more ridiculous than for gentlemen to quarrel about Hats, when there is not one among you whose Hat is worth a farthing? What is the use of a Hat, farther than to keep the head warm, or to hide a bald crown from the public? It is the mark of a gentleman to move his Hat on every occasion; and in courts and noble assemblies no man ever wears one. Let me hear no more therefore of this childish

those of almost any other animal, this could be no term of reproach. He must therefore mean that he had a hat on, which, perhaps, from the creature it was made of, or from some other reason, might have been a mark of infamy. This superstitious opinion may account for that custom, which hath descended through all nations, of showing respect by pulling off this covering; and that no man is esteemed fit to converse with his superiors with it on. I shall conclude this learned note with remarking, that the term Old Hat is at present used by the vulgar in no very honourable sense.

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disagreement, but all toss up your Hats together with one accord, and consider that Hat as the best which will contain the largest booty." He thus ended his speech, which was followed by a murmuring applause, and immediately all present tossed their Hats together as he had commanded them.

CHAPTER VII.

SHOWING THE CONSEQUENCE WHICH ATTENDED HEARTFREE'S ADVENTURES WITH WILD; ALL NATURAL, AND COMMON ENOUGH TO LITTLE WRETCHES WHO DEAL WITH GREAT MEN; TOGETHER WITH SOME PRECEDENTS OF LETTERS, BEING THE DIFFERENT METHODS OF ANSWERING A DUN.

LET us now return to Heartfree, to whom the Count's note, which he had paid away, was returned, with an account that the drawer was not to be found, and that, on inquiring after him, they had heard he was run away, and consequently the money was now demanded of the indorser. The apprehension of such a loss would have affected any man of business, but much more one whose unavoidable ruin it must prove. He expressed so much concern and confusion on this occasion, that the proprietor of the note was frightened, and resolved to lose no time in securing what he could. So that, in the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Snap was commissioned to pay Heartfree a visit, which he did with his usual formality, and conveyed him to his own house.

Mrs. Heartfree was no sooner informed of what had happened to her husband than she raved like one distracted; but, after she had vented the first agonies of her passion in tears and lamentations, she applied herself to all possible means to procure her husband's liberty. She hastened to beg her neighbours to secure bail for him. But as the news had arrived at their houses before her, she found none of them

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at home, except an honest Quaker, whose servants durst not tell a lie. However, she succeeded no better with him, for unluckily he had made an affirmation the day before that he would never be bail for any man. After many fruitless efforts of this kind, she repaired to her husband, to comfort him at least with her presence. She found him sealing the last of several letters, which he was despatching to his friends and creditors. The moment he saw her a sudden joy sparkled in his eyes, which, however, had a very short duration; for despair soon closed them again; nor could he help bursting into some passionate expressions of concern for her and his little family; which she, on her part, did her utmost to lessen, by endeavouring to mitigate the loss, and to raise in him hopes from the Count, who might, she said, be possibly only gone into the country. She comforted him likewise, with the expectation of favour from his acquaintance, especially from those whom he had in a particular manner obliged and served. Lastly, she conjured him, by all the value and esteem he professed for her, not to endanger his health, on which alone depended her happiness, by too great an indulgence of grief; assuring him that no state of life could appear unhappy to her with him, unless his own sorrow or discontent made it so.

In this manner did this weak, poor-spirited woman attempt to relieve her husband's pains, which it would have rather become her to aggravate, by not only painting out his misery in the liveliest colours imaginable, but by upbraiding him with that folly and confidence which had occasioned it, and by lamenting her own hard fate, in being obliged to share his sufferings.

Heartfree returned this goodness (as it is called) of his wife with the warmest gratitude, and they passed an hour in a scene of tenderness, too low and contemptible to be recounted to our great readers. — We shall therefore omit all such relations, as they tend only to make human nature low and ridiculous.

Those messengers who had obtained any answers to his letters now returned. We shall here copy a few of them, as

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they may serve for precedents to others who have an occasion, which happens commonly enough in genteel life, to answer the impertinence of a Dun.

LETTER I.

MR. HEARTFREE,—My Lord commands me to tell you, he is very much surprised at your assurance in asking for money, which you know hath been so little while due; however, as he intends to deal no longer at your shop, he hath ordered me to pay you as soon as I shall have cash in hand, which, considering many disbursements for bills long due, &c., can't possibly promise any time, &c., at present. And am,

Your humble Servant,
ROGER MORECRAFT.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,—The money, as you truly say, hath been three years due, but upon my soul I am at present incapable of paying a farthing; but as I doubt not, very shortly, not only to content that small bill, but likewise to lay out very considerable further sums at your house, hope you will meet with no inconvenience by this short delay in, dear sir,

Your most sincere
Humble Servant,
CHA. COURTLY.

LETTER III.

MR. HEARTFREE,—I beg you would not acquaint my husband of the trifling debt between us; for, as I know you to be a very good-natured man, I will trust you with a secret; he gave me the money long since to discharge it, which I had the ill luck to lose at play. You may be assured I will satisfy you the first opportunity, and am, sir,

Your very humble Servant,
CATH. RUBBERS.

Please to present my compliments to Mrs. Heartfree.

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LETTER IV.

MR. THOMAS HEARTFREE, SIR,—Yours received; but as to sum mentioned therein, doth not suit at present.

Your humble Servant,

PETER POUNCE.

LETTER V.

SIR,—I am sincerely sorry it is not at present possible for me to comply with your request, especially after so many obligations received on my side, of which I shall always entertain the most grateful memory. I am very greatly concerned at your misfortunes, and would have waited upon you in person, but am not at present very well, and, besides, am obliged to go this evening to Vauxhall. I am, sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

CHA. EASY.

P.S. I hope good Mrs. Heartfree and the dear little ones are well.

There were more letters to much the same purpose; but we propose giving our reader a taste only. Of all these, the last was infinitely the most grating to poor Heartfree, as it came from one to whom, when in distress, he had himself lent a considerable sum, and of whose present flourishing circumstances he was well assured.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH OUR HERO CARRIES *GREATNESS* TO AN IMMODERATE HEIGHT.

LET us remove, therefore, as fast as we can, this detestable picture of ingratitude, and present the much more agreeable portrait of that assurance to which the French very

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properly annex the epithet of Good. Heartfree had scarce done reading his letters, when our hero appeared before his eyes; not with that aspect with which a pitiful parson meets his patron, after having opposed him at an election, or which a doctor wears, when sneaking away from a door, where he is informed of his patient's death; not with that downcast countenance which betrays the man who, after a strong conflict between virtue and vice, hath surrendered his mind to the latter, and is discovered in his first treachery; but with that noble, bold, great confidence with which a prime minister assures his dependant that the place he promised him was disposed of before. And such concern and uneasiness as he expresses in his looks on those occasions, did Wild testify on the first meeting of his friend. And as the said prime minister chides you for neglect of your interest, in not having asked in time, so did our hero attack Heartfree for his giving credit to the Count; and, without suffering him to make any answer, proceeded in a torrent of words to overwhelm him with abuse; which, however friendly its intention might be, was scarce to be outdone by an enemy. By these means, Heartfree, who might perhaps otherwise have vented some little concern for that recommendation which Wild had given him to the Count, was totally prevented from any such endeavour; and, like an invading prince, when attacked in his own dominions, forced to recal his whole strength to defend himself at home. This indeed he did so well, by insisting on the figure and outward appearance of the Count and his equipage, that Wild at length grew a little more gentle, and with a sigh said, "I confess I have the least reason of all mankind to censure another for an imprudence of this nature, as I am myself the most easy to be imposed upon, and indeed have been so by this Count, who, if he be insolvent, hath cheated me of five hundred pounds. But, for my own part," said he, "I will not yet despair, nor would I have you. Many men have found it convenient to retire, or abscond for a while, and afterwards have paid their debts, or at least handsomely compounded them. This I am certain of, should a composi-

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tion take place, which is the worst I think that can be apprehended, I shall be the only loser; for I shall think myself obliged in honour to repair your loss, even though you must confess it was principally owing to your own folly. Z—ds! had I imagined it necessary, I would have cautioned you; but I thought the part of the town where he lived sufficient caution not to trust him.——And such a sum!——The devil must have been in you certainly!"

This was a degree of impudence beyond poor Mrs. Heartfree's imagination. Though she had before vented the most violent execrations on Wild, she was now thoroughly satisfied of his innocence, and begged him not to insist any longer on what he perceived so deeply affected her husband. She said, trade could not be carried on without credit, and surely he was sufficiently justified in giving it to such a person as the Count appeared to be. Besides, she said, reflections on what was past and irretrievable would be of little service; that their present business was to consider how to prevent the evil consequences which threatened, and first to endeavour to procure her husband his liberty. "Why doth he not procure bail?" said Wild. "Alas! sir," said she, "we have applied to many of our acquaintance in vain; we have met with excuses even where we could least expect them." "Not bail!" answered Wild, in a passion; "he shall have bail, if there is any in the world. It is now very late, but trust me to procure him bail to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Heartfree received these professions with tears, and told Wild he was a friend indeed. She then proposed to stay that evening with her husband; but he would not permit her, on account of his little family, whom he would not agree to trust to the care of servants in this time of confusion.

A hackney coach was then sent for, but without success; for these, like hackney friends, always offer themselves in the sunshine, but are never to be found when you want them. And as for a chair, Mr. Snap lived in a part of the town which chairmen very little frequent. The good woman was therefore obliged to walk home, whither the gallant

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Wild offered to attend her as a protector. This favour was thankfully accepted, and the husband and wife having taken a tender leave of each other, the former was locked in, and the latter locked out by the hands of Mr. Snap himself.

As this visit of Mr. Wild's to Heartfree may seem one of those passages in history, which writers, Draw-cansir-like, introduce only *because they dare;* indeed, as it may seem somewhat contradictory to the greatness of our hero, and may tend to blemish his character with an imputation of that kind of friendship which savours too much of weakness and imprudence; it may be necessary to account for this visit, especially to our more sagacious readers, whose satisfaction we shall always consult in the most especial manner. They are to know then, that at the first interview with Mrs. Heartfree, Mr. Wild had conceived that passion, or affection, or friendship, or desire for that handsome creature, which the gentlemen of this our age agree to call LOVE; and which is indeed no other than that kind of affection which, after the exercise of the dominical day is over, a lusty divine is apt to conceive for the well-drest sirloin or handsome buttock, which the well-edified Squire in gratitude sets before him, and which, so violent is his love, he devours in imagination the moment he sees it. Not less ardent was the hungry passion of our hero, who, from the moment he had cast his eyes on that charming dish, had cast about in his mind by what method he might come at it. This, as he perceived, might most easily be effected after the ruin of Heartfree, which, for other considerations, he had intended. So he postponed all endeavours for this purpose, till he had first effected what, by order of time, was regularly to precede this latter design; with such regularity did this our hero conduct all his schemes, and so truly superior was he to all the efforts of passion, which so often disconcert and disappoint the noblest views of others.

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CHAPTER IX.

MORE *GREATNESS* IN WILD. A LOW SCENE BETWEEN MRS. HEARTFREE AND HER CHILDREN, AND A SCHEME OF OUR HERO WORTHY THE HIGHEST ADMIRATION, AND EVEN ASTONISHMENT.

WHEN first Wild conducted his flame (or rather his dish, to continue our metaphor) from the proprietor, he had projected a design of conveying her to one of those eating-houses in Covent Garden, where female flesh is deliciously drest, and served up to the greedy appetites of young gentlemen; but, fearing lest she should not come readily enough into his wishes, and that, by too eager and hasty a pursuit, he should frustrate his future expectations, and luckily at the same time a noble hint suggesting itself to him, by which he might almost inevitably secure his pleasure, together with his profit, he contented himself with waiting on Mrs. Heartfree home, and, after many protestations of friendship and service to her husband, took his leave, and promised to visit her early in the morning, and to conduct her back to Mr. Snap's.

Wild now retired to a night-cellar, where he found several of his acquaintance, with whom he spent the remaining part of the night in revelling; nor did the least compassion for Heartfree's misfortunes disturb the pleasure of his cups. So truly great was his soul, that it was absolutely composed, save that an apprehension of Miss Tishy's making some discovery (as she was then in no good temper towards him), a little ruffled and disquieted the perfect serenity he would otherwise have enjoyed. As he had, therefore, no opportunity of seeing her that evening, he wrote her a letter full of ten thousand protestations of honourable love, and (which he more depended on) containing as many promises, in order to bring the young lady into good humour, without acquainting her in the least with his suspicion, or giving her any caution: for it was his constant maxim, never to put it into any

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one's head to do you a mischief by acquainting him that it is in his power.

We must now return to Mrs. Heartfree, who past a sleepless night in as great agonies and horror for the absence of her husband, as a fine well-bred woman would feel at the return of hers from a long voyage or journey. In the morning the children being brought to her, the eldest asked, *Where dear papa was?* At which she could not refrain from bursting into tears. The child perceiving it, said, *Don't cry, mamma; I am sure Papa would not stay abroad if he could help it.* At these words she caught the child in her arms, and throwing herself into the chair, in an agony of passion, cried out, *No, my child; nor shall all the malice of hell keep us long asunder.*

These are circumstances which we should not, for the amusement of six or seven readers only, have inserted, had they not served to show, that there are weaknesses in vulgar life, to which great minds are so entirely strangers, that they have not even an idea of them; and secondly, by exposing the folly of this low creature, to set off and elevate that greatness, of which we endeavour to draw a true portrait in this history.

Wild entering the room, found the mother with one child in her arms, and the other at her knee. After paying her his compliments, he desired her to dismiss the children and servant, for that he had something of the greatest moment to impart to her.

She immediately complied with his request, and, the door being shut, asked him with great eagerness if he had succeeded in his intentions of procuring the bail. He answered, he had not endeavoured at it yet; for a scheme had entered into his head by which she might certainly preserve her husband, herself, and her family. In order to which he advised her instantly to remove with the most valuable jewels she had to Holland, before any statute of bankruptcy issued to prevent her; that he would himself attend her thither, and place her in safety, and then return to deliver her husband, who would be thus easily able to satisfy his

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creditors. He added, that he was that instant come from Snap's, where he had communicated the scheme to Heartfree, who had greatly approved of it, and desired her to put it in execution without delay, concluding that a moment was not to be lost.

The mention of her husband's approbation left no doubt in this poor woman's breast; she only desired a moment's time to pay him a visit, in order to take her leave. But Wild peremptorily refused; he said by every moment's delay she risked the ruin of her family; that she would be absent only a few days from him, for that the moment he had lodged her safe in Holland, he would return, procure her husband his liberty, and bring him to her. I have been the unfortunate, the innocent cause of all my dear Tom's calamity, Madam, said he; and I will perish with him, or see him out of it. Mrs. Heartfree overflowed with acknowledgments of his goodness; but still begged for the shortest interview with her husband. Wild declared that a minute's delay might be fatal; and added, though with the voice of sorrow rather than of anger, that, if she had not resolution enough to execute the commands he brought her from her husband, his ruin would lie at her door; and, for his own part, he must give up any farther meddling in his affairs.

She then proposed to take her children with her; but Wild would not permit it, saying, they would only retard their flight, and that it would be properer for her husband to bring them. He at length absolutely prevailed on this poor woman, who immediately packed up the most valuable effects she could find, and, after taking a tender leave of her infants, earnestly recommended them to the care of a very faithful servant. Then they called a hackney-coach, which conveyed them to an inn, where they were furnished with a chariot and six, in which they set forward for Harwich.

Wild rode with an exulting heart; secure, as he now thought himself, of the possession of that lovely woman, together with a rich cargo. In short, he enjoyed in his mind all the happiness which unbridled lust and rapacious avarice could promise him. As to the poor creature, who was to

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satisfy these passions, her whole soul was employed in reflecting on the condition of her husband and children. A single word scarce escaped her lips, though many a tear gushed from her brilliant eyes, which, if I may use a coarse expression, served only as delicious sauce to heighten the appetite of Wild.

CHAPTER X.

SEA ADVENTURES VERY NEW AND SURPRISING.

WHEN they arrived at Harwich they found a vessel, which had put in there, just ready to depart for Rotterdam. So they went immediately on board, and sailed with a fair wind; but they had hardly proceeded out of sight of land, when a sudden and violent storm arose, and drove them to the south-west; insomuch that the captain apprehended it impossible to avoid the Goodwin Sands, and he and all his crew gave themselves for lost. Mrs. Heartfree, who had no other apprehensions from death but those of leaving her dear husband and children, fell on her knees to beseech the Almighty's favour, when Wild, with a contempt of danger truly great, took a resolution as worthy to be admired perhaps as any recorded of the bravest hero, ancient or modern; a resolution which plainly proved him to have these two qualifications so necessary to a hero, to be superior to all the energies of fear or pity. He saw the tyrant death ready to rescue from him his intended prey, which he had yet devoured only in imagination. He therefore swore he would prevent him, and immediately attacked the poor wretch, who was in the utmost agonies of despair, first with solicitation, and afterwards with force.

Mrs. Heartfree, the moment she understood his meaning, which, in her present temper of mind, and in the opinion she held of him, she did not immediately, rejected him with all the repulses which indignation and horror could animate;

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but when he attempted violence, she filled the cabin with her shrieks, which were so vehement that they reached the ears of the captain, the storm at this time luckily abating. This man, who was a brute, rather from his education, and the element he inhabited, than from nature, ran hastily down to her assistance, and finding her struggling on the ground with our hero, he presently rescued her from her intended ravisher; who was soon obliged to quit the woman, in order to engage with her lusty champion, who spared neither pains nor blows in the assistance of his fair passenger.

When the short battle was over, in which our hero, had he not been overpowered with numbers, who came down on their captain's side, would have been victorious; the captain rapped out a hearty oath, and asked Wild, *If he had no more christianity in him than to ravish a woman in a storm?* To which the other greatly and sullenly answered: "It was very well; but d—n him if he had not satisfaction the moment they came on shore." The captain with great scorn replied, *Kiss*—— &c. and then forcing Wild out of the cabin, he, at Mrs. Heartfree's request, locked her into it, and returned to the care of his ship.

The storm was now entirely ceased, and nothing remained but the usual ruffling of the sea after it, when one of the sailors spied a sail at a distance, which the captain wisely apprehended might be a privateer (for we were then engaged in a war with France), and immediately ordered all the sail possible to be crowded; but his caution was in vain; for the little wind which then blew, was directly adverse; so that the ship bore down upon them, and soon appeared to be what the captain had feared, a French privateer. He was in no condition of resistance, and immediately struck on her firing the first gun. The captain of the Frenchman, with several of his hands, came on board the English vessel; which they rifled of every thing valuable, and amongst the rest, of poor Mrs. Heartfree's whole cargo; and then taking the crew, together with the two passengers, aboard his own ship, he determined, as the other would be only a burthen to him, to sink her, she being very old and leaky, and

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not worth going back with to Dunkirk. He preserved, therefore, nothing but the boat, as his own was none of the best, and then pouring a broadside into her, he sent her to the bottom.

The French captain, who was a very young fellow, and a man of gallantry, was presently enamoured to no small degree with his beautiful captive; and imagining Wild, from some words he dropt, to be her husband, notwithstanding the ill affection towards him which appeared in her looks, he asked her, If she understood French? She answered in the affirmative, for indeed she did perfectly well. He then asked her, how long she and that gentleman (pointing to Wild) had been married? She answered with a deep sigh, and many tears, that she was married indeed, but not to that villain, who was the sole cause of all her misfortunes. That appellation raised a curiosity in the captain, and he importuned her in so pressing, but gentle a manner, to acquaint him with the injuries she complained of, that she was at last prevailed on to recount to him the whole history of her afflictions. This so moved the captain, who had too little notions of greatness, and so incensed him against our hero, that he resolved to punish him; and, without regard to the laws of war, he immediately ordered out his shattered boat, and, making Wild a present of half-a-dozen biscuits to prolong his misery, he put him therein, and then, committing him to the mercy of the sea, proceeded on his cruise.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GREAT AND WONDERFUL BEHAVIOUR OF OUR HERO IN THE BOAT.

IT is probable that a desire of ingratiating himself with his charming captive, or rather conqueror, had no little share in promoting this extraordinary act of illegal justice; for the

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Frenchman had conceived the same sort of passion, or hunger, which Wild himself had felt, and was almost as much resolved, by some means or other, to satisfy it. We will leave him, however, at present, in the pursuit of his wishes, and attend our hero in his boat; since it is in circumstances of distress that true greatness appears most wonderful. For that a prince in the midst of his courtiers, all ready to compliment him with his favourite character, or title, and indeed with every thing else; or that a conqueror, at the head of a hundred thousand men, all prepared to execute his will, how ambitious, wanton, or cruel soever, should, in the giddiness of their pride, elevate themselves many degrees above those their tools, seems not difficult to be imagined, or indeed accounted for. But that a man in chains, in prison, nay, in the vilest dungeon, should, with persevering pride and obstinate dignity, discover that vast superiority in his own nature over the rest of mankind, who to a vulgar eye seem much happier than himself; nay, that he should discover heaven and providence (whose peculiar care, it seems, he is) at that very time at work for him; this is among the arcana of greatness, to be perfectly understood only by an adept in that science.

What could be imagined more miserable than the situation of our hero at this season, floating in a little boat on the open seas, without oar, without sail, and at the mercy of the first wave to overwhelm him? nay, this was indeed the fair side of his fortune, as it was a much more eligible fate than that alternative, which threatened him with almost unavoidable certainty, viz., starving with hunger, the sure consequence of a continuance of the calm.

Our hero, finding himself in this condition, began to ejaculate a round of blasphemies, which the reader, without being over-pious, might be offended at seeing repeated. He then accused the whole female sex, and the passion of love (as he called it), particularly that which he bore to Mrs. Heartfree, as the unhappy occasion of his present sufferings. At length finding himself descending too much into the language of meanness and complaint, he stopped short, and

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soon after broke forth as follows: "D—n it, a man can die but once, what signifies it? Every man must die, and when it is over, it is over. I never was afraid of any thing yet, nor I won't begin, now; no, d—n me, won't I. What signifies fear? I shall die whether I am afraid or no: who's afraid then, d—n me?" At which words he looked extremely fierce, but, recollecting that no one was present to see him, he relaxed a little the terror of his countenance, and, pausing a while, repeated the word, d—n! "Suppose I should be d—ned at last," cries he, "when I never thought a syllable of the matter! I have often laughed and made a jest about it, and yet it may be so, for any thing which I know to the contrary. If there should be another world it will go hard with me, that is certain. I shall never escape for what I have done to Heartfree. The devil must have me for that undoubtedly. The devil! Pshaw! I am not such a fool to be frightened at him neither. No, no; when a man's dead, there's an end of him. I wish I was certainly satisfied of it though; for there are some men of learning, as I have heard, of a different opinion. It is but a bad chance, methinks, I stand. If there be no other world, why I shall be in no worse condition than a block or a stone: but if there should,——D—n me, I will think no longer about it.—Let a pack of cowardly rascals be afraid of death, I dare look him in the face. But shall I stay and be starved!—No, I will eat up the biscuits the French son of a whore bestowed on me, and then leap into the sea for drink, since the unconscionable dog hath not allowed me a single dram." Having thus said, he proceeded immediately to put his purpose in execution, and as his resolution never failed him, he had no sooner despatched the small quantity of provision which his enemy had with no vast liberality presented him, than he cast himself headlong into the sea.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE STRANGE AND YET NATURAL ESCAPE OF OUR HERO.

OUR hero having with wonderful resolution thrown himself into the sea, as we mentioned at the end of the last chapter, was miraculously within two minutes after replaced in his boat; and this without the assistance of a dolphin or a sea-horse, or any other fish or animal, who are always as ready at hand when a poet or historian pleases to call for them to carry a hero through a sea, as any chairman at a coffee-house door near St. James's to convey a beau over a street, and preserve his white stockings. The truth is, we do not choose to have any recourse to miracles, from the strict observance we pay to that rule of Horace,

"*Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.*"

The meaning of which is, do not bring in a supernatural agent when you can do without him; and indeed we are much deeper read in natural than supernatural causes. We will therefore endeavour to account for this extraordinary event from the former of these; and in doing this it will be necessary to disclose some profound secrets to our reader, extremely well worth his knowing, and which may serve him to account for many occurrences of the phænomenous kind which have formerly appeared in this our hemisphere.

Be it known then, that the great Alma Mater, Nature, is of all other females the most obstinate, and tenacious of her purpose. So true is that observation,

"*Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret,*"

which I need not render in English, it being to be found in a book which most fine gentlemen are forced to read. Whatever nature, therefore, purposes to herself, she never suffers any reason, design, or accident, to frustrate. Now, though it may seem to a shallow observer that some persons were designed by nature for no use or purpose whatever;

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yet certain it is, that no man is born into the world without his particular allotment; viz. some to be kings, some statesmen, some ambassadors, some bishops, some generals, and so on. Of these there be two kinds; those to whom nature is so generous as to give some endowment, qualifying them for the parts she intends them afterwards to act on this stage; and those whom she uses as instances of her unlimited power, and for whose preferment to such and such stations Solomon himself could have invented no other reason than that nature designed them so. These latter some great philosophers have, to show them to be the favourites of nature, distinguished by the honourable appellation of NATURALS. Indeed, the true reason of the general ignorance of mankind on this head seems to be this; that as nature chooses to execute these her purposes by certain second causes, and as many of these second causes seem so totally foreign to her design, the wit of man, which, like his eye, sees best directly forward, and very little and imperfectly what is oblique, is not able to discern the end by the means. Thus, how a handsome wife or daughter should contribute to execute her original designation of a general; or how flattery, or half a dozen houses in a borough-town, should denote a judge, or a bishop, he is not capable of comprehending. And, indeed, we ourselves, wise as we are, are forced to reason *ab effectu*, and, if we had been asked what nature had intended such men for, before she herself had by the event demonstrated her purpose, it is possible we might sometimes have been puzzled to declare; for it must be confessed that, at first sight, and to a mind uninspired, a man of vast natural capacity and much acquired knowledge may seem by nature designed for power and honour, rather than one remarkable only for the want of these, and indeed all other qualifications; whereas daily experience convinces us of the contrary, and drives us as it were into the opinion I have here disclosed.

Now, nature, having originally intended our great man for that final exaltation, which, as it is the most proper and becoming end of all great men, it were heartily to be wished

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they might all arrive at, would by no means be diverted from her purpose. She therefore no sooner spied him in the water than she softly whispered in his ear to attempt the recovery of his boat: which call he immediately obeyed, and, being a good swimmer, and it being a perfect calm, with great facility accomplished it.

Thus we think this passage in our history, at first so greatly surprising, is very naturally accounted for; and our relation rescued from the Prodigious, which, though it often occurs in biography, is not to be encouraged nor much commended on any occasion, unless when absolutely necessary to prevent the history's being at an end. Secondly, we hope our hero is justified from that imputation of want of resolution which must have been fatal to the greatness of his character.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE BOAT ADVENTURE, AND THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

OUR hero passed the remainder of the evening, the night, and the next day, in a condition not much to be envied by any passion of the human mind, unless by ambition; which, provided it can only entertain itself with the most distant music of fame's trumpet, can disdain all the pleasures of the sensualist, and those more solemn, though quieter comforts, which a good conscience suggests to a christian philosopher.

He spent his time in contemplation, that is to say, in blaspheming, cursing, and sometimes singing and whistling. At last when cold and hunger had almost subdued his native fierceness, it being a good deal past midnight, and extremely dark, he thought he beheld a light at a distance, which the cloudiness of the sky prevented his mistaking for a star: this light, however, did not seem to approach him, at least it approached by such imperceptible degrees that it

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gave him very little comfort, and at length totally forsook him. He then renewed his contemplation as before, in which he continued till the day began to break: when, to his inexpressible delight, he beheld a sail at a very little distance, and which luckily seemed to be making towards him. He was likewise soon espied by those in the vessel, who wanted no signals to inform them of his distress, and, as it was almost a calm, and their course lay within five hundred yards of him, they hoisted out their boat and fetched him aboard.

The captain of this ship was a Frenchman; she was laden with deal from Norway, and had been extremely shattered in the late storm. This captain was of that kind of men who are actuated by a general humanity, and whose compassion can be raised by the distress of a fellow-creature, though of a nation whose king hath quarrelled with the monarch of their own. He therefore, commiserating the circumstances of Wild, who had dressed up a story proper to impose upon such a silly fellow, told him that, as himself well knew, he must be a prisoner on his arrival in France, but that he would endeavour to procure his redemption; for which our hero greatly thanked him. But as they were making very slow sail (for they had lost their main-mast in the storm), Wild saw a little vessel at a distance, they being within a few leagues of the English shore, which, on inquiry, he was informed was probably an English fishing boat. And, it being then perfectly calm, he proposed that, if they would accommodate him with a pair of scullers, he could get within reach of the boat, at least near enough to make signals to her; and he preferred any risk to the certain fate of being a prisoner. As his courage was somewhat restored by the provisions (especially brandy) with which the Frenchman had supplied him, he was so earnest in his entreaties, that the captain, after many persuasions, at length complied; and he was furnished with scullers, and with some bread, pork, and a bottle of brandy. Then, taking leave of his preservers, he again betook himself to his boat, and rowed so heartily, that he soon came within sight of

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the fisherman, who immediately made towards him, and took him aboard.

No sooner was Wild got safe on board the fisherman, than he begged him to make the utmost speed into Deal; for that the vessel which was still in sight, was a distressed Frenchman, bound for Havre de Grace, and might easily be made a prize, if there was any ship ready to go in pursuit of her. So nobly and greatly did our hero neglect all obligations conferred on him by the enemies of his country, that he would have contributed all he could to the taking his benefactor, to whom he owed both his life and his liberty.

The fisherman took his advice, and soon arrived at Deal, where the reader will, I doubt not, be as much concerned as Wild was, that there was not a single ship prepared to go on the expedition.

Our hero now saw himself once more safe on *terra firma;* but unluckily at some distance from that city where men of ingenuity can most easily supply their wants without the assistance of money, or rather can most easily procure money for the supply of their wants. However, as his talents were superior to every difficulty, he framed so dexterous an account of his being a merchant, having been taken and plundered by the enemy, and of his great effects in London, that he was not only heartily regaled by the fisherman at his house, but made so handsome a booty by way of borrowing, a method of taking which we have before mentioned to have his approbation, that he was enabled to provide himself with a place in the stage coach; which (as God permitted it to perform the journey) brought him, at the appointed time, to an inn in the metropolis.

And now, reader, as thou canst be in no suspense for the fate of our great man, since we have returned him safe to the principal scene of his glory, we will a little look back on the fortunes of Mr. Heartfree, whom we left in no very pleasant situation; but of this we shall treat in the next book.

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BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOW AND PITIFUL BEHAVIOUR OF HEARTFREE; AND THE FOOLISH CONDUCT OF HIS APPRENTICE.

HIS misfortunes did not entirely prevent Heartfree from closing his eyes. On the contrary, he slept several hours the first night of his confinement. However, he perhaps paid too severely dear both for his repose, and for a sweet dream which accompanied it, and represented his little family in one of those tender scenes, which had frequently passed in the days of his happiness and prosperity, when the provision they were making for the future fortunes of their children used to be one of the most agreeable topics of discourse with which he and his wife entertained themselves. The pleasantness of this vision, therefore, served only, on his waking, to set forth his present misery with additional horror, and to heighten the dreadful ideas which now crowded on his mind.

He had spent a considerable time after his first rising from the bed on which he had, without undressing, thrown himself, and now began to wonder at Mrs. Heartfree's long absence; but as the mind is desirous (and perhaps wisely too) to comfort itself with drawing the most flattering conclusions from all events; so he hoped the longer her stay was the more certain was his deliverance. At length his impatience prevailed, and he was just going to despatch a messenger to his own house when his apprentice came to

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pay him a visit, and, on his inquiry, informed him that his wife had departed in company with Mr. Wild many hours before, and had carried all his most valuable effects with her; adding, at the same time, that she had herself positively acquainted him she had her husband's express orders for so doing, and that she was gone to Holland.

It is the observation of many wise men, who have studied the anatomy of the human soul with more attention than our young physicians generally bestow on that of the body, that great and violent surprise hath a different effect from that which is wrought in a good housewife by perceiving any disorders in her kitchen; who, on such occasions, commonly spreads the disorder, not only over her whole family, but over the whole neighbourhood.—Now, these great calamities, especially when sudden, tend to stifle and deaden all the faculties, instead of rousing them; and accordingly Herodotus tells us a story of Crœsus, King of Lydia, who, on beholding his servants and courtiers led captive, wept bitterly; but, when he saw his wife and children in that condition, stood stupid, and motionless; so stood poor Heartfree on this relation of his apprentice, nothing moving but his colour, which entirely forsook his countenance.

The apprentice, who had not in the least doubted the veracity of his mistress, perceiving the surprise which too visibly appeared in his master, became speechless likewise, and both remained silent some minutes, gazing with astonishment and horror at each other. At last Heartfree cried out in an agony: "My wife deserted me in my misfortunes!" —— "Heaven forbid, sir," answered the other. "And what is become of my poor children?" replied Heartfree. "They are at home, sir," said the apprentice. "Heaven be praised! She hath forsaken them too," cries Heartfree: "fetch them hither this instant. Go, my dear Jack, bring hither my little all which remains now: fly, child, if thou dost not intend likewise to forsake me in my afflictions." The youth answered, he would die sooner than entertain such a thought, and, begging his master to be comforted, instantly obeyed his orders.

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HE EMBRACED THEM WITH THE MOST PASSIONATE FONDNESS.

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Heartfree, the moment the young man was departed, threw himself on his bed in an agony of despair; but, recollecting himself after he had vented the first sallies of his passion, he began to question the infidelity of his wife as a matter impossible. He ran over in his thoughts the uninterrupted tenderness which she had always shown him, and, for a minute, blamed the rashness of his belief against her; till the many circumstances of her having left him so long, and neither writ nor sent to him since her departure with all his effects and with Wild, of whom he was not before without suspicion: and lastly and chiefly, her false pretence to his commands, entirely turned the scale, and convinced him of her disloyalty.

While he was in these agitations of mind the good apprentice, who had used the utmost expedition, brought his children to him. He embraced them with the most passionate fondness, and imprinted numberless kisses on their little lips. The little girl flew to him with almost as much eagerness as he himself expressed at her sight, and cried out, "O papa, why did you not come home to poor mamma all this while? I thought you would not have left your little Nancy so long." After which he asked her for her mother, and was told she had kissed them both in the morning, and cried very much for his absence. All which brought a flood of tears into the eyes of this weak silly man, who had not greatness sufficient to conquer these low efforts of tenderness and humanity.

He then proceeded to inquire of the maid servant, who acquainted him, that she knew no more than that her mistress had taken leave of her children in the morning with many tears and kisses, and had recommended them in the most earnest manner to her care; she said, she had promised faithfully to take care of them, and would, while they were entrusted to her, fulfil her promise. For which profession Heartfree expressed much gratitude to her; and, after indulging himself with some little fondnesses, which we shall not relate, he delivered his children into the good woman's hands, and dismissed her.

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CHAPTER II.

A SOLILOQUY OF HEARTFREE'S, FULL OF LOW AND BASE IDEAS, WITHOUT A SYLLABLE OF *GREATNESS*.

BEING now alone, he sat some short time silent, and then burst forth into the following soliloquy:

"What shall I do? Shall I abandon myself to a dispirited despair, or fly in the face of the Almighty? Surely both are unworthy of a wise man; for what can be more vain than weakly to lament my fortune, if irretrievable, or, if hope remains, to offend that Being, who can most strongly support it: But are my passions then voluntary? Am I so absolutely their master, that I can resolve with myself, so far only will I grieve? Certainly, no. Reason, however, we flatter ourselves, hath not such despotic empire in our minds, that it can, with imperial voice, hush all our sorrow in a moment. Where then is its use? For either it is an empty sound, and we are deceived in thinking we have reason, or it is given us to some end, and hath a part assigned it by the all wise Creator.—Why, what can its office be, other than justly to weigh the worth of all things, and to direct us to that perfection of human wisdom, which proportions our esteem of every object by its real merit, and prevents us from over or undervaluing whatever we hope for, we enjoy, or we lose. It doth not foolishly say to us, Be not glad or Be not sorry, which would be as vain and idle, as to bid the purling river cease to run, or the raging wind to blow. It prevents us only from exulting, like children, when we receive a toy, or from lamenting when we are deprived of it. Suppose then I have lost the enjoyments of this world, and my expectation of future pleasure and profit is for ever disappointed; what relief can my reason afford? What, unless it can show me I had fixed my affections on a toy; that what I desired was not, by a wise man, eagerly to be affected, nor its loss violently deplored; for there are toys adapted to all ages, from the

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rattle to the throne; and perhaps the value of all is equal to their several possessors; for if the rattle pleases the ears of the infant, what can the flattery of sycophants give more to the prince? The latter is as far from examining into the reality and source of his pleasure, as the former; for if both did, they must both equally despise it. And surely, if we consider them seriously, and compare them together, we shall be forced to conclude all those pomps and pleasures, of which men are so fond, and which, through so much danger and difficulty, with such violence and villainy they pursue, to be as worthless trifles as any exposed to sale in a toy-shop. —I have often noted my little girl viewing, with eager eyes, a jointed baby; I have marked the pains and solicitations she hath used, till I have been prevailed on to indulge her with it.—At her first obtaining it, what joy hath sparkled in her countenance! with what raptures hath she taken possession! but how little satisfaction hath she found in it! What pains to work out her amusement from it! Its dress must be varied; the tinsel ornaments which first caught her eyes, produce no longer pleasure; she endeavours to make it stand and walk in vain, and is constrained herself to supply it with conversation. In a day's time it is thrown by and neglected, and some less costly toy preferred to it. How like the situation of this child is that of every man! What difficulties in the pursuit of his desires! what inanity in the possession of most, and satiety in those which seem more real and substantial! The delights of most men are as childish and as superficial as that of my little girl; a feather or a fiddle are their pursuits and their pleasures through life, even to their ripest years, if such men may be said to attain any ripeness at all. But let us survey those whose understandings are of a more elevated and refined temper: How empty do they soon find the world of enjoyments worth their desire or attaining! How soon do they retreat to solitude and contemplation, to gardening and planting, and such rural amusements, where their trees and they enjoy the air and the sun in common, and both vegetate with very little difference between them. But suppose (which

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neither truth nor wisdom will allow) we could admit something more valuable and substantial in these blessings, would not the uncertainty of their possession be alone sufficient to lower their price? How mean a tenure is that at the will of fortune, which chance, fraud, and rapine are every day so likely to deprive us of, and often the more likely by how much the greater worth our possessions are of! Is it not to place our affections on a bubble in the water, or on a picture in the clouds? What madman would build a fine house, or frame a beautiful garden on land in which he held so uncertain an interest? But again, was all this less undeniable, did fortune, the lady of our manor, lease to us for our lives; of how little consideration must even this term appear? For admitting that these pleasures were not liable to be torn from us, how certainly must we be torn from them! Perhaps to-morrow—nay, or even sooner; for as the excellent poet says,

> "'Where is to-morrow?—In the other world.
> To thousands this is true, and the reverse
> Is sure to none.'

But if I have no further hope in this world, can I have none beyond it? Surely those laborious writers, who have taken such infinite pains to destroy or weaken all the proofs of futurity, have not so far succeeded as to exclude us from hope. That active principle in man which with such boldness pushes us on through every labour and difficulty, to attain the most distant and most improbable event in this world, will not surely deny us a little flattering prospect of those beautiful mansions, which, if they could be thought chimerical, must be allowed the loveliest which can entertain the eye of man; and to which the road, if we understand it rightly, appears to have so few thorns and briars in it, and to require so little labour and fatigue from those who shall pass through it, that its ways are truly said to be ways of pleasantness, and all its paths to be those of peace. If the proofs of Christianity be as strong as I imagine them, surely enough may be deduced from that ground only to comfort and

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support the most miserable man in his afflictions. And this I think my reason tells me, that, if the professors and propagators of infidelity are in the right, the losses which death brings to the virtuous are not worth their lamenting; but, if these are, as certainly they seem, in the wrong, the blessings it procures them are not sufficiently to be coveted and rejoiced at.

"On my own account, then, I have no cause for sorrow, but on my children's!—Why, the same Being to whose goodness and power I entrust my own happiness is likewise as able and as willing to procure theirs. Nor matters it what state of life is allotted for them, whether it be their fate to procure bread with their own labour, or to eat it at the sweat of others. Perhaps, if we consider the case with proper attention, or resolve it with due sincerity, the former is much the sweeter. The hind may be more happy than the lord, for his desires are fewer, and those such as are attended with more hope and less fear. I will do my utmost to lay the foundations of my children's happiness, I will carefully avoid educating them in a station superior to their fortune, and for the event trust to that Being, in whom whoever rightly confides must be superior to all worldly sorrows."

In this low manner did this poor wretch proceed to argue, till he had worked himself up into an enthusiasm, which by degrees soon became invulnerable to every human attack; so that when Mr. Snap acquainted him with the return of the writ, and that he must carry him to Newgate, he received the message as Socrates did the news of the ship's arrival, and that he was to prepare for death.

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CHAPTER III.

WHEREIN OUR HERO PROCEEDS IN THE ROAD TO *GREATNESS.*

BUT we must not detain our reader too long with these low characters. He is doubtless as impatient as the audience at the theatre till the principal figure returns on the stage; we will therefore indulge his inclination, and pursue the actions of the Great Wild.

There happened to be in the stage-coach, in which Mr. Wild travelled from Dover, a certain young gentleman who had sold an estate in Kent, and was going to London to receive the money.—There was likewise a handsome young woman who had left her parents at Canterbury, and was proceeding to the same city, in order (as she informed her fellow-travellers) to make her fortune. With this girl the young spark was so much enamoured that he publicly acquainted her with the purpose of his journey, and offered her a considerable sum in hand, and a settlement, if she would consent to return with him into the country, where she would be at a safe distance from her relations. Whether she accepted this proposal or no we are not able with any tolerable certainty to deliver: but Wild, the moment he heard of this money, began to cast about in his mind by what means he might become master of it. He entered into a long harangue about the methods of carrying money safely on the road, and said, "He had at that time two bank bills of a hundred pounds each sewed in his coat; which," added he, "is so safe away, that it is almost impossible I should be in any danger of being robbed by the most cunning highwayman."

The young gentleman, who was no descendant of Solomon, or, if he was, did not, any more than some other descendants of wise men, inherit the wisdom of his ancestor, greatly approved Wild's ingenuity, and thanking him for his information, declared he would follow his example when he returned

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into the country: by which means he proposed to save the premium commonly taken for the remittance. Wild had then no more to do but to inform himself rightly of the time of the gentleman's journey, which he did with great certainty, before they separated.

At his arrival in town, he fixed on two whom he regarded as the most resolute of his gang for this enterprise; and accordingly having summoned the principal, or most desperate, as he imagined him, of these two (for he never chose to communicate in the presence of more than one) he proposed to him the robbing and murdering this gentleman.

Mr. Marybone (for that was the gentleman's name to whom he applied) readily agreed to the robbery, but he hesitated at the murder. He said, as to robbery, he had, on much weighing and considering the matter, very well reconciled his conscience to it; for though that noble kind of robbery which was executed on the highway was, from the cowardice of mankind, less frequent, yet the baser and meaner species, sometimes called Cheating, but more commonly known by the name of Robbery within the Law, was in a manner universal. He did not therefore pretend to the reputation of being so much honester than other people; but could by no means satisfy himself in the commission of murder, which was a sin of the most heinous nature, and so immediately prosecuted by God's judgment that it never passed undiscovered or unpunished.

Wild, with the utmost disdain in his countenance, answered as follows: "Art thou he whom I have selected out of my whole gang for this glorious undertaking, and dost thou cant of God's revenge against murder? You have, it seems, reconciled your conscience (a pretty word) to robbery from its being so common. Is it then the novelty of murder which deters you? Do you imagine that guns, and pistols, and swords, and knives, are the only instruments of death? Look into the world, and see the numbers whom broken fortunes and broken hearts bring untimely to the grave. To omit those glorious heroes, who, to their immortal honour,

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have massacred whole nations, what think you of private persecution, treachery, and slander, by which the very souls of men are in a manner torn from their bodies? Is it not more generous, nay, more good-natured, to send a man to his rest, than, after having plundered him of all he hath, or from malice or malevolence deprived him of his character, to punish him with a languishing death, or, what is worse, a languishing life? Murder, therefore, is not so uncommon as you weakly conceive it, though, as you said of robbery, that more noble kind, which lies within the paw of the law, may be so. But this is the most innocent in him who doth it, and the most eligible to him who is to suffer it. Believe me, lad, the tongue of a viper is less hurtful than that of a slanderer, and the gilded scales of a rattlesnake less dreadful than the purse of the oppressor. Let me, therefore, hear no more of your scruples; but consent to my proposal without further hesitation, unless, like a woman, you are afraid of blooding your clothes, or, like a fool, are terrified with the apprehensions of being hanged in chains. Take my word for it, you had better be an honest man than half a rogue. Do not think of continuing in my gang without abandoning yourself absolutely to my pleasure; for no man shall ever receive a favour at my hands, who sticks at any thing, or is guided by any other law than that of my will."

Wild then ended his speech, which had not the desired effect on Marybone: he agreed to the robbery, but would not undertake the murder, as Wild (who feared by Marybone's demanding to search the gentleman's coat he might hazard suspicion himself) insisted. Marybone was immediately entered by Wild in his black-book, and was presently after impeached and executed as a fellow on whom his leader could not place sufficient dependence; thus falling, as many rogues do, a sacrifice, not to his roguery, but to his conscience.

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CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH A YOUNG HERO, OF WONDERFUL GOOD PROMISE, MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE, WITH MANY OTHER *GREAT MATTERS.*

OUR hero next applied himself to another of his gang, who instantly received his orders, and instead of hesitating at a single murder, asked if he should blow out the brains of all the passengers, coachman and all. But Wild, whose moderation we have before noted, would not permit him; and therefore having given him an exact description of the devoted person, with his other necessary instructions, he dismissed him, with the strictest orders to avoid, if possible, doing hurt to any other person.

The name of this youth, who will hereafter make some figure in this history, being the Achates of our Æneas, or rather the Hephæstion of our Alexander, was Fireblood. He had every qualification to make a second-rate GREAT Man; or in other words, he was completely equipped for the tool of a real or first-rate GREAT Man. We shall therefore (which is the properest way of dealing with this kind of GREATNESS) describe him negatively, and content ourselves with telling our reader what qualities he had not; in which number were humanity, modesty, and fear, not one grain of any of which was mingled in his whole composition.

We will now leave this youth, who was esteemed the most promising of the whole gang, and whom Wild often declared to be one of the prettiest lads he had ever seen, of which opinion, indeed, were most other people of his acquaintance, we will however leave him at his entrance on this enterprise, and keep our attention fixed on our hero, whom we shall observe taking large strides towards the summit of human glory.

Wild, immediately at his return to town, went to pay a visit to Miss Lætitia Snap; for he had that weakness of suffering himself to be enslaved by women, so naturally

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incident to men of heroic disposition; to say the truth, it might more properly be called a slavery to his own appetite; for could he have satisfied that, he had not cared three farthings what had become of the little tyrant for whom he professed so violent a regard. Here he was informed, that Mr. Heartfree had been conveyed to Newgate the day before, the writ being then returnable. He was somewhat concerned at this news; not from any compassion for the misfortunes of Heartfree, whom he hated with such inveteracy that one would have imagined he had suffered the same injuries from him which he had done towards him. His concern therefore had another motive; in fact, he was uneasy at the place of Mr. Heartfree's confinement, as it was to be the scene of his future glory, and where consequently he should be frequently obliged to see a face which hatred, and not shame, made him detest the sight of.

To prevent this, therefore, several methods suggested themselves to him. At first, he thought of removing him out of the way by the ordinary method of murder, which he doubted not but Fireblood would be very ready to execute; for that youth had at their last interview sworn, *D—n his eyes, he thought there was no better pastime than blowing a man's brains out.* But, besides the danger of this method, it did not look horrible nor barbarous enough for the last mischief which he should do to Heartfree. Considering therefore a little farther with himself he at length came to a resolution to hang him, if possible, the very next session.

Now, though the observation, *How apt men are to hate those they injure,* or *how unforgiving they are of the injuries they do themselves,* be common enough, yet I do not remember to have ever seen the reason of this strange phenomenon as at first it appears. Know therefore, reader, that with much and severe scrutiny we have discovered this hatred to be founded on the passion of fear, and to arise from an apprehension that the person whom we have ourselves greatly injured, will use all possible endeavours to revenge and retaliate the injuries we have done him. An opinion so firmly established in bad and great minds (and those who confer

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injuries on others, have seldom very good, or mean ones) that no benevolence, nor even beneficence on the injured side, can eradicate it. On the contrary, they refer all these acts of kindness to imposture and design of lulling their suspicion, till an opportunity offers of striking a surer and severer blow; and thus, while the good man who hath received it, hath truly forgotten the injury, the evil mind which did it, hath it in lively and fresh remembrance.

As we scorn to keep any discoveries secret from our readers, whose instruction, as well as diversion, we have greatly considered in this history, we have here digressed somewhat to communicate the following short lesson to those who are simple, and well inclined: *Though as a Christian thou art obliged, and we advise thee to forgive thy enemy;* NEVER TRUST THE MAN WHO HATH REASON TO SUSPECT THAT YOU KNOW HE HATH INJURED YOU.

CHAPTER V.

MORE AND MORE *GREATNESS*, UNPARALLELED IN HISTORY OR ROMANCE.

IN order to accomplish this great and noble scheme, which the vast genius of Wild had contrived, the first necessary step was to regain the confidence of Heartfree. But, however necessary this was, it seemed to be attended with such insurmountable difficulties, that even our hero for some time despaired of success. He was greatly superior to all mankind in the steadiness of his countenance, but this undertaking seemed to require more of that noble quality than had ever been the portion of a mortal. However at last he resolved to attempt it, and from his success, I think, we may fairly assert that what was said by the Latin poet of labour, that *it conquers all things*, is much more true when applied to impudence.

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When he had formed his plan he went to Newgate, and burst resolutely into the presence of Heartfree, whom he eagerly embraced and kissed; and then, first arraigning his own rashness, and afterwards lamenting his unfortunate want of success, he acquainted him with the particulars of what had happened; concealing only that single incident of his attack on the other's wife, and his motive to the undertaking, which, he assured Heartfree, was a desire to preserve his effects from a statute of bankruptcy.

The frank openness of this declaration, with the composure of countenance with which it was delivered; his seeming only ruffled by the concern for his friend's misfortune; the probability of truth attending it, joined to the boldness and disinterested appearance of this visit, together with his many professions of immediate service, at a time when he could not have the least visible motive from self-love; and above all his offering him money, the last and surest token of friendship, rushed with such united force on the well-disposed heart, as it is vulgarly called, of this simple man, that they instantly staggered, and soon subverted all the determination he had before made in prejudice of Wild; who, perceiving the balance to be turning in his favour, presently threw in a hundred imprecations on his own folly and ill-advised forwardness to serve his friend, which had thus unhappily produced his ruin; he added as many curses on the Count, whom he vowed to pursue with revenge all over Europe: lastly, he cast in some grains of comfort, assuring Heartfree that his wife was fallen into the gentlest hands, that she would be carried no farther than Dunkirk, whence she might very easily be redeemed.

Heartfree, to whom the lightest presumption of his wife's fidelity would have been more delicious than the absolute restoration of all his jewels, and who, indeed, had with the utmost difficulty been brought to entertain the slightest suspicion of her inconstancy, immediately abandoned all distrust of both her and his friend, whose sincerity (luckily for Wild's purpose) seemed to him to depend on the same evidence. He then embraced our hero, who had in his countenance

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all the symptoms of the deepest concern, and begged him to be comforted; saying, that the intentions, rather than the actions of men, conferred obligations; that as to the event of human affairs, it was governed either by chance or some superior agent; that friendship was concerned only in the direction of our designs; and suppose these failed of success, or produced an event never so contrary to their aim, the merit of a good intention was not in the least lessened, but was rather entitled to compassion.

Heartfree however was soon curious enough to inquire how Wild had escaped the captivity which his wife then suffered. Here likewise he recounted the whole truth, omitting only the motive to the French captain's cruelty, for which he assigned a very different reason, namely, his attempt to secure Heartfree's jewels. Wild indeed always kept as much truth as was possible in every thing; and this he said was turning the cannon of the enemy upon themselves.

Wild, having thus with admirable and truly laudable conduct achieved the first step, began to discourse on the badness of the world, and particularly to blame the severity of creditors, who seldom or never attended to any unfortunate circumstances, but without mercy inflicted confinement on the debtor, whose body the law, with very unjustifiable rigour, delivered into their power. He added, that for his part, he looked on this restraint to be as heavy a punishment as any appointed by law for the greatest offenders. That the loss of liberty was, in his opinion, equal to, if not worse, than the loss of life; that he had always determined, if by any accident or misfortune he had been subjected to the former, he would run the greatest risk of the latter to rescue himself from it; which, he said, if men did not want resolution, was always enough; for that it was ridiculous to conceive that two or three men could confine two or three hundred, unless the prisoners were either fools or cowards, especially when they were neither chained nor fettered. He went on in this manner till, perceiving the utmost attention in Heartfree, he ventured to propose to him an endeavour to make his escape, which, he said, might easily be executed;

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that he would himself raise a party in the prison, and that, if a murder or two should happen in the attempt, he (Heartfree) might keep free from any share either in the guilt or in the danger.

There is one misfortune which attends all great men and their schemes, viz. That in order to carry them into execution they are obliged, in proposing their purpose to their tools, to discover themselves to be of that disposition in which certain little writers have advised mankind to place no confidence; an advice which hath been sometimes taken. Indeed, many inconveniences arise to the said great men from these scribblers publishing without restraint their hints or alarms to society; and many great and glorious schemes have been thus frustrated; wherefore it were to be wished that in all well-regulated governments such liberties should be by some wholesome laws restrained; and all writers inhibited from venting any other instructions to the people than what should be first approved and licensed by the said great men, or their proper instruments or tools; by which means nothing would ever be published but what made for the advancing their most noble projects.

Heartfree, whose suspicions were again raised by this advice, viewing Wild with inconceivable disdain, spoke as follows: "There is one thing, the loss of which I should deplore infinitely beyond that of liberty and of life also, I mean that of a good conscience. A blessing which he who possesses can never be thoroughly unhappy; for the bitterest potion of life is by this so sweetened, that it soon becomes palatable: whereas, without it, the most delicate enjoyments quickly lose all their relish, and life itself grows insipid, or rather nauseous, to us. Would you then lessen my misfortunes by robbing me of what hath been my only comfort under them, and on which I place my dependence of being relieved from them? I have read that Socrates refused to save his life by breaking the laws of his country, and departing from his prison, when it was open. Perhaps my virtue would not go so far; but heaven forbid liberty should have such charms to tempt me to the perpetration of

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so horrid a crime as murder. As to the poor evasion of committing it by other hands, it might be useful indeed to those who seek only the escape from temporal punishment; but can be of no service to excuse me to that Being whom I chiefly fear offending; nay, it would greatly aggravate my guilt by so impudent an endeavour to impose upon him, and by so wickedly involving others in my crime. Give me therefore no more advice of this kind; for this is my great comfort in all my afflictions, that it is in the power of no enemy to rob me of my conscience, nor will I be ever so much my own enemy as to injure it."

Though our hero heard all this with proper contempt, he made no direct answer, but endeavoured to evade his proposal as much as possible, which he did with admirable dexterity: this method of getting tolerably well off, when you are repulsed in your attack on a man's conscience, may be styled the art of retreating, in which the politician, as well as the general, hath sometimes a wonderful opportunity of displaying his great abilities in his profession.

Wild, having made this admirable retreat, and argued away all design of involving his friend in the guilt of murder, concluded, however, that he thought him rather too scrupulous in not attempting his escape; and then promising to use all such means as the other would permit, in his service, took his leave for the present. Heartfree, having indulged himself an hour with his children, repaired to rest, which he enjoyed quiet and undisturbed; whilst Wild, disdaining repose, sat up all night, consulting how he might bring about the final destruction of his friend, without being beholden to any assistance from himself; which he now despaired of procuring. With the result of these consultations we shall acquaint our reader in good time; but at present we have matters of much more consequence to relate to him.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE EVENT OF FIREBLOOD'S ADVENTURE; AND A TREATY OF MARRIAGE, WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN CONCLUDED EITHER AT SMITHFIELD OR ST. JAMES'S.

FIREBLOOD returned from his enterprise unsuccessful. The gentleman happened to go home another way than he had intended; so that the whole design miscarried. Fireblood had indeed robbed the coach, and had wantonly discharged a pistol into it, which slightly wounded one of the passengers in the arm. The booty he met with was not very considerable, though much greater than that which he acquainted Wild; for of eleven pounds in money, two silver watches, and a wedding-ring, he produced no more than two guineas and the ring, which he protested with numberless oaths was his whole booty. However, when an advertisement of the robbery was published, with a reward promised for the ring and the watches, Fireblood was obliged to confess the whole, and to acquaint our hero where he had pawned the watches; which Wild, taking the full value of them for his pains, restored to the right owner.

He did not fail catechising his young friend on this occasion. He said he was sorry to see any of his gang guilty of a breach of honour; that without honour *Priggery* was at an end; that if a *Prig* had but honour he would overlook every vice in the world. "But, nevertheless," said he, "I will forgive you this time, as you are a hopeful lad; and I hope never afterwards to find you delinquent in this great point."

Wild had now brought his gang to great regularity: he was obeyed and feared by them all. He had likewise established an office, where all men who were robbed, paying the value only (or a little more) of their goods, might have them again. This was of notable use to several persons who had lost pieces of plate they had received from their grandmothers; to others who had a particular value for certain

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rings, watches, heads of canes, snuff-boxes, &c., for which they would not have taken twenty times as much as they were worth, either because they had them a little while or a long time, or that somebody else had had them before, or from some other such excellent reason, which often stamps a greater value on a toy than the great Bubble-boy himself would have the impudence to set upon it.

By these means, he seemed in so promising a way of procuring a fortune, and was regarded in so thriving a light by all the gentlemen of his acquaintance, as by the keeper and turnkeys of Newgate, by Mr. Snap, and others of his occupation, that Mr. Snap one day, taking Mr. Wild the elder aside, very seriously proposed what they had often lightly talked over, a strict union between their families, by marrying his daughter Tishy to our hero. This proposal was very readily accepted by the old gentleman, who promised to acquaint his son with it.

On the morrow on which this message was to be delivered our hero, little dreaming of the happiness which, of its own accord, was advancing so near towards him, had called Fireblood to him; and, after informing that youth of the violence of his passion for the young lady, and assuring him what confidence he reposed in him and his honour, he despatched him to Miss Tishy with the following letter; which we here insert, not only as we take it to be extremely curious, but to be a much better pattern for that epistolary kind of writing, which is generally called Love-letters, than any to be found in the *academy of compliments*, and which we challenge all the beaus of our time to excel either in matter or spelling.

"MOST DEIVINE AND ADWHORABLE CREETURE,—I doubt not but those IIs, briter than the son, which have kindled such a flam in my hart, have likewise the faculty of seeing it. It would be the hiest preassumption to imagin you eggnorant of my loav. No, madam, I sollemly purtest, that of all the butys in the unaversal glob, there is none kapable of hateracting my IIs like you. Corts and pallaces would

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be to me deserts without your kumpany, and with it a wilderness would have more charms than haven itself. For I hop you will beleve me when I sware every place in the univarse is a haven with you. I am konvinced you must be sinsibel of my violent passion for you, which, if I endevored to hid it, would be as impossible as for you, or the son, to hide your butys. I assure you I have not slept a wink since I had the hapness of seeing you last; therefore hop you will, out of Kumpassion, let me have the honour of seeing you this afternoon; for I am with the greatest adwhoration,

"Most deivine creeture,
"Iour most passionate amirer,
"Adwhorer and slave,
"JONATHAN WYLD."

If the spelling of this letter be not so strictly orthographical, the reader will be pleased to remember that such a defect might be worthy of censure in a low and scholastic character; but can be no blemish in that sublime greatness, of which we endeavour to raise a complete idea in this history. In which kind of composition, spelling, or indeed any kind of human literature, hath never been thought a necessary ingredient; for if these sort of great personages can but complot and contrive their noble schemes, and hack and hew mankind sufficiently, there will never be wanting fit and able persons, who can spell, to record their praises. Again, if it should be observed that the style of this letter doth not exactly correspond with that of our hero's speeches, which we have here recorded, we answer, it is sufficient if in these the historian adheres faithfully to the matter, though he embellishes the diction with some flourishes of his own eloquence, without which the excellent speeches recorded in ancient historians (particularly in Sallust) would have scarce been found in their writings. Nay, even amongst the moderns, famous as they are for elocution, it may be doubted whether those inimitable harangues, published in the monthly Magazines, came literally from the mouths of

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the HURGOS, &c. as they are there inserted, or whether we may not rather suppose some historian of great eloquence hath borrowed the matter only, and adorned it with those rhetorical flowers for which many of the said HURGOS are not so extremely eminent.

CHAPTER VII.

MATTERS PRELIMINARY TO THE MARRIAGE BETWEEN MR. JONATHAN WILD AND THE CHASTE LÆTITIA.

BUT to proceed with our history; Fireblood, having received this letter, and promised on his honour, with many voluntary asseverations, to discharge his embassy faithfully, went to visit the fair Lætitia. The lady having opened the letter, and read it, put on an air of disdain, and told Mr. Fireblood she could not conceive what Mr. Wild meant by troubling her with his impertinence; she begged him to carry the letter back again, saying, had she known from whom it came, she would have been d—n'd before she opened it. "But with you, young gentleman," says she, "I am not in the least angry. I am rather sorry that so pretty a young man should be employed in such an errand." She accompanied these words with so tender an accent, and so wanton a leer, that Fireblood, who was no backward youth, began to take her by the hand, and proceeded so warmly, that to imitate his actions with the rapidity of our narration, he in a few minutes ravished this fair creature, or at least would have ravished her, if she had not, by a timely compliance, prevented him.

Fireblood, after he had ravished as much as he could, returned to Wild, and acquainted him, as far as any wise man would, with what had passed; concluding with many praises of the young lady's beauty, with whom, he said, if

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his honour would have permitted him, he should himself have fallen in love; but, d—n him, if he would not sooner be torn in pieces by wild horses, than even think of injuring his friend. He asserted indeed, and swore so heartily, that had not Wild been so thoroughly convinced of the impregnable chastity of the lady, he might have suspected his success; however, he was, by these means, entirely satisfied of his friend's inclination towards his mistress.

Thus constituted were the love affairs of our hero when his father brought him Mr. Snap's proposal. The reader must know very little of love, or indeed of any thing else, if he requires any information concerning the reception which this proposal met with. *Not guilty* never sounded sweeter in the ears of a prisoner at the bar, nor the sound of a reprieve to one at the gallows, than did every word of the old gentleman in the ears of our hero. He gave his father full power to treat in his name, and desired nothing more than expedition.

The old people now met, and Snap, who had information from his daughter of the violent passion of her lover, endeavoured to improve it to the best advantage, and would have not only declined giving her any fortune himself, but have attempted to cheat her of what she owed to the liberality of her relations, particularly of a pint silver caudle-cup, the gift of her grandmother. However, in this the young lady herself afterwards took care to prevent him. As to the old Mr. Wild, he did not sufficiently attend to all the designs of Snap, as his faculties were busily employed in designs of his own, to over-reach (or, as others express it, to cheat) the said Mr. Snap, by pretending to give his son a whole number for a chair, when in reality he was entitled to a third only.

While matters were thus settling between the old folks the young lady agreed to admit Mr. Wild's visits; and, by degrees began to entertain him with all the show of affection, which the greater natural reserve of her temper, and the greater artificial reserve of her education, would permit. At length, every thing being agreed between their parents,

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settlements made, and the lady's fortune (to wit, seventeen pounds and nine shillings in money and goods) paid down, the day for their nuptials was fixed, and they were celebrated accordingly.

Most private histories, as well as comedies, end at this period; the historian and the poet both concluding they have done enough for their hero when they have married him; or intimating rather, that the rest of his life must be a dull calm of happiness, very delightful indeed to pass through, but somewhat insipid to relate; and matrimony in general must, I believe, without any dispute, be allowed to be this state of tranquil felicity, including so little variety, that, like Salisbury Plain, it affords only one prospect, a very pleasant one it must be confessed, but the same.

Now, there was all the probability imaginable that this contract would have proved of such happy note, both from the great accomplishments of the young lady, who was thought to be possessed of every qualification necessary to make the marriage-state happy; and from the truly ardent passion of Mr. Wild; but whether it was that nature and fortune had great designs for him to execute, and would not suffer his vast abilities to be lost and sunk in the arms of a wife, or whether neither nature nor fortune had any hand in the matter, is a point I will not determine. Certain it is that this match did not produce that serene state we have mentioned above; but resembled the most turbulent and ruffled, rather than the most calm sea.

I cannot here omit a conjecture, ingenious enough, of a friend of mine, who had a long intimacy in the Wild family. He hath often told me he fancied one reason of the dissatisfactions which afterwards fell out between Wild and his lady arose from the number of gallants, to whom she had before marriage granted favours; for, says he, and indeed very probable it is too, the lady might expect from her husband what she had before received from several, and, being angry not to find one man as good as ten, she had, from that indignation, taken those steps which we cannot perfectly justify.

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From this person I received the following dialogue, which he assured me he had overheard and taken down *verbatim.* It passed on the day fortnight after they were married.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DIALOGUE MATRIMONIAL, WHICH PASSED BETWEEN JONATHAN WILD, ESQUIRE, AND LÆTITIA HIS WIFE, ON THE MORNING OF THE DAY FORTNIGHT ON WHICH HIS NUPTIALS WERE CELEBRATED; WHICH CONCLUDED MORE AMICABLY THAN THOSE DEBATES GENERALLY DO.

JONATHAN. My dear, I wish you would lie a little longer in bed this morning.

LÆTITIA. Indeed I cannot; I am engaged to breakfast with Jack Strongbow.

JONATHAN. I don't know what Jack Strongbow doth so often at my house. I assure you I am uneasy at it; for though I have no suspicion of your virtue, yet it may injure your reputation in the opinion of my neighbours.

LÆTITIA. I don't trouble my head about my neighbours; and they shall no more tell me what company I am to keep than my husband shall.

JONATHAN. A good wife would keep no company which made her husband uneasy.

LÆTITIA. You might have found one of those good wives, sir, if you had pleased; I had no objection to it.

JONATHAN. I thought I had found one in you.

LÆTITIA. You did! I am very much obliged to you for thinking me so poor-spirited a creature; but I hope to convince you to the contrary. What, I suppose you took me for a raw senseless girl, who knew nothing what other married women do!

JONATHAN. No matter what I took you for: I have taken you for better and worse.

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LÆTITIA. And at your own desire too: for, I am sure, you never had mine. I should not have broken my heart if Mr. Wild had thought proper to bestow himself on any other more happy woman——Ha, ha.

JONATHAN. I hope, madam, you don't imagine that was not in my power, or that I married you out of any kind of necessity.

LÆTITIA. O no, sir; I am convinced there are silly women enough. And far be it from me to accuse you of any necessity for a wife. I believe you could have been very well contented with the state of a bachelor; I have no reason to complain of your necessities: but that, you know, a woman cannot tell before hand.

JONATHAN. I can't guess what you would insinuate; for I believe no woman had ever less reason to complain of her husband's want of fondness.

LÆTITIA. Then some, I am certain, have great reason to complain of the price they give for them. But I know better things. (*These words were spoken with a very great air, and toss of the head.*)

JONATHAN. Well, my sweeting, I will make it impossible for you to wish me more fond.

LÆTITIA. Pray, Mr. Wild, none of this nauseous behaviour, nor those odious words.—I wish you were fond!—I assure you — I don't know what you would pretend to insinuate of me.—I have no wishes which misbecome a virtuous woman.——No, nor should not, if I had married for love.—And especially now, when nobody, I am sure, can suspect me of any such thing.

JONATHAN. If you did not marry for love, why did you marry?

LÆTITIA. Because it was convenient, and my parents forced me.

JONATHAN. I hope, madam, at least, you will not tell me to my face you have made your convenience of me.

LÆTITIA. I have made nothing of you; nor do I desire the honour of making anything of you.

JONATHAN. Yes, you have made a husband of me.

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LÆTITIA. No, you made yourself so; for I repeat once more it was not my desire, but your own.

JONATHAN. You should think yourself obliged to me for that desire.

LÆTITIA. La, sir! you was not so singular in it. I was not in despair. — I have had other offers, and better too.

JONATHAN. I wish you had accepted them with all my heart.

LÆTITIA. I must tell you, Mr. Wild, this is a very brutish manner of treating a woman to whom you have such obligations; but I know how to despise it, and to despise you too for showing it me. Indeed I am well enough paid for the foolish preference I gave to you. I flattered myself that I should at least have been used with good manners. I thought I had married a gentleman; but I find you every way contemptible, and below my concern.

JONATHAN. D—n you, madam, have I not more reason to complain, when you tell me you married me for your convenience only?

LÆTITIA. Very fine truly. Is it behaviour worthy a man to swear at a woman? yet why should I mention what comes from a wretch whom I despise.

JONATHAN. Don't repeat that word so often. I despise you as heartily as you can me. And, to tell you a truth, I married you for my convenience likewise, to satisfy a passion which I have now satisfied, and you may be d—d for any thing I care.

LÆTITIA. The world shall know how barbarously I am treated by such a villain.

JONATHAN. I need take very little pains to acquaint the world what a b — ch you are, your actions will demonstrate it.

LÆTITIA. Monster! I would advise you not to depend too much on my sex, and provoke me too far; for I can do you a mischief, and will, if you dare use me so, you villain.

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JONATHAN. Begin whenever you please, madam; but assure yourself, the moment you lay aside the woman, I will treat you as such no longer; and, if the first blow is yours, I promise you the last shall be mine.

LÆTITIA. Use me as you will; but d—n me if ever you shall use me as a woman again; for may I be cursed if ever I enter your bed more.

JONATHAN. May I be cursed if that abstinence be not the greatest obligation you can lay upon me; for, I assure you faithfully, your person was all I had ever any regard for; and that I now loath and detest, as much as ever I liked it.

LÆTITIA. It is impossible for two people to agree better; for I always detested your person; and, as for any other regard, you must be convinced I never could have any for you.

JONATHAN. Why, then, since we are come to a right understanding, as we are to live together, suppose we agree, instead of quarrelling and abusing, to be civil to each other.

LÆTITIA. With all my heart.

JONATHAN. Let us shake hands then, and henceforwards never live like man and wife; that is, never be loving, nor ever quarrel.

LÆTITIA. Agreed.——But pray, Mr. Wild, why B—ch? Why did you suffer such a word to escape you?

JONATHAN. It is not worth your remembrance.

LÆTITIA. You agree I shall converse with whomsoever I please?

JONATHAN. Without control. And I have the same liberty?

LÆTITIA. When I interfere may every curse you can wish attend me.

JONATHAN. Let us now take a farewell kiss; and may I be hang'd if it is not the sweetest you ever gave me.

LÆTITIA. But why, B—ch?——Methinks I should be glad to know why B—ch?

At which words he sprang from the bed, d—ing her

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temper heartily. She returned it again with equal abuse, which was continued on both sides while he was dressing. However, they agreed to continue steadfast in this new resolution; and the joy arising on that occasion at length dismissed them pretty cheerfully from each other, though Lætitia could not help concluding with the words, WHY B—CH?

CHAPTER IX.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE FOREGOING DIALOGUE, TOGETHER WITH A BASE DESIGN ON OUR HERO, WHICH MUST BE DETESTED BY EVERY LOVER OF *GREATNESS*.

THUS did this dialogue (which though we have termed it matrimonial, had indeed very little savour of the sweets of matrimony in it), produce at last a resolution more wise than strictly pious, and which, if they could have rigidly adhered to it, might have prevented some unpleasant moments, as well to our hero as to his serene consort; but their hatred was so very great and unaccountable that they never could bear to see the least composure in one another's countenance, without attempting to ruffle it. This set them on so many contrivances to plague and vex one another, that, as their proximity afforded them such frequent opportunities of executing their malicious purposes, they seldom passed one easy or quiet day together.

And this, reader, and no other, is the cause of those many inquietudes which thou must have observed to disturb the repose of some married couples, who mistake implacable hatred for indifference; for why should Corvinus, who lives in a round of intrigue, and seldom doth, and never willingly would, dally with his wife, endeavour to prevent her from the satisfaction of an intrigue in her turn? Why doth Camilla refuse a more agreeable invitation abroad, only to expose her husband at his own table at home? In short, to mention no

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more instances, whence can all the quarrels, and jealousies, and jars, proceed in people who have no love for each other, unless from that noble passion abovementioned, that desire, according to my Lady Betty Modish, of *curing each other of a smile.*

We thought proper to give our reader a short taste of the domestic state of our hero, the rather to show him that great men are subject to the same frailties and inconveniences in ordinary life, with little men, and that heroes are really of the same species with other human creatures, notwithstanding all the pains they themselves, or their flatterers, take to assert the contrary; and that they differ chiefly in the immensity of their greatness, or, as the vulgar erroneously call it, villainy. Now therefore, that we may not dwell too long on low scenes, in a history of the sublime kind, we shall return to actions of a higher note, and more suitable to our purpose.

When the boy Hymen had, with his lighted torch, driven the boy Cupid out of doors; that is to say, in common phrase, when the violence of Mr. Wild's passion (or rather appetite) for the chaste Lætitia began to abate, he returned to visit his friend Heartfree, who was now in the liberties of the Fleet, and had appeared to the commission of bankruptcy against him. Here he met with a more cold reception than he himself had apprehended. Heartfree had long entertained suspicions of Wild, but these suspicions had from time to time been confounded with circumstances, and principally smothered with that amazing confidence, which was indeed the most striking virtue in our hero. Heartfree was unwilling to condemn his friend without certain evidence, and laid hold on every probable semblance to acquit him; but the proposal made at his last visit had so totally blackened his character in this poor man's opinion, that it entirely fixed the wavering scale, and he no longer doubted but that our hero was one of the greatest villains in the world.

Circumstances of great improbability often escape men who devour a story with greedy ears; the reader, therefore, cannot wonder that Heartfree, whose passions were so

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variously concerned, first for the fidelity, and secondly for the safety of his wife; and, lastly, who was so distracted with doubt concerning the conduct of his friend, should at his first relation pass unobserved the incident of his being committed to the boat by the captain of the privateer, which he had at the time of his telling so lamely accounted for; but now when Heartfree came to reflect on the whole, and with a high prepossession against Wild, the absurdity of this fact glared in his eyes, and struck him in the most sensible manner. At length a thought of great horror suggested itself to his imagination, and this was whether the whole was not a fiction, and Wild, who was, as he had learned from his own mouth, equal to any undertaking how black soever, had not spirited away, robbed, and murdered his wife.

Intolerable as this apprehension was, he not only turned it round and examined it carefully in his own mind, but acquainted young Friendly with it at their next interview. Friendly, who detested Wild (from that envy probably, with which these GREAT CHARACTERS naturally inspire low fellows) encouraged these suspicions so much, that Heartfree resolved to attach our hero, and carry him before a magistrate.

This resolution had been some time taken, and Friendly, with a warrant and a constable, had with the utmost diligence searched several days for our hero; but whether it was that in compliance with modern custom he had retired to spend the honeymoon with his bride, the only moon indeed in which it is fashionable or customary for the married parties to have any correspondence with each other; or perhaps his habitation might for particular reasons be usually kept a secret: like those of some few great men, whom unfortunately the law hath left out of that reasonable as well as honourable provision, which it hath made for the security of the persons of other great men.

But Wild resolved to perform works of supererogation in the way of honour, and, though no hero is obliged to answer the challenge of my lord chief justice, or indeed of any other magistrate; but may with unblemished reputation slide away from it; yet such was the bravery, such the

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greatness, the magnanimity of Wild, that he appeared in person to it.

Indeed envy may say one thing, which may lessen the glory of this action, namely, that the said Mr. Wild knew nothing of the said warrant or challenge; and as thou mayest be assured, reader, that the malicious fury will omit nothing which can anyways sully so great a character, so she hath endeavoured to account for this second visit of our hero to his friend Heartfree, from a very different motive than that of asserting his own innocence.

CHAPTER X.

MR. WILD WITH UNPRECEDENTED GENEROSITY VISITS HIS FRIEND HEARTFREE, AND THE UNGRATEFUL RECEPTION HE MET WITH.

IT hath been said, then, that Mr. Wild, not being able on the strictest examination to find in a certain spot of human nature called his own heart the least grain of that pitiful low quality called honesty, and resolved, perhaps a little too generally, that there was no such thing, he therefore imputed the resolution with which Mr. Heartfree had so positively refused to concern himself in murder, either to a fear of bloodying his hands, or the apprehension of a ghost, or lest he should make an additional example in that excellent book called God's Revenge against Murder; and doubted not but he would (at least in his present necessity) agree without scruple to a simple robbery, especially where any considerable booty should be proposed, and the safety of the attack plausibly made appear; which if he could prevail on him to undertake, he would immediately afterwards get him impeached, convicted, and hanged. He no sooner therefore had discharged his duties to Hymen, and heard that Heartfree had procured himself the liberties of the Fleet, than he resolved to visit

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him, and to propose a robbery with all the allurements of profit, ease, and safety.

This proposal was no sooner made, than it was answered by Heartfree in the following manner:—

"I might have hoped the answer which I gave to your former advice would have prevented me from the danger of receiving a second affront of this kind. An affront I call it, and surely if it be so to call a man a villain, it can be no less to show him you suppose him one. Indeed it may be wondered how any man can arrive at the boldness, I may say impudence, of first making such an overture to another; surely it is seldom done, unless to those who have previously betrayed some symptoms of their own baseness. If I have therefore shown you any such, these insults are more pardonable; but I assure you, if such appear, they discharge all their malignance outwardly, and reflect not even a shadow within; for to me baseness seems inconsistent with this rule, OF DOING NO OTHER PERSON AN INJURY FROM ANY MOTIVE OR ON ANY CONSIDERATION WHATEVER. This, sir, is the rule by which I am determined to walk, nor can that man justify disbelieving me, who will not own, he walks not by it himself. But whether it be allowed to me or no, or whether I feel the good effects of its being practised by others, I am resolved to maintain it: For surely no man can reap a benefit from my pursuing it equal to the comfort I myself enjoy: For what a ravishing thought! how replete with ecstasy must the consideration be, that Almighty Goodness is by its own nature engaged to reward me! How indifferent must such a persuasion make a man to all the occurrences of this life! What trifles must he represent to himself both the enjoyments and the afflictions of this world! How easily must he acquiesce under missing the former, and how patiently will he submit to the latter, who is convinced that his failing of a transitory imperfect reward here, is a most certain argument of his obtaining one permanent and complete hereafter! Dost thou think then, thou little, paltry, mean animal (with such language did he treat our truly great man), that I will forego such comfortable

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expectations for any pitiful reward which thou canst suggest or promise to me; for that sordid lucre for which all pains and labour are undertaken by the industrious, and all barbarities and iniquities committed by the vile; for a worthless acquisition, which such as thou art can possess, can give, or can take away?" The former part of this speech occasioned much yawning in our hero, but the latter roused his anger; and he was collecting his rage to answer, when Friendly and the constable who had been summoned by Heartfree, on Wild's first appearance, entered the room, and seized the great man just as his wrath was bursting from his lips.

The dialogue which now ensued is not worth relating: Wild was soon acquainted with the reason of this rough treatment, and presently conveyed before a magistrate.

Notwithstanding the doubts raised by Mr. Wild's lawyer on his examination, he insisting that the proceeding was improper; for that a *Writ de Homine replegiando* should issue, and on the return of that a *Capias in Withernam*, the justice inclined to commitment, so that Wild was driven to other methods for his defence. He therefore acquainted the justice, that there was a young man likewise with him in the boat, and begged that he might be sent for, which request was accordingly granted, and the faithful Achates (Mr. Fireblood) was soon produced to bear testimony for his friend, which he did with so much becoming zeal, and went through his examination with such coherence (though he was forced to collect his evidence from the hints given him by Wild in the presence of the justice and the accusers), that as here was direct evidence against mere presumption, our hero was most honourably acquitted, and poor Heartfree was charged by the justice, the audience, and all others, who afterwards heard the story, with the blackest ingratitude, in attempting to take away the life of a man, to whom he had such eminent obligations.

Lest so vast an effort of friendship as this of Fireblood's should too violently surprise the reader in this degenerate age, it may be proper to inform him, that, beside the ties

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of engagement in the same employ, another nearer and stronger alliance subsisted between our hero and this youth, which latter was just departed from the arms of the lovely Lætitia, when he received her husband's message; an instance which may also serve to justify those strict intercourses of love and acquaintance, which so commonly subsist in modern history between the husband and gallant, displaying the vast force of friendship, contracted by this more honourable than legal alliance, which is thought to be at present one of the strongest bonds of amity between great men, and the most reputable as well as easy way to their favour.

Four months had now passed since Heartfree's first confinement, and his affairs had begun to wear a more benign aspect; but they were a good deal injured by this attempt on Wild (so dangerous is any attack on a GREAT MAN), several of his neighbours, and particularly one or two of his own trade, industriously endeavouring, from their bitter animosity against such kind of iniquity, to spread and exaggerate his ingratitude as much as possible; not in the least scrupling, in the violent ardour of their indignation, to add some small circumstances of their own knowledge of the many obligations conferred on Heartfree by Wild. To all these scandals he quietly submitted, comforting himself in the consciousness of his own innocence, and confiding in time, the sure friend of justice, to acquit him.

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CHAPTER XI.

A SCHEME SO DEEPLY LAID, THAT IT SHAMES ALL THE POLITICS OF THIS OUR AGE; WITH DIGRESSION AND SUBDIGRESSION.

WILD having now, to the hatred he bore Heartfree on account of those injuries he had done him, an additional spur from this injury received (for so it appeared to him, who, no more than the most ignorant, considered how truly he deserved it), applied his utmost industry to accomplish the ruin of one whose very name sounded odious in his ears; when luckily a scheme arose in his imagination, which not only promised to effect it securely, but (which pleased him most) by means of the mischief he had already done him; and which would at once load him with the imputation of having committed what he himself had done to him, and would bring on him the severest punishment for a fact, of which he was not only innocent, but had already so greatly suffered by. And this was no other than to charge him with having conveyed away his wife, with his most valuable effects, in order to defraud his creditors.

He no sooner started this thought than he immediately resolved on putting it in execution. What remained to consider was only the *Quomodo*, and the person or tool to be employed; for the stage of the world differs from that in Drury Lane principally in this; that whereas, on the latter, the hero, or chief figure, is almost continually before your eyes, whilst the under actors are not seen above once in an evening; now, on the former, the hero, or great man, is always behind the curtain, and seldom or never appears, or doth any thing in his own person. He doth, indeed, in this Grand Drama, rather perform the part of the Prompter, and doth instruct the well-drest figures, who are strutting in public on the stage, what to say and do. To say the truth, a puppet-show will illustrate our meaning better, where it is the master of the show (the great man) who dances and

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moves every thing: whether it be the King of Muscovy, or whatever other potentate, alias puppet, which we behold on the stage; but he himself wisely keeps out of sight; for, should he once appear, the whole motion would be at an end. Not that any one is ignorant of his being there, or supposes that the puppets are not mere sticks of wood, and he himself the sole mover; but, as this, (though every one knows it) doth not appear visibly, *i.e.* to their eyes, no one is ashamed of consenting to be imposed upon; of helping on the Drama, by calling the several sticks or puppets by the names which the master hath allotted to them, and by assigning to each the character which the great man is pleased they shall move in, or rather in which he himself is pleased to move them.

It would be to suppose thee, gentle reader, one of very little knowledge in this world, to imagine thou hast never seen some of these puppet-shows, which are so frequently acted on the great stage; but though thou shouldst have resided all thy days in those remote parts of this island, which great men seldom visit; yet, if thou hast any penetration, thou must have had some occasions to admire both the solemnity of countenance in the actor, and the gravity in the spectator, while some of those farces are carried on, which are acted almost daily in every village in the kingdom. He must have a very despicable opinion of mankind indeed, who can conceive them to be imposed on as often as they appear to be so. The truth is, they are in the same situation with the readers of Romances; who, though they know the whole to be one entire fiction, nevertheless agree to be deceived; and as these find amusement, so do the others find ease and convenience in this concurrence. But, this being a subdigression, I return to my digression.

A GREAT MAN ought to do his business by others; to employ hands, as we have before said, to his purposes, and keep himself as much behind the curtain as possible; and though it must be acknowledged that two very great men, whose names will be both recorded in history, did, in these latter times, come forth themselves on the stage; and did

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hack and hew, and lay each other most cruelly open to the diversion of the spectators; yet this must be mentioned rather as an example of avoidance than imitation, and is to be ascribed to the number of those instances which serve to evince the truth of these maxims: *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit. Ira furor brevis est, &c.*

CHAPTER XII.

NEW INSTANCES OF FRIENDLY'S FOLLY, ETC.

To return to my history, which, having rested itself a little is now ready to proceed on its journey: Fireblood was the person chosen by Wild for this service. He had, on a late occasion, experienced the talents of this youth for a good round perjury. He immediately, therefore, found him out, and proposed it to him: when receiving his instant assent, they consulted together, and soon framed an evidence, which, being communicated to one of the most bitter and severe creditors of Heartfree, by him laid before a magistrate, and attested by the oath of Fireblood, the justice granted his warrant: and Heartfree was accordingly apprehended and brought before him.

When the officers came for this poor wretch they found him meanly diverting himself with his little children, the younger of whom sat on his knees, and the elder was playing at a little distance from him with Friendly. One of the officers, who was a very good sort of a man, but one very laudably severe in his office, after acquainting Heartfree with his errand, bade him come along and be d——d, and leave those little bastards, for so, he said, he supposed they were, for a legacy to the parish. Heartfree was much surprised at hearing there was a warrant for felony against him; but he showed less concern than Friendly did in his countenance.

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The elder daughter, when she saw the officer lay hold on her father, immediately quitted her play, and, running to him, and bursting into tears, cried out: "You shall not hurt papa." One of the other ruffians offered to take the little one rudely from his knees; but Heartfree started up, and, catching the fellow by the collar, dashed his head so violently against the wall, that, had he had any brains, he might possibly have lost them by the blow.

The officer, like most of those heroic spirits who insult men in adversity, had some prudence mixt with his zeal for justice. Seeing, therefore, this rough treatment of his companion, he began to pursue more gentle methods, and very civilly desired Mr. Heartfree to go with him, seeing he was an officer, and obliged to execute his warrant; that he was sorry for his misfortune, and hoped he would be acquitted. The other answered, he should patiently submit to the laws of his country, and would attend him whither he was ordered to conduct him; then taking leave of his children with a tender kiss, he recommended them to the care of Friendly; who promised to see them safe home, and then to attend him at the justice's, whose name and abode he had learnt of the constable.

Friendly arrived at the magistrate's house just as that gentleman had signed the mittimus against his friend; for the evidence of Fireblood was so clear and strong, and the justice was so incensed against Heartfree, and so convinced of his guilt, that he would hardly hear him speak in his own defence, which the reader perhaps, when he hears the evidence against him, will be less inclined to censure: for this witness deposed, "That he had been, by Heartfree himself, employed to carry the orders of embezzling to Wild, in order to be delivered to his wife; that he had been afterwards present with Wild and her at the inn, when they took coach for Harwich, where she showed him the casket of jewels, and desired him to tell her husband, that she had fully executed his command; and this he swore to have been done after Heartfree had notice of the commission, and in order to bring it within that time, Fireblood, as well as

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Wild, swore that Mrs. Heartfree lay several days concealed at Wild's house before her departure for Holland."

When Friendly found the justice obdurate, and that all he could say had no effect, nor was it any way possible for Heartfree to escape being committed to Newgate, he resolved to accompany him thither: where, when they arrived, the turnkey would have confined Heartfree (he having no money) among the common felons; but Friendly would not permit it, and advanced every shilling he had in his pocket to procure a room in the Press-yard for his friend, which indeed, through the humanity of the keeper, he did at a cheap rate.

They spent that day together, and, in the evening, the prisoner dismissed his friend, desiring him, after many thanks for his fidelity, to be comforted on his account. "I know not," says he, "how far the malice of my enemy may prevail; but whatever my sufferings are, I am convinced my innocence will somewhere be rewarded. If, therefore, any fatal accident should happen to me (for he who is in the hands of perjury may apprehend the worst), my dear Friendly, be a father to my poor children;" at which words the tears gushed from his eyes. The other begged him not to admit any such apprehensions; for that he would employ his utmost diligence in his service, and doubted not but to subvert any villainous design laid for his destruction, and to make his innocence appear to the world as white as it was in his own opinion.

We cannot help mentioning a circumstance here, though we doubt it will appear very unnatural and incredible to our reader; which is, that, notwithstanding the former character and behaviour of Heartfree, this story of his embezzling was so far from surprising his neighbours, that many of them declared they expected no better from him. Some were assured he could pay forty shillings in the pound, if he would. Others had overheard hints formerly pass between him and Mrs. Heartfree, which had given them suspicions. And what is most astonishing of all is, that many of those, who had before censured him for an extravagant heedless fool, now no less confidently abused him for a cunning, tricking, avaricious knave.

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CHAPTER XIII.

SOMETHING CONCERNING FIREBLOOD, WHICH WILL SURPRISE; AND SOMEWHAT TOUCHING ONE OF THE MISS SNAPS, WHICH WILL GREATLY CONCERN THE READER.

HOWEVER, notwithstanding all these censures abroad, and in despite of all his misfortunes at home, Heartfree in Newgate enjoyed a quiet, undisturbed repose; while our hero, nobly disdaining rest, lay sleepless all night; partly from the apprehensions of Mrs. Heartfree's return before he had executed his scheme; and partly from a suspicion lest Fireblood should betray him; of whose infidelity he had, nevertheless, no other cause to maintain any fear, but from his knowing him to be an accomplished rascal, as the vulgar term it, a complete GREAT MAN in our language. And indeed, to confess the truth, these doubts were not without some foundation; for the very same thought unluckily entered the head of that noble youth, who considered whether he might not possibly sell himself for some advantage to the other side, as he had yet no promise from Wild; but this was, by the sagacity of the latter, prevented in the morning with a profusion of promises, which showed him to be of the most generous temper in the world, with which Fireblood was extremely well satisfied; and made use of so many protestations of his faithfulness that he convinced Wild of the injustice of his suspicions.

At this time an accident happened, which, though it did not immediately affect our hero, we cannot avoid relating, as it occasioned great confusion in his family, as well as in the family of Snap. It is indeed a calamity highly to be lamented, when it stains untainted blood, and happens to an honourable house. An injury never to be repaired. A blot never to be wiped out. A sore never to be healed. To detain my reader no longer: Miss Theodosia Snap was now safely delivered of a male infant, the product of an amour which that beautiful (O that I could say, virtuous) creature had with the Count.

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Mr. Wild and his lady were at breakfast, when Mr. Snap, with all the agonies of despair both in his voice and countenance, brought them this melancholy news. Our hero, who had (as we have said) wonderful good-nature when his greatness or interest was not concerned, instead of reviling his sister-in-law, asked with a smile: "Who was the father?" But the chaste Lætitia, we repeat the chaste, for well did she now deserve that epithet, received it in another manner. She fell into the utmost fury at the relation, reviled her sister in the bitterest terms, and vowed she would never see nor speak to her more. Then burst into tears, and lamented over her father, that such dishonour should ever happen to him and herself. At length she fell severely on her husband for the light treatment which he gave this fatal accident. She told him he was unworthy of the honour he enjoyed, of marrying into a chaste family. That she looked on it as an affront to her virtue. That if he had married one of the naughty hussies of the town he could have behaved to her in no other manner. She concluded with desiring her father to make an example of the slut, and to turn her out of doors; for that she would not otherwise enter his house, being resolved never to set her foot within the same threshold with the trollop, whom she detested so much the more, because (which was perhaps true) she was her own sister.

So violent, and indeed so outrageous was this chaste lady's love of virtue, that she could not forgive a single slip (indeed the only one Theodosia had ever made) in her own sister, in a sister who loved her, and to whom she owed a thousand obligations.

Perhaps the severity of Mr. Snap, who greatly felt the injury done to the honour of his family, would have relented had not the parish-officers been extremely pressing on this occasion, and for want of security conveyed the unhappy young lady to a place, the name of which, for the honour of the Snaps, to whom our hero was so nearly allied, we bury in eternal oblivion; where she suffered so much correction for her crime, that the good-natured reader of

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the male kind may be inclined to compassionate her, at least to imagine she was sufficiently punished for a fault, which, with submission to the chaste Lætitia, and all other strictly virtuous ladies, it should be either less criminal in a woman to commit, or more so in a man to solicit her to it.

But to return to our hero, who was a living and strong instance that human greatness and happiness are not always inseparable. He was under a continual alarm of frights, and fears, and jealousies. He thought every man he beheld wore a knife for his throat, and a pair of scissors for his purse. As for his own gang particularly, he was thoroughly convinced there was not a single man amongst them, who would not, for the value of five shillings, bring him to the gallows. These apprehensions so constantly broke his rest, and kept him so assiduously on his guard to frustrate and circumvent any designs which might be forming against him, that his condition to any other than the glorious eye of ambition, might seem rather deplorable, than the object of envy or desire.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH OUR HERO MAKES A SPEECH WELL WORTHY TO BE CELEBRATED; AND THE BEHAVIOUR OF ONE OF THE GANG, PERHAPS MORE UNNATURAL THAN ANY OTHER PART OF THIS HISTORY.

THERE was in the gang a man named Blueskin; one of those merchants who trade in dead oxen, sheep, &c., in short what the vulgar call a Butcher. This gentleman had two qualities of a great man, viz., undaunted courage, and an absolute contempt of those ridiculous distinctions of *Meum* and *Tuum*, which would cause endless disputes, did not the law happily decide them by converting both into *Suum*. The common form of exchanging property by trade seemed to him too tedious; he therefore resolved to quit the mercantile profession, and, falling acquainted with some of Mr.

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Wild's people, he provided himself with arms, and enlisted of the gang; in which he behaved for some time with great decency and order, and submitted to accept such share of the booty with the rest, as our hero allotted him.

But this subserviency agreed ill with his temper; for we should have before remembered a third heroic quality, namely, ambition, which was no inconsiderable part of his composition. One day, therefore, having robbed a gentleman at Windsor of a gold watch; which, on its being advertised in the newspapers, with a considerable reward, was demanded of him by Wild, he peremptorily refused to deliver it.

"How, Mr. Blueskin!" says Wild, "you will not deliver the watch?" "No, Mr. Wild," answered he; "I have taken it, and will keep it; or, if I dispose of it, I will dispose of it myself, and keep the money for which I sell it." "Sure," replied Wild, "you have not the assurance to pretend you have any property or right in this watch?" "I am certain," returned Blueskin, "whether I have any right in it or no, you can prove none." "I will undertake," cries the other, "to show I have an absolute right to it, and that by the laws of our gang, of which I am providentially at the head." "I know not who put you at the head of it," cries Blueskin; "but those who did, certainly did it for their own good, that you might conduct them the better in their robberies, inform them of the richest booties, prevent surprises, pack juries, bribe evidence, and so contribute to their benefit and safety; and not to convert all their labour and hazard to your own benefit and advantage." "You are greatly mistaken, sir," answered Wild; "you are talking of a legal society, where the chief magistrate is always chosen for the public good, which, as we see in all the legal societies of the world, he constantly consults, daily contributing, by his superior skill, to their prosperity, and not sacrificing their good to his own wealth, or pleasure, or humour: But in an illegal society or gang, as this of ours, it is otherwise; for who would be at the head of a gang unless for his own interest? And without a head, you know, you cannot subsist. Nothing but a head, and obedience

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to that head, can preserve a gang a moment from destruction. It is absolutely better for you to content yourselves with a moderate reward, and enjoy that in safety at the disposal of your chief, than to engross the whole with the hazard to which you will be liable without his protection. And surely, there is none in the whole gang who hath less reason to complain than you; you have tasted of my favours: witness that piece of ribbon you wear in your hat, with which I dubbed you captain.—Therefore pray, captain, deliver the watch." "D—n your cajoling," says Blueskin: "Do you think I value myself on this bit of ribbon, which I could have bought myself for sixpence, and have worn without your leave? Do you imagine I think myself a captain, because you, whom I know not empowered to make one, call me so? The name of captain is but a shadow; the men and the salary are the substance: and I am not to be bubbled with a shadow. I will be called captain no longer, and he who flatters me by that name, I shall think affronts me, and I will knock him down, I assure you."—"Did ever man talk so unreasonably?" cries Wild. "Are you not respected as a captain by the whole gang since my dubbing you so? But it is the shadow only, it seems; and you will knock a man down for affronting you who calls you captain! Might not a man as reasonably tell a minister of state: *Sir, you have given me the shadow only. The ribbon or the bauble that you gave me implies that I have either signalized myself by some great action for the benefit and glory of my country; or at least that I am descended from those who have done so. I know myself to be a scoundrel, and so have been those few ancestors I can remember, or have ever heard of. Therefore I am resolved to knock the first man down, who calls me, Sir, or Right Honourable.* But all great and wise men think themselves sufficiently repaid by what procures them honour and precedence in the gang, without inquiring into substance; nay, if a title or a feather, be equal to this purpose, they are substance, and not mere shadows. But I have not time to argue with you at present, so give me the watch without any more deliberation." "I

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am no more a friend to deliberation than yourself," answered Blueskin, "and so I tell you once for all, by G— I never will give you the watch, no, nor will I ever hereafter surrender any part of my booty. I won it, and I will wear it. Take your pistols yourself, and go out on the highway, and don't lazily think to fatten yourself with the dangers and pains of other people." At which words he departed in a fierce mood, and repaired to the tavern used by the gang, where he had appointed to meet some of his acquaintance, whom he informed of what had passed between him and Wild, and advised them all to follow his example; which they all readily agreed to, and Mr. Wild's D—tion was the universal toast; in drinking bumpers to which they had finished a large bowl of punch, when a constable, with a numerous attendance, and Wild at their head, entered the room, and seized on Blueskin, whom his companions, when they saw our hero, did not dare attempt to rescue. The watch was found upon him, which, together with Wild's information, was more than sufficient to commit him to Newgate.

In the evening, Wild, and the rest of those who had been drinking with Blueskin, met at the tavern, where nothing was to be seen but the profoundest submission to their leader. They vilified and abused Blueskin as much as they had before abused our hero, and now repeated the same toast, only changing the name of Wild into that of Blueskin, all agreeing with Wild that the watch found in his pocket, and which must be a fatal evidence against him, was a just judgment on his disobedience and revolt.

Thus did this Great Man, by a resolute and timely example (for he went directly to the justice when Blueskin left him), quell one of the most dangerous conspiracies which could possibly arise in a gang; and which, had it been permitted one day's growth, would inevitably have ended in his destruction; so much doth it behove all great men to be eternally on their guard, and expeditious in the execution of their purposes; while none but the weak and honest can indulge themselves in remissness or repose.

The Achates, Fireblood, had been present at both these

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meetings; but though he had a little too hastily concurred in cursing his friend, and in vowing his perdition, yet, now he saw all that scheme dissolved, he returned to his integrity; of which he gave an incontestable proof, by informing Wild of the measures which had been concerted against him. In which, he said, he had pretended to acquiesce, in order the better to betray him; but this, as he afterwards confessed on his deathbed at Tyburn, was only a copy of his countenance; for that he was, at that time, as sincere and hearty in his opposition to Wild as any of his companions.

Our hero received Fireblood's information with a very placid countenance. He said, as the gang had seen their errors, and repented, nothing was more noble than forgiveness. But, though he was pleased modestly to ascribe this to his lenity, it really arose from much more noble and political principles. He considered that it would be dangerous to attempt the punishment of so many; besides, he flattered himself that fear would keep them in order; and indeed Fireblood had told him nothing more than he knew before, viz., that they were all complete Prigs, whom he was to govern by their fears, and in whom he was to place no more confidence than was necessary, and to watch them with the utmost caution and circumspection: for a rogue, he wisely said, like gunpowder, must be used with caution; since both are altogether as liable to blow up the party himself who uses them, as to execute his mischievous purpose against some other person or animal.

We will now repair to Newgate, it being the place where most of the great men of this history are hastening as fast as possible; and, to confess the truth, it is a castle very far from being an improper or misbecoming habitation for any great man whatever. And as this scene will continue during the residue of our history we shall open it with a new book; and shall, therefore, take this opportunity of closing our third.

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BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

A SENTIMENT OF THE ORDINARY'S, WORTHY TO BE WRITTEN IN LETTERS OF GOLD; A VERY EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF FOLLY IN FRIENDLY; AND A DREADFUL ACCIDENT WHICH BEFELL OUR HERO.

HEARTFREE had not been long in Newgate before his frequent conversation with his children, and other instances of a good heart, which betrayed themselves in his actions and conversation, created an opinion in all about him that he was one of the silliest fellows in the universe. The ordinary himself, a very sagacious as well as very worthy person, declared that he was a cursed rogue, but no conjuror.

What indeed might induce the former, *i.e.* the roguish part of this opinion in the ordinary, was a wicked sentiment which Heartfree one day disclosed in conversation, and which we, who are truly orthodox, will not pretend to justify, *That he believed a sincere* Turk *would be saved.* To this the good man, with becoming zeal and indignation, answered, *I know not what may become of a sincere* Turk, *but if this be your persuasion, I pronounce it impossible you should be saved. No, sir, so far from a sincere* Turk's *being within the pale of salvation, neither will any sincere* Presbyterian, Anabaptist, *nor* Quaker *whatever, be saved.*

But neither did the one nor the other part of this character prevail on Friendly to abandon his old master. He spent his whole time with him, except only those hours when he

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was absent for his sake, in procuring evidence for him against his trial, which was now shortly to come on. Indeed this young man was the only comfort, besides a clear conscience, and the hopes beyond the grave, which this poor wretch had; for the sight of his children was like one of those alluring pleasures which men in some diseases indulge themselves often fatally in, which at once flatter and heighten their malady.

Friendly being one day present while Heartfree was, with tears in his eyes, embracing his eldest daughter, and lamenting the hard fate to which he feared he should be obliged to leave her, spoke to him thus: "I have long observed with admiration the magnanimity with which you go through your own misfortunes, and the steady countenance with which you look on death. I have observed that all your agonies arise from the thoughts of parting with your children, and of leaving them in a distressed condition; now, though I hope all your fears will prove ill-grounded, yet that I may relieve you as much as possible from them, be assured, that as nothing can give me more real misery than to observe so tender and loving a concern in a master, to whose goodness I owe so many obligations, and whom I so sincerely love, so nothing can afford me equal pleasure with my contributing to lessen or to remove it. Be convinced, therefore, if you can place any confidence in my promise, that I will employ my little fortune, which you know to be not entirely inconsiderable, in the support of this your little family. Should any misfortune, which I pray heaven avert, happen to you before you have better provided for these little ones, I will be myself their father, nor shall either of them ever know distress, if it be any way in my power to prevent it. Your younger daughter I will provide for, and as for my little prattler, your elder, as I never yet thought of any woman for a wife, I will receive her as such at your hands; nor will I ever relinquish her for another." Heartfree flew to his friend, and embraced him with raptures of acknowledgment. He vowed to him, that he had eased every anxious thought of his mind but one, and that he must carry with him out

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of the world. "O Friendly!" cried he, "it is my concern for that best of women, whom I hate myself for having ever censured in my opinion. O Friendly! thou didst know her goodness; yet, sure, her perfect character none but myself was ever acquainted with. She had every perfection both of mind and body, which heaven hath indulged to her whole sex, and possessed all in a higher excellence than nature ever indulged to another in any single virtue. Can I bear the loss of such a woman? Can I bear the apprehensions of what mischiefs that villain may have done to her, of which death is perhaps the lightest?" Friendly gently interrupted him as soon as he saw any opportunity, endeavouring to comfort him on this head likewise, by magnifying every circumstance which could possibly afford any hopes of his seeing her again.

By this kind of behaviour, in which the young man exemplified so uncommon an height of friendship, he had soon obtained in the castle the character of as odd and silly a fellow as his master. Indeed, they were both the byword, laughing-stock, and contempt of the whole place.

The sessions now came on at the Old Bailey. The grand jury at Hicks's Hall had found the bill of indictment against Heartfree, and on the second day of the session he was brought to his trial; where, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Friendly, and the honest old female servant, the circumstances of the fact corroborating the evidence of Fireblood, as well as that of Wild, who counterfeited the most artful reluctance at appearing against his old friend Heartfree, the jury found the prisoner guilty.

Wild had now accomplished his scheme; for as to what remained, it was certainly unavoidable, seeing that Heartfree was entirely void of interest with the great, and was besides convicted on a statute, the infringers of which could hope no pardon.

The catastrophe, to which our hero had reduced this wretch, was so wonderful an effort of Greatness, that it probably made fortune envious of her own darling; but whether it was from this envy, or only from that known inconstancy

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and weakness so often and judiciously remarked in that lady's temper, who frequently lifts men to the summit of human greatness, only

"ut lapsu graviore ruant;"

certain it is, she now began to meditate mischief against Wild, who seems to have come to that period, at which all heroes have arrived, and which she was resolved they never should transcend. In short, there seems to be a certain measure of mischief and iniquity, which every great man is to fill up, and then fortune looks on him of no more use than a silkworm, whose bottom is spun, and deserts him. Mr. Blueskin was convicted the same day of robbery, by our hero, an unkindness, which though he had drawn on himself, and necessitated him to, he took greatly amiss: as Wild therefore was standing near him, with that disregard and indifference which great men are too carelessly inclined to have for those whom they have ruined; Blueskin privily drawing a knife, thrust the same into the body of our hero with such violence, that all who saw it concluded he had done his business. And indeed, had not fortune, not so much out of love to our hero, as from a fixed resolution to accomplish a certain purpose, of which we have formerly given a hint, carefully placed his guts out of the way, he must have fallen a sacrifice to the wrath of his enemy, which, as he afterwards said, he did not deserve; for had he been contented to have robbed and only submitted to give him the booty, he might have still continued safe and unimpeached in the gang; but so it was, that the knife missing those noble parts (the noblest of many) the guts, perforated only the hollow of his belly, and caused no other harm than an immoderate effusion of blood, of which, though it at present weakened him, he soon after recovered.

This accident, however, was in the end attended with worse consequences: for, as very few people (those greatest of all men, absolute princes excepted), attempt to cut the thread of human life, like the fatal sisters, merely out of wantonness and for their diversion, but rather, by so doing,

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propose to themselves the acquisition of some future good, or the avenging some past evil; and as the former of these motives did not appear probable, it put inquisitive persons on examining into the latter. Now, as the vast schemes of Wild, when they were discovered, however great in their nature, seemed to some persons like the projects of most other such persons, rather to be calculated for the glory of the great man himself than to redound to the general good of society; designs began to be laid by several of those who thought it principally their duty to put a stop to the future progress of our hero; and a learned judge particularly, a great enemy to this kind of greatness, procured a clause in an act of parliament as a trap for Wild, which he soon after fell into. By this law it was made capital in a Prig to steal with the hands of other people. A law so plainly calculated for the destruction of all priggish greatness, that it was indeed impossible for our hero to avoid it.

CHAPTER II.

A SHORT HINT CONCERNING POPULAR INGRATITUDE. MR. WILD'S ARRIVAL IN THE CASTLE, WITH OTHER OCCURRENCES, TO BE FOUND IN NO OTHER HISTORY.

IF we had any leisure, we would here digress a little on that ingratitude, which so many writers have observed to spring up in the people of all free governments towards their great men; who, while they have been consulting the good of the public, by raising their own greatness, in which the whole body (as the kingdom of France thinks itself in the glory of their grand monarch) was so deeply concerned, have been sometimes sacrificed by those very people for whose glory the said great men were so industriously at work: and this from a foolish zeal for a certain ridiculous

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imaginary thing called Liberty, to which great men are observed to have a great animosity.

This law had been promulgated a very little time when Mr. Wild, having received from some dutiful members of the gang a valuable piece of goods, did for a consideration somewhat short of its original price reconvey it to the right owner; for which fact, being ungratefully informed against by the said owner, he was surprised in his own house, and, being overpowered by numbers, was hurried before a magistrate, and by him, committed to that castle, which, suitable as it is to greatness, we do not choose to name too often in our history, and where many great men at this time happened to be assembled.

The governor, or, as the law more honourably calls him, keeper of this castle, was Mr. Wild's old friend and acquaintance. This made the latter greatly satisfied with the place of his confinement, as he promised himself not only a kind reception and handsome accommodation there, but even to obtain his liberty from him, if he thought it necessary to desire it: but, alas! he was deceived, his old friend knew him no longer, and refused to see him, and the lieutenant-governor insisted on as high garnish for fetters, and as exorbitant a price for lodging, as if he had had a fine gentleman in custody for murder, or any other genteel crime.

To confess a melancholy truth, it is a circumstance much to be lamented, that there is no absolute dependence on the friendship of great men. An observation which hath been frequently made by those who have lived in courts, or in Newgate, or in any other place set apart for the habitation of such persons.

The second day of his confinement he was greatly surprised at receiving a visit from his wife; and much more so, when, instead of a countenance ready to insult him, the only motive to which he could ascribe her presence, he saw the tears trickling down her lovely cheeks. He embraced her with the utmost marks of affection, and declared he could hardly regret his confinement, since it had produced

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such an instance of the happiness he enjoyed in her, whose fidelity to him on this occasion would, he believed, make him the envy of most husbands, even in Newgate. He then begged her to dry her eyes, and be comforted; for that matters might go better with him than she expected. "No, no," says she, "I am certain you would be found guilty of *Death.* I knew what it would always come to. I told you it was impossible to carry on such a trade long; but you would not be advised, and now you see the consequence, now you repent when it is too late. All the comfort I shall have when you are *nubbed*[1] is, that I gave you a good advice. If you had always gone out by yourself, as I would have had you, you might have robbed on to the end of the chapter; but you was wiser than all the world, or rather lazier, and see what your laziness is come to—to the *cheat*[2], for thither you will go now, that's infallible. And a just judgment on you for following your head-strong will; I am the only person to be pitied, poor I, who shall be scandalized for your fault. *There goes she whose husband was hanged:* methinks I hear them crying so already." At which words she burst into tears. He could not then forbear chiding her for this unnecessary concern on his account, and begged her not to trouble him any more. She answered with some spirit: "On your account, and be d—d to you! No, if the old cull of a justice had not sent me hither, I believe it would have been long enough before I should have come hither to see after you; d—n me, I am committed for the *filing-lay*,[3] man, and we shall be both *nubbed* together. I'faith, my dear, it almost makes me amends for being *nubbed* myself, to have the pleasure of seeing thee *nubbed* too." "Indeed, my dear," answered Wild, "it is what I have long wished for thee; but I do not desire to bear thee company, and I have still hopes to have the pleasure of seeing you go without me; at least I will have the pleasure to be rid of you now." And so saying, he seized her by the waist, and with strong arm flung her out of the room; but not

[1] The cant word for *hanging.* [2] The *gallows.*
[3] *Picking pockets.*

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before she had with her nails left a bloody memorial on his cheek: and thus this fond couple parted.

Wild had scarce recovered himself from the uneasiness into which this unwelcome visit, proceeding from the disagreeable fondness of his wife, had thrown him, than the faithful Achates appeared. The presence of this youth was indeed a cordial to his spirits. He received him with open arms, and expressed the utmost satisfaction in the fidelity of his friendship, which so far exceeded the fashion of the times, and said many things, which we have forgot, on the occasion; but we remember they all tended to the praise of Fireblood; whose modesty, at length, put a stop to the torrent of compliments, by asserting he had done no more than his duty, and that he should have detested himself could he have forsaken his friend in his adversity; and after many protestations, that he came the moment he heard of his misfortune, he asked him if he could be of any service. Wild answered, since he had so kindly proposed that question, he must say he should be obliged to him, if he could lend him a few guineas; for that he was very *seedy*. Fireblood replied, that he was greatly unhappy in not having it then in his power, adding many hearty oaths that he had not a farthing of money in his pocket, which was, indeed, strictly true; for he had only a banknote, which he had that evening purloined from a gentleman in the play-house passage. He then asked for his wife, to whom, to speak truly, the visit was intended, her confinement being the misfortune of which he had just heard; for, as for that of Mr. Wild himself, he had known it from the first minute, without ever intending to trouble him with his company. Being informed therefore of the visit which had lately happened, he reproved Wild for his cruel treatment of that good creature; then taking as sudden a leave as he civilly could of the gentleman, he hastened to comfort his lady, who received him with great kindness.

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CHAPTER III.

CURIOUS ANECDOTES RELATING TO THE HISTORY OF NEWGATE.

THERE resided in the castle at the same time with Mr. Wild, one Roger Johnson, a very GREAT Man, who had long been at the head of all the *Prigs* in Newgate, and had raised contributions on them. He examined into the nature of their defence, procured and instructed their evidence, and made himself, at least in their opinion, so necessary to them, that the whole fate of Newgate seemed entirely to depend upon him.

Wild had not been long in confinement before he began to oppose this man. He represented him to the *Prigs* as a fellow, who, under the plausible pretence of assisting their causes, was in reality undermining THE LIBERTIES OF NEWGATE. He at first threw out certain sly hints and insinuations; but having by degrees formed a party against Roger, he one day assembled them together, and spoke to them in the following florid manner:

"*Friends and fellow-citizens*,—The cause which I am to mention to you this day, is of such mighty importance, that when I consider my own small abilities I tremble with an apprehension lest your safety may be rendered precarious by the weakness of him who hath undertaken to represent to you your danger. Gentlemen, the liberty of Newgate is at stake: your privileges have been long undermined, and are now openly violated by one man; by one who hath engrossed to himself the whole conduct of your trials, under colour of which, he exacts what contributions on you he pleases: but are those sums appropriated to the uses for which they are raised? Your frequent convictions at the Old Bailey, those depredations of justice, must too sensibly and sorely demonstrate the contrary. What evidence doth he ever produce for the prisoner, which the prisoner himself could not have provided, and often better instructed? How many noble

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youths have there been lost when a single *alibi* would have saved them! Should I be silent, nay, could your own injuries want a tongue to remonstrate, the very breath, which by his neglect hath been stopped at the *Cheat*, would cry out loudly against him. Nor is the exorbitancy of his plunders visible only in the dreadful consequences it hath produced to the *Prigs*, nor glares it only in the miseries brought on them: it blazes forth in the more desirable effects it hath wrought for himself, in the rich perquisites acquired by it: witness that silk nightgown, that robe of shame, which, to his eternal dishonour, he publicly wears; that gown, which I will not scruple to call the winding-sheet of the liberties of Newgate. Is there a *Prig* who hath the interest and honour of Newgate so little at heart that he can refrain from blushing when he beholds that trophy, purchased with the breath of so many *Prigs!* Nor is this all. His waistcoat embroidered with silk, and his velvet cap, bought with the same price, are ensigns of the same disgrace. Some would think the rags which covered his nakedness, when first he was committed hither, well exchanged for these gaudy trappings; but in my eye, no exchange can be profitable when dishonour is the condition. If, therefore, Newgate—" Here the only copy which we could procure of this speech breaks off abruptly; however, we can assure the reader, from very authentic information, that he concluded with advising the *Prigs* to put their affairs into other hands. After which, one of his party, as had been before concerted, in a very long speech, recommended him (Wild himself) to their choice.

Newgate was divided into parties on this occasion; the *Prigs* on each side representing their chief or Great Man to be the only person by whom the affairs of Newgate could be managed with safety and advantage. The *Prigs* had indeed very incompatible interests; for whereas the supporters of Johnson, who was in possession of the plunder of Newgate, were admitted to some share under their leader; so the abettors of Wild had, on his promotion, the same views of dividing some part of the spoil among themselves. It is no

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wonder, therefore, they were both so warm on each side. What may seem more remarkable was, that the debtors, who were entirely unconcerned in the dispute, and who were the destined plunder of both parties, should interest themselves with the utmost violence, some on behalf of Wild, and others in favour of Johnson. So that all Newgate resounded with WILD *for ever*, JOHNSON *for ever*. And the poor debtors re-echoed *the liberties of Newgate*, which, in the cant language, signifies *Plunder*, as loudly as the thieves themselves. In short, such quarrels and animosities happened between them, that they seemed rather the people of two countries long at war with each other than the inhabitants of the same castle.

Wild's party at length prevailed, and he succeeded to the place and power of Johnson, whom he presently stripped of all his finery; but, when it was proposed that he should sell it and divide the money for the good of the whole, he waived that motion, saying, it was not yet time, that he should find a better opportunity, that the clothes wanted cleaning, with many other pretences, and, within two days, to the surprise of many, he appeared in them himself; for which he vouchsafed no other apology than that they fitted him much better than they did Johnson, and that they became him in a much more elegant manner.

This behaviour of Wild greatly incensed the debtors, particularly those by whose means he had been promoted. They grumbled extremely, and vented great indignation against Wild; when one day a very grave man, and one of much authority among them, bespake them as follows:

"Nothing sure can be more justly ridiculous than the conduct of those who should lay the lamb in the wolf's way, and then should lament his being devoured. What a wolf is in a sheep-fold, a great man is in society. Now when one wolf is in possession of a sheep-fold, how little would it avail the simple flock to expel him and place another in his stead? Of the same benefit to us is the overthrowing one *Prig* in favour of another. And for what other advantage was your struggle? Did you not all know that Wild

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and his followers were *Prigs*, as well as Johnson and his? What then could the contention be among such but that which you have now discovered it to have been? Perhaps some would say, Is it then our duty tamely to submit to the rapine of the *Prig*, who now plunders us, for fear of an exchange? Surely no: but I answer, It is better to shake the plunder off than to exchange the plunderer. And by what means can we effect this but by a total change of our manners? Every *Prig* is a slave. His own *Priggish* desires, which enslave him, themselves betray him to the tyranny of others. To preserve, therefore, the liberty of Newgate is to change the manners of Newgate. Let us, therefore, who are confined here for debt only, separate ourselves entirely from the *Prigs*; neither drink with them, nor converse with them. Let us, at the same time, separate ourselves farther from *Priggism* itself. Instead of being ready, on every opportunity, to pillage each other, let us be content with our honest share of the common bounty, and with the acquisition of our own industry. When we separate from the *Prigs* let us enter into a closer alliance with one another. Let us consider ourselves all as members of one community, to the public good of which we are to sacrifice our private views; not to give up the interest of the whole for every little pleasure or profit which shall accrue to ourselves. Liberty is consistent with no degree of honesty inferior to this, and the community, where this abounds, no *Prig* will have the impudence or audaciousness to endeavour to enslave; or if he should, his own destruction would be the only consequence of his attempt. But while one man pursues his ambition, another his interest, another his safety; while one hath a roguery (a *Priggism* they here call it) to commit, and another a roguery to defend, they must naturally fly to the favour and protection of those who have power to give them what they desire, and to defend them from what they fear; nay, in this view it becomes their interest to promote this power in their patrons. Now, gentlemen, when we are no longer *Prigs*, we shall no longer have these fears or these desires. What remains, therefore, for us but to

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resolve bravely to lay aside our *Priggism*, our roguery, in plainer words, and preserve our liberty, or to give up the latter in the preservation and preference of the former."

This speech was received with much applause; however Wild continued as before to levy contributions among the prisoners, to apply the garnish to his own use, and to strut openly in the ornaments which he had stripped from Johnson. To speak sincerely, there was more bravado than real use or advantage in these trappings. As for the nightgown, its outside indeed made a glittering tinsel appearance, but it kept him not warm; nor could the finery of it do him much honour, since every one knew it did not properly belong to him; as to the waistcoat, it fitted him very ill, being infinitely too big for him; and the cap was so heavy that it made his head ache. Thus these clothes, which perhaps (as they presented the idea of their misery more sensibly to the people's eyes,) brought him more envy, hatred, and detraction than all his deeper impositions and more real advantages, afforded very little use or honour to the wearer; nay, could scarce serve to amuse his own vanity, when this was cool enough to reflect with the least seriousness. And should I speak in the language of a man who estimated human happiness without regard to that greatness, which we have so laboriously endeavoured to paint in this history, it is probable he never took (*i.e.* robbed the prisoners of) a shilling, which he himself did not pay too dear for.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEAD-WARRANT ARRIVES FOR HEARTFREE; ON WHICH OCCASION WILD BETRAYS SOME HUMAN WEAKNESS.

THE dead-warrant, as it is called, now came down to Newgate for the execution of Heartfree among the rest of the prisoners. And here the reader must excuse us, who

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profess to draw natural, not perfect characters, and to record the truths of history, not the extravagances of romance, while we relate a weakness in Wild, of which we are ourselves ashamed, and which we would willingly have concealed, could we have preserved at the same time that strict attachment to truth and impartiality which we have professed in recording the annals of this great man. Know then, reader, that this dead-warrant did not affect Heartfree, who was to suffer a shameful death by it, with half the concern it gave Wild, who had been the occasion of it. He had been a little struck the day before on seeing the children carried away in tears from their father. This sight brought the remembrance of some slight injuries he had done the father to his mind, which he endeavoured, as much as possible, to obliterate; but, when one of the keepers (I should say lieutenants of the castle) repeated Heartfree's name among those of the malefactors who were to suffer within a few days, the blood forsook his countenance, and in a cold still stream moved heavily to his heart, which had scarce strength enough left to return it through his veins. In short, his body so visibly demonstrated the pangs of his mind, that, to escape observation, he retired to his room, where he sullenly gave vent to such bitter agonies, that even the injured Heartfree, had not the apprehension of what his wife had suffered shut every avenue of compassion, would have pitied him.

When his mind was thoroughly fatigued and worn out with the horrors which the approaching fate of the poor wretch, who lay under a sentence which he had iniquitously brought upon him, had suggested, sleep promised him relief; but this promise was, alas! delusive. This certain friend to the tired body is often the severest enemy to the oppressed mind. So at least it proved to Wild, adding visionary to real horrors, and tormenting his imagination with phantoms too dreadful to be described. At length starting from these visions, he no sooner recovered his waking senses, than he cried out: "I may yet prevent this catastrophe. It is not too late to discover the whole." He then paused a moment:

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but greatness instantly returning to his assistance, checked the base thought as it first offered itself to his mind. He then reasoned thus coolly with himself: "Shall I, like a child, or a woman, or one of those mean wretches, whom I have always despised, be frightened by dreams and visionary phantoms to sully that honour which I have so difficultly acquired, and so gloriously maintained! Shall I, to redeem the worthless life of this silly fellow, suffer my reputation to contract a stain which the blood of millions cannot wipe away! Was it only that the few, the simple part of mankind, should call me a Rogue, perhaps I could submit; but to be for ever contemptible to the PRIGS, as a wretch who wanted spirit to execute my undertaking, can never be digested. What is the life of a single man? Have not whole armies and nations been sacrificed to the honour of ONE GREAT MAN? Nay, to omit that first class of greatness, the conquerors of mankind, how often have numbers fallen by a fictitious plot only to satisfy the spleen, or perhaps exercise the ingenuity of a member of that second order of greatness the Ministerial! What have I done then? Why, I have ruined a family, and brought an innocent man to the gallows. I ought rather to weep with Alexander that I have ruined no more than to regret the little I have done." He at length, therefore, bravely resolved to consign over Heartfree to his fate, though it cost him more struggling than may easily be believed utterly to conquer his reluctance, and to banish away every degree of humanity from his mind, these little sparks of which composed one of those weaknesses which we lamented in the opening of our history.

But, in vindication of our hero, we must beg leave to observe that nature is seldom so kind as those writers who draw characters absolutely perfect. She seldom creates any man so completely great, or completely low, but that some sparks of humanity will glimmer in the former, and some sparks of what the vulgar call evil will dart forth in the latter; utterly to extinguish which will give some pain and uneasiness to both; for I apprehend, no mind was ever yet

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formed entirely free from blemish, unless peradventure that of a sanctified hypocrite, whose praises some well-fed flatterer hath gratefully thought proper to sing forth.

CHAPTER V.

CONTAINING VARIOUS MATTERS.

THE day was now come when poor Heartfree was to suffer an ignominious death. Friendly had, in the strongest manner, confirmed his assurance of fulfilling his promise, of becoming a father to one of his children, and a husband to the other. This gave him inexpressible comfort, and he had, the evening before, taken his last leave of the little wretches with a tenderness which drew a tear from one of the keepers, joined to a magnanimity which would have pleased a Stoic. When he was informed that the coach, which Friendly had provided for him, was ready, and that the rest of the prisoners were gone, he embraced that faithful friend with great passion, and begged that he would leave him here; but the other desired leave to accompany him to his end: which at last he was forced to comply with. And now he was proceeding towards the coach, when he found that his difficulties were not yet over; for now a friend arrived, of whom he was to take a harder and more tender leave than he had yet gone through. This friend, reader, was no other than Mrs. Heartfree herself, who ran to him with a look all wild, staring, and frantic, and, having reached his arms, fainted away in them without uttering a single syllable. Heartfree was, with great difficulty, able to preserve his own senses, in such a surprise at such a season. And indeed our good-natured reader will be rather inclined to wish this miserable couple had, by dying in each other's arms, put a final period to their woes, than have survived to taste those bitter moments which were to be their portion, and which the

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unhappy wife, soon recovering from the short intermission of being, now began to suffer. When she became first mistress of her voice, she burst forth into the following accents: "O my husband:—Is this the condition in which I find you after our cruel separation! Who hath done this? Cruel heaven! What is the occasion? I know thou canst deserve no ill. Tell me, somebody who can speak, while I have my senses left to understand, what is the matter?" At which words several laughed, and one answered: "The matter! Why no great matter. The gentleman is not the first, nor won't be the last: the worst of the matter is, that if we are to stay all the morning here I shall lose my dinner." Heartfree, pausing a moment and recollecting himself, cried out, "I will bear all with patience." And then, addressing himself to the commanding officer, begged he might only have a few minutes by himself with his wife, whom he had not seen before since his misfortunes. The great man answered: "He had compassion on him, and would do more than he could answer; but he supposed he was too much a gentleman not to know that something was due for such civility." On this hint, Friendly, who was himself half dead, pulled five guineas out of his pocket; which the great man took, and said, he would be so generous as to give him ten minutes; on which one observed, that many a gentleman had bought ten minutes with a woman dearer, and many other facetious remarks were made, unnecessary to be here related. Heartfree was now suffered to retire into a room with his wife, the commander informing him at his entrance, that he must be expeditious, for that the rest of the good company would be at the tree before him, and he supposed he was a gentleman of too much breeding to make them wait.

This tender wretched couple were now retired for these few minutes, which the commander without carefully measured with his watch; and Heartfree was mustering all his resolution to part with what his soul so ardently doated on, and to conjure her to support his loss for the sake of her poor infants, and to comfort her with the promise of Friendly

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on their account; but all his design was frustrated. Mrs. Heartfree could not support the shock, but again fainted away, and so entirely lost every symptom of life, that Heartfree called vehemently for assistance. Friendly rushed first into the room, and was soon followed by many others, and, what was remarkable, one who had unmoved beheld the tender scene between these parting lovers, was touched to the quick by the pale looks of the woman, and ran up and down for water, drops, &c. with the utmost hurry and confusion. The ten minutes were expired, which the commander now hinted; and seeing nothing offered for the renewal of the term (for indeed Friendly had unhappily emptied his pockets), he began to grow very importunate, and at last told Heartfree, *He should be ashamed not to act more like a man.* Heartfree begged his pardon, and said, he would make him wait no longer. Then, with the deepest sigh, cried: "O my angel!" and embracing his wife with the utmost eagerness, kissed her pale lips with more fervency than ever bridegroom did the blushing cheeks of his bride; he then cried: "The Almighty bless thee; and if it be his pleasure, restore thee to life; if not, I beseech him we may presently meet again in a better world than this." He was breaking from her, when, perceiving her sense returning, he could not forbear renewing his embrace, and again pressing her lips, which now recovered life and warmth so fast, that he begged one ten minutes more to tell her what her swooning had prevented her hearing. The worthy commander, being perhaps a little touched at this tender scene, took Friendly aside, and asked him what he would give if he would suffer his friend to remain half an hour? Friendly answered, any thing; that he had no more money in his pocket, but he would certainly pay him that afternoon. "Well then, I'll be moderate," said he,—"Twenty guineas."—Friendly answered, "It is a bargain." The commander, having exacted a firm promise, cried,—"Then I don't care if they stay a whole hour together; for what signifies hiding good news!—— The gentleman is reprieved——;" of which he had just before received notice in a whisper. It would be very

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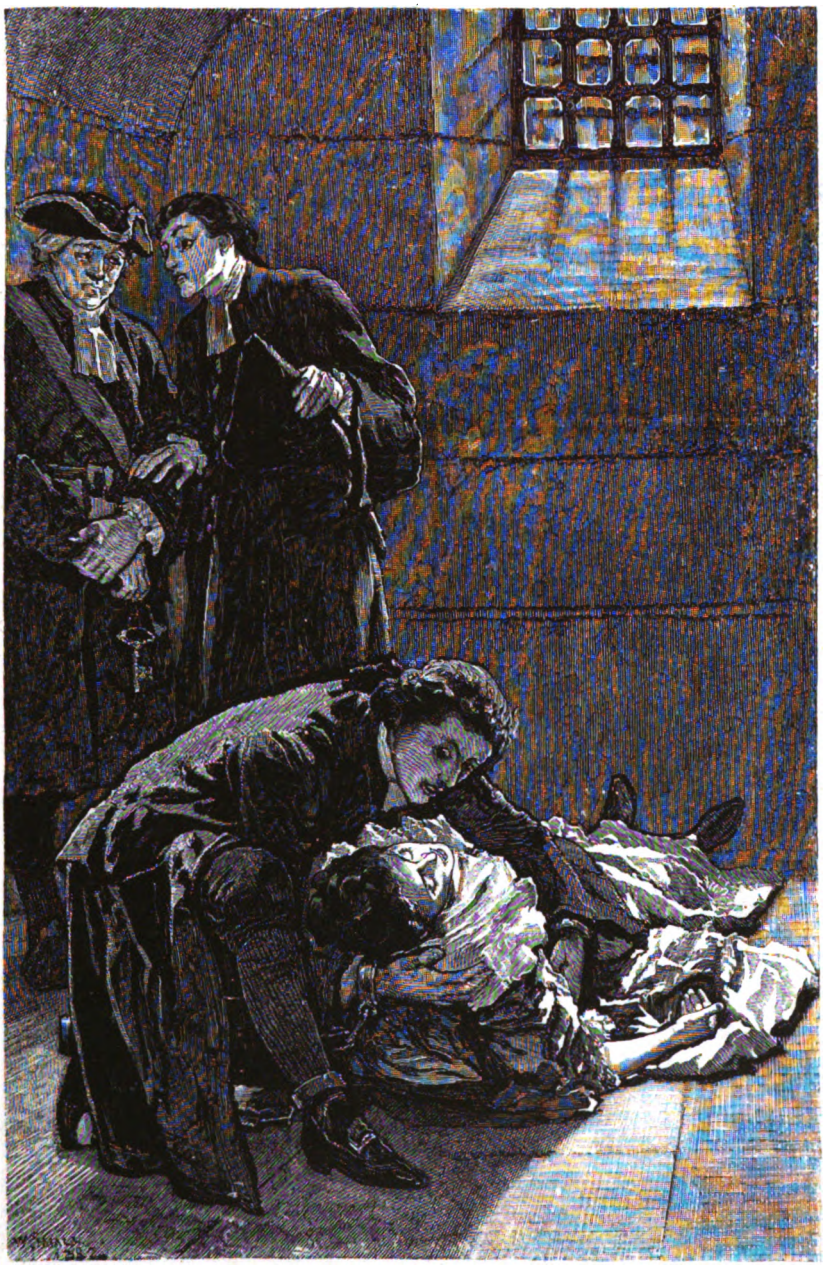

HE COULD NOT FORBEAR RENEWING HIS EMBRACE.

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impertinent to offer at a description of the joy this occasioned to the two friends, or to Mrs. Heartfree, who was now again recovered. A surgeon, who was happily present, was employed to bleed them all. After which the commander, who had his promise of the money again confirmed to him, wished Heartfree joy, and shaking him very friendly by the hands, cleared the room of all the company, and left the three friends together.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH THE FOREGOING HAPPY INCIDENT IS ACCOUNTED FOR.

BUT here, though I am convinced my good-natured reader may almost want the surgeon's assistance also, and that there is no passage in this whole story, which can afford him equal delight: yet, lest our reprieve should seem to resemble that in the Beggar's Opera, I shall endeavour to show him that this incident, which is undoubtedly true, is at least as natural as delightful; for, we assure him, we would rather have suffered half mankind to be hanged than have saved one contrary to the strictest rules of writing and probability.

Be it known then (a circumstance which I think highly credible,) that the great Fireblood had been, a few days before, taken in the fact of a robbery, and carried before the same justice of peace, who had, on his evidence, committed Heartfree to prison. This magistrate, who did indeed no small honour to the commission he bore, duly considered the weighty charge committed to him, by which he was entrusted with decisions affecting the lives, liberties, and properties of his countrymen, he therefore examined always with the utmost diligence and caution into every minute circumstance. And, as he had a good deal balanced, even when he committed Heartfree, on the excellent character

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given him by Friendly and the maid; and, as he was much staggered on finding that of the two persons, on whose evidence alone Heartfree had been committed, and had been since convicted, one was in Newgate for a felony, and the other was now brought before him for a robbery, he thought proper to put the matter very home to Fireblood at this time. The young Achates was taken, as we have said, in the fact; so that denial he saw was in vain. He therefore honestly confessed what he knew must be proved; and desired, on the merit of the discoveries he made, to be admitted as an evidence against his accomplices. This afforded the happiest opportunity to the justice to satisfy his conscience in relation to Heartfree. He told Fireblood that if he expected the favour he solicited, it must be on condition that he revealed the whole truth to him concerning the evidence which he had lately given against a bankrupt, and which some circumstances had induced a suspicion of; that he might depend on it the truth would be discovered by other means, and gave some oblique hints (a deceit entirely justifiable) that Wild himself had offered such a discovery. The very mention of Wild's name immediately alarmed Fireblood, who did not in the least doubt the readiness of that GREAT MAN to hang any of the gang when his own interest seemed to require it. He therefore hesitated not a moment; but, having obtained a promise from the justice, that he should be accepted as an evidence, he discovered the whole falsehood, and declared that he had been seduced by Wild to depose as he had done.

The justice having thus luckily and timely discovered this scene of villainy, alias greatness, lost not a moment in using his utmost endeavours to get the case of the unhappy convict represented to the sovereign; who immediately granted him that gracious reprieve which caused such happiness to the persons concerned; and which we hope we have now accounted for to the satisfaction of the reader.

The good magistrate, having obtained this reprieve for Heartfree, thought it incumbent on him to visit him in the

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prison, and to sound, if possible, the depth of this affair, that, if he should appear as innocent as he now began to conceive him, he might use all imaginable methods to obtain his pardon and enlargement.

The next day therefore after that when the miserable scene above described had passed he went to Newgate, where he found those three persons, namely, Heartfree, his wife, and Friendly, sitting together. The justice informed the prisoner of the confession of Fireblood, with the steps which he had taken upon it. The reader will easily conceive the many outward thanks, as well as inward gratitude which he received from all three; but those were of very little consequence to him compared with the secret satisfaction he felt in his mind from reflecting on the preservation of innocence, as he soon after very clearly perceived was the case.

When he entered the room Mrs. Heartfree was speaking with some earnestness: as he perceived, therefore, he had interrupted her, he begged she would continue her discourse, which, if he prevented by his presence, he desired to depart; but Heartfree would not suffer it. He said, she had been relating some adventures, which perhaps might entertain him to hear, and which she the rather desired he would hear, as they might serve to illustrate the foundation on which this falsehood had been built, which had brought on her husband all his misfortunes.

The justice very gladly consented, and Mrs. Heartfree, at her husband's desire, began the relation from the first renewal of Wild's acquaintance with him; but, though this recapitulation was necessary for the information of our good magistrate, as it would be useless, and perhaps tedious, to the reader, we shall only repeat that part of her story to which only he is a stranger, beginning with what happened to her after Wild had been turned adrift in the boat by the captain of the French privateer.

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CHAPTER VII.

MRS. HEARTFREE RELATES HER ADVENTURES.

MRS. HEARTFREE proceeded thus: "The vengeance which the French captain exacted on that villain (our hero), persuaded me that I was fallen into the hands of a man of honour and justice; nor, indeed, was it possible for any person to be treated with more respect and civility than I now was; but if this could not mitigate my sorrows, when I reflected on the condition in which I had been betrayed to leave all that was dear to me, much less could it produce such an effect, when I discovered, as I soon did, that I owed it chiefly to a passion, which threatened me with great uneasiness, as it quickly appeared to be very violent, and as I was absolutely in the power of the person who possessed it, or was rather possessed by it. I must however do him the justice to say my fears carried my suspicions farther than I afterwards found I had any reason to carry them: he did indeed very soon acquaint me with his passion, and used all those gentle methods, which frequently succeed with our sex, to prevail with me to gratify it; but never once threatened, nor had the least recourse to force. He did not even once insinuate to me, that I was totally in his power, which I myself sufficiently saw, and whence I drew the most dreadful apprehensions, well knowing, that as there are some dispositions so brutal, that cruelty adds a zest and savour to their pleasures; so there are others whose gentler inclinations are better gratified when they win us by softer methods to comply with their desires; yet that even these may be often compelled by an unruly passion to have recourse at last to the means of violence, when they despair of success from persuasion; but I was happily the captive of a better man. My conqueror was one of those over whom vice hath a limited jurisdiction; and though he was too easily prevailed on to sin, he was proof against any temptation to villainy.

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"We had been two days almost totally becalmed, when, a brisk gale rising as we were in sight of Dunkirk, we saw a vessel making full sail towards us. The captain of the privateer was so strong that he apprehended no danger but from a man of war, which the sailors discerned this not to be. He therefore struck his colours, and furled his sails as much as possible, in order to lie by and expect her, hoping she might be a prize." (Here Heartfree smiling, his wife stopped, and inquired the cause. He told her it was from her using the sea terms so aptly: she laughed, and answered, he would wonder less at this when he heard the long time she had been on board: and then proceeded.) "This vessel now came along-side of us, and hailed us, having perceived that, on which we were aboard, to be of her own country; they begged us not to put into Dunkirk, but to accompany them in their pursuit of a large English merchantman, whom we should easily overtake, and both together as easily conquer. Our captain immediately consented to this proposition, and ordered all his sail to be crowded. This was most unwelcome news to me; however, he comforted me all he could by assuring me I had nothing to fear, that he would be so far from offering the least rudeness to me himself, that he would, at the hazard of his life, protect me from it. This assurance gave me all the consolation which my present circumstances and the dreadful apprehensions I had on your dear account would admit." (At which words the tenderest glances passed on both sides between the husband and wife.) "We sailed near twelve hours, when we came in sight of the ship we were in pursuit of, and which we should probably have soon come up with, had not a very thick mist ravished her from our eyes. This mist continued several hours, and when it cleared up, we discovered our companion at a great distance from us; but what gave us (I mean the captain and his crew) the greatest uneasiness was the sight of a very large ship within a mile of us, which presently saluted us with a gun, and now appeared to be a third-rate English man of war. Our captain declared the impossibility of either fighting or escaping, and accordingly struck, without waiting for the

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broadside which was preparing for us, and which perhaps would have prevented me from the happiness I now enjoy." This occasioned Heartfree to change colour, his wife therefore passed hastily to circumstances of a more smiling complexion.

"I greatly rejoiced at this event, as I thought it would not only restore me to the safe possession of my jewels, but to what I value beyond all the treasure in the universe. My expectation, however, of both these was somewhat crossed for the present: as to the former, I was told they should be carefully preserved; but that I must prove my right to them before I could expect their restoration; which, if I mistake not, the captain did not very eagerly desire I should be able to accomplish: and as to the latter, I was acquainted that I should be put on board the first ship which they met on her way to England, but that they were proceeding to the West Indies.

"I had not been long on board the man of war, before I discovered just reason rather to lament than rejoice at the exchange of my captivity; for such I concluded my present situation to be. I had now another lover in the captain of this Englishman, and much rougher and less gallant than the Frenchman had been. He used me with scarce common civility, as indeed he showed very little to any other person, treating his officers little better than a man of no great good-breeding would exert to his meanest servant, and that too on some very irritating provocation. As for me, he addressed me with the insolence of a basha to a Circassian slave; he talked to me with the loose license in which the most profligate libertines converse with harlots, and which women, abandoned only in a moderate degree, detest and abhor. He often kissed me with very rude familiarity, and one day attempted further brutality; when a gentleman on board, and who was in my situation, that is, had been taken by a privateer and was retaken, rescued me from his hands; for which the captain confined him, though he was not under his command, two days in irons; when he was released (for I was not suffered to visit him in his confine-

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ment) I went to him and thanked him, with the utmost acknowledgment, for what he had done and suffered on my account. The gentleman behaved to me in the handsomest manner on this occasion; told me he was ashamed of the high sense I seemed to entertain of so small an obligation of an action to which his duty as a Christian, and his honour as a man, obliged him. From this time I lived in great familiarity with this man, whom I regarded as my protector, which he professed himself ready to be on all occasions, expressing the utmost abhorrence of the captain's brutality, especially that shown towards me, and the tenderness of a parent for the preservation of my virtue, for which I was not myself more solicitous than he appeared. He was, indeed, the only man I had hitherto met since my unhappy departure, who did not endeavour by all his looks, words, and actions, to assure me he had a liking to my unfortunate person. The rest seeming desirous of sacrificing the little beauty they complimented to their desires, without the least consideration of the ruin which I earnestly represented to them they were attempting to bring on me and on my future repose.

"I now passed several days pretty free from the captain's molestation, till one fatal night:" here, perceiving Heartfree grew pale, she comforted him by an assurance, that heaven had preserved her chastity, and again had restored her unsullied to his arms. She continued thus: "Perhaps I gave it a wrong epithet in the word fatal: but a wretched night, I am sure I may call it, for no woman, who came off victorious, was, I believe ever in greater danger. One night, I say, having drunk his spirits high with punch, in company with the purser, who was the only man in the ship he admitted to his table, the captain sent for me into his cabin; whither, though unwilling, I was obliged to go. We were no sooner alone together than he seized me by the hand, and after affronting my ears with discourse which I am unable to repeat, he swore a great oath that his passion was to be dallied with no longer: that I must not expect to treat him in the manner to which a set of blockhead landmen

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submitted. None of your coquet airs, therefore, with me, madam, said he, for I have resolved to have you this night. No struggling nor squawling, for both will be impertinent. The first man who offers to come in here, I will have his skin flea'd off at the gangway. He then attempted to pull me violently towards his bed. I threw myself on my knees, and with tears and entreaties besought his compassion: but this was, I found, to no purpose: I then had recourse to threats, and endeavoured to frighten him with the consequence; but neither had this, though it seemed to stagger him more than the other method, sufficient force to deliver me. At last a stratagem came into my head, of which my perceiving him reel gave me the first hint, I entreated a moment's reprieve only, when, collecting all the spirits I could muster, I put on a constrained air of gaiety, and told him with an affected laugh, he was the roughest lover I had ever met with, and that I believed I was the first woman he had ever paid his addresses to. *Addresses*, said he, *d—n your addresses, I want to undress you.* I then begged him to let us drink some punch together; for that I loved a can as well as himself, and never would grant the favour to any man till I had drunk a hearty glass with him. O! said he, if that be all, you shall have punch enough to drown yourself in. At which words he rung the bell, and ordered in a gallon of that liquor. I was in the mean time obliged to suffer his nauseous kisses, and some rudenesses which I had great difficulty to restrain within moderate bounds. When the punch came in, he took up the bowl and drank my health ostentatiously, in such a quantity, that it considerably advanced my scheme. I followed him with bumpers as fast as possible, and was myself obliged to drink so much, that at another time it would have staggered my own reason, but at present it did not affect me. At length, perceiving him very far gone, I watched an opportunity, and ran out of the cabin, resolving to seek protection of the sea, if I could find no other; but heaven was now graciously pleased to relieve me; for in his attempt to pursue me, he reeled backwards, and falling down the cabin stairs, he dislocated his shoulder, and so bruised

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himself, that I was not only preserved that night from any danger of my intended ravisher; but the accident threw him into a fever, which endangered his life, and whether he ever recovered or no I am not certain; for, during his delirious fits, the eldest lieutenant commanded the ship. This was a virtuous and a brave fellow, who had been twenty-five years in that post without being able to obtain a ship, and had seen several boys, the bastards of noblemen, put over his head. One day, while the ship remained under his command, an English vessel bound to Cork passed by; myself and my friend, who had formerly lain two days in irons on my account, went on board this ship with the leave of the good lieutenant, who made us such presents as he was able of provisions, and, congratulating me on my delivery from a danger to which none of the ship's crew had been strangers he kindly wished us both a safe voyage."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH MRS. HEARTFREE CONTINUES THE RELATION OF HER ADVENTURES.

"THE first evening after we were aboard this vessel, which was a brigantine, we being then at no very great distance from the Madeiras, the most violent storm arose from the north-west, in which we presently lost both our masts; and indeed death now presented itself as inevitable to us——I need not tell my Tommy what were then my thoughts. Our danger was so great, that the captain of the ship, a professed atheist, betook himself to prayers, and the whole crew, abandoning themselves for lost, fell with the utmost eagerness to the emptying a cask of brandy, not one drop of which, they swore, should be polluted with salt water. I observed here, my old friend displayed less courage than I expected from him. He seemed entirely swallowed up in

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despair. But, heaven be praised! we were at last all preserved. The storm, after above eleven hours' continuance, began to abate, and by degrees entirely ceased; but left us still rolling at the mercy of the waves, which carried us at their own pleasure to the south-east a vast number of leagues. Our crew were all dead drunk with the brandy which they had taken such care to preserve from the sea: but, indeed, had they been awake, their labour would have been of very little service, as we had lost all our rigging; our brigantine being reduced to a naked hulk only. In this condition we floated above thirty hours, till in the midst of a very dark night we spied a light which, seeming to approach us, grew so large that our sailors concluded it to be the lanthorn of a man of war; but, when we were cheering ourselves with the hopes of our deliverance from this wretched situation, on a sudden, to our great concern, the light entirely disappeared, and left us in a despair, increased by the remembrance of those pleasing imaginations with which we had entertained our minds during its appearance. The rest of the night we passed in melancholy conjectures on the light which had deserted us, which the major part of the sailors concluded to be a meteor. In this distress we had one comfort, which was a plentiful store of provision: this so supported the spirits of the sailors, that they declared, had they but a sufficient quantity of brandy, they cared not whether they saw land for a month to come: but, indeed, we were much nearer it than we imagined, as we perceived at break of day; one of the most knowing of the crew declared we were near the continent of Africa; but when we were within three leagues of it a second violent storm arose from the north, so that we again gave over all hopes of safety. This storm was not quite so outrageous as the former, but of much longer continuance, for it lasted near three days, and drove us an immense number of leagues to the south. We were within a league of the shore, expecting every moment our ship to be dashed in pieces, when the tempest ceased all on a sudden; but the waves still continued to roll like mountains, and before the sea recovered

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its calm motion, our ship was thrown so near the land, that the captain ordered out his boat, declaring he had scarce any hopes of saving her; and indeed we had not quitted her many minutes before we saw the justice of his apprehensions; for she struck against a rock, and immediately sunk. The behaviour of the sailors on this occasion very much affected me; they beheld their ship perish with the tenderness of a lover or a parent; they spoke of her as the fondest husband would of his wife; and many of them, who seemed to have no tears in their composition, shed them plentifully at her sinking. The captain himself cried out, *Go thy way, charming* Molly, *the sea never devoured a lovelier morsel. If I have fifty vessels, I shall never love another like thee. Poor slut, I shall remember thee to my dying day.*—Well, the boat now conveyed us all safe to shore, where we landed with very little difficulty. It was now about noon, and the rays of the sun, which descended almost perpendicular on our heads, were extremely hot and troublesome. However, we travelled through this extreme heat about five miles over a plain. This brought us to a vast wood, which extended itself as far as we could see both to the right and left, and seemed to me to put an entire end to our progress. Here we decreed to rest and dine on the provision which we had brought from the ship, of which we had sufficient for very few meals; our boat being so overloaded with people that we had very little room for luggage of any kind. Our repast was salt pork broiled, which the keenness of hunger made so delicious to my companions that they fed very heartily upon it. As for myself, the fatigue of my body, and the vexation of my mind, had so thoroughly weakened me, that I was almost entirely deprived of appetite; and the utmost dexterity of the most accomplished French cook would have been ineffectual, had he endeavoured to tempt me with delicacies. I thought myself very little a gainer by my late escape from the tempest, by which I seemed only to have exchanged the element in which I was presently to die. When our company had sufficiently, and indeed very plentifully, feasted themselves, they resolved to enter the

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wood, and endeavour to pass it, in expectation of finding some inhabitants, at least some provision. We proceeded therefore in the following order: one man in the front with a hatchet to clear our way, and two others followed him with guns to protect the rest from wild beasts; then walked the rest of our company, and last of all the captain himself, being armed, likewise, with a gun to defend us from any attack behind, in the rear, I think, you call it. And thus our whole company, being fourteen in number, travelled on till night overtook us without seeing any thing unless a few birds and some very insignificant animals. We rested all night under the covert of some trees, and indeed we very little wanted shelter at that season, the heat in the day being the only inclemency we had to combat with in this climate. I cannot help telling you my old friend lay still nearest me on the ground, and declared he would be my protector should any of the sailors offer rudeness; but I can acquit them of any such attempt; nor was I ever affronted by any one, more than with a coarse expression, proceeding rather from the roughness and ignorance of their education than from any abandoned principle, or want of humanity.

"We had now proceeded very little way on our next day's march, when one of the sailors, having skipt nimbly up a hill, with the assistance of a speaking trumpet informed us that he saw a town a very little way off. This news so comforted me, and gave me such strength, as well as spirits, that, with the help of my old friend and another, who suffered me to lean on them, I, with much difficulty, attained the summit; but was so absolutely overcome in climbing it that I had no longer sufficient strength to support my tottering limbs, and was obliged to lay myself again on the ground; nor could they prevail on me to undertake descending through a very thick wood into a plain, at the end of which indeed appeared some houses, or rather huts; but at a much greater distance than the sailor assured us. The little way, as he had called it, seeming to me full twenty miles, nor was it, I believe, much less."

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CHAPTER IX.[1]

A VERY WONDERFUL CHAPTER INDEED; WHICH, TO THOSE WHO HAVE NOT READ MANY VOYAGES, MAY SEEM INCREDIBLE; AND WHICH THE READER MAY BELIEVE OR NOT, AS HE PLEASES.

"WE had now proceeded a very little way on our next day's march, when one of the sailors cried out, He spied a tower on our left; a second, looking that way, said He saw it move; and indeed so it did towards us. We presently discovered it was an animal of an enormous bigness, being of the elephantine kind, but so large, that the elephant is to it in size but as the crayfish to the lobster. The approach of this vast animal struck us all with terror. As for myself, I felt more than I had done during our two tempests; for I dreaded less being swallowed by the unmerciful ocean, than being devoured by the jaws of this monster, which, with a voice suitable to his bulk, now filled all the wood with his bellowing. It was impossible to escape him by flight, nor had our men much time to consider what means they might use for their defence. Our two musketeers in an instant, therefore, resolved to discharge their several pieces at his eyes, the one agreeing to aim at the right, the other at the left. They executed this bold resolution with such notable success, that the beast was immediately deprived of his sight, the bullets having both luckily entered in at the sight of the eyes; a very fortunate accident for us, the whole dimensions of each eye being very near equal to the capaciousness of a large hall. The beast, which now roared infinitely louder than before, with the anguish of the wound fell to the ground. My friend persuaded the rest to depart as fast as we could, lest some others of the same kind, should come to his assistance, which might prove fatal to us: but the curiosity of the sailors was insatiable; they swore they would go up to the monster, and examine him; for they apprehended he was mortally wounded by the blow: whereas in reality Windsor Castle, which our beast was neither in size nor figure much unlike, would have been in as much danger of being battered down by a musket shot, as this monster was of being killed by it. But I almost shudder with the remembrance of what I am now going to relate; for indeed I take it to be the strangest instance of that intrepidity, so justly remarked in our seamen, which can be found on record. In a word then, one of our musketeers coming up to the beast as he lay wallowing on the ground, and perceiving his mouth wide open, marched directly down his throat. Had he not declared his intention to those near him, we should have concluded, that he had been swallowed by the monster; but as it was, we imagined him little better than *felo de se*, and gave over all thoughts of ever seeing him again, when suddenly we heard the hollow report of a gun, seemingly at a great distance. One of the sailors declared the sound came from the inside of the animal, nor had he sooner said so, than a river of blood began to issue out at his

[1] This chapter is reprinted from the first edition. It contains some other variations from the later editions which do not seem worth notice.

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mouth, and shortly after the brave sailor came forth at another passage, which I must be excused from naming. He informed us, that he had put the muzzle of his gun against his heart, and shot two bullets into it, which he perceived had done his business, and indeed the monster was absolutely dead.

"As soon as the blood ceased to flow from his mouth, our whole company marched rank and file through the body; but I could by no means be prevailed on to follow them, whether I looked on it as an indecency (the monster being of the male kind), or was afraid of making my clothes bloody, or from what other motive my aversion arose, is not necessary to determine. Two of our men, with much labour, brought forth the heart. A small piece of which we broiled; but the flesh was unsavoury, being much coarser than the worst neck beef. I must not take leave of the monster before I observe, that a whole lion was found in him undigested, and which we concluded he had swallowed a very little time before we came up with him.

"We now quitted the monster, and saw, as we advanced through the wood, several wild beasts, such as lions, wolves, tigers, and others of the common kind; but I must not omit a large reptile, we saw, on our third day's march, of the colour and form of a snake; but so immensely long, that he extended near a quarter of a mile; a length to which his largeness was disproportionate, being no more than about six times the size of a moderate ox. This serpent would certainly have molested us; but though he stirred as we walked by his middle, he was fortunately asleep as we past by his eyes. This day we killed a bird somewhat resembling a lark, but infinitely larger; for we guessed it could not weigh less than thirty stone. We drest half the merry-thought for our dinner, and its flavour was so excellent, that I myself for the first time eat heartily.

"The next morning we saw a fire at a little distance from us, when we conceived ourselves drawing near some human habitation; but, on our nearer approach, we perceived a very beautiful bird just expiring in the flames. This was no other than the celebrated *Phœnix*, so much spoke of, and so little known. We would not suffer such a rarity to be consumed; we therefore snatched it from the fire, and, being resolved to taste this elegant dish, we first picked his feathers off, and then roasted him; but found the flesh so far from delicious, that it was greatly distasteful. The captain then ordered it to be thrown again into the fire, that it might follow its own method of propagating its species.

"Our pork was now gone, and we had nothing left but the remainder of the lark to live on, which indeed would have been sufficient for a month's provision, could we have preserved it from tainting; but as we had no salt the extreme heat of the climate soon made it nauseous both to our smell and taste. Death now put on a more dreadful shape than any he had hitherto worn, and starving appeared to us inevitable; for our ammunition was all spent, and we could flatter ourselves with no likelihood of finding the traces of any human creature, from whom too, if found, we apprehended much greater probability of danger, than of comfort or assistance.

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"We had now travelled two days together without any sustenance, when, coming forth from the wood, we saw just before us something resembling the famous Stonehenge in Wiltshire, and which we found to be a bed of pumpkins; but so large that one of them was more than we could have eaten in two months. We scooped out the inside with some tools we had with us, and then crept all of us into the shell, which afforded us a cool retreat from the scorching beams of the sun. The food was neither grateful nor nourishing; so that we soon quitted this place, and arrived at the bottom of a high and steep hill. I was become so faint with the immoderate fatigue of my journey, with the intense heat of the climate, and with hunger, that I threw myself on the ground, and declared I could go no farther. One of the sailors skipt nimbly up the hill, and, with the assistance of a speaking trumpet, informed us, that he saw a town a very little way off. This news so comforted me, and gave me such strength, as well as spirits, that, with the help of my old friend, and another who suffered me to lean on them, I, with much difficulty attained the summit; but was so absolutely overcome in climbing it, that I had no longer sufficient strength to support my tottering limbs, and was obliged to lay myself again on the ground; nor could they prevail on me to undertake descending through a very thick wood into a plain, at the end of which indeed appeared some houses; but at a much greater distance than the sailor had assured us. The little way, as he had called it, seeming to me full twenty miles, nor was it, I believe, much less."

CHAPTER IX.

CONTAINING INCIDENTS VERY SURPRISING.

"THE captain declared he would, without delay, proceed to the town before him; in which resolution he was seconded by all the crew; but, when I could not be persuaded, nor was I able to travel any farther before I had rested myself, my old friend protested he would not leave me, but would stay behind as my guard; and when I had refreshed myself with a little repose, he would attend me to the town, which the captain promised he would not leave before he had seen us.

"They were no sooner departed than (having first thanked my protector for his care of me) I resigned myself to sleep, which immediately closed my eyelids, and would probably

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have detained me very long in his gentle dominions, had I not been awaked with a squeeze by the hand by my guard; which I at first thought intended to alarm me with the danger of some wild beast; but I soon perceived it arose from a softer motive, and that a gentle swain was the only wild beast I had to apprehend. He began now to disclose his passion in the strongest manner imaginable, indeed with a warmth rather beyond that of both my former lovers; but as yet without any attempt of absolute force. On my side remonstrances were made in more bitter exclamations and revilings than I had used to any, that villain Wild excepted. I told him he was the basest and most treacherous wretch alive; and his having cloaked his iniquitous designs under the appearances of virtue and friendship added an ineffable degree of horror to them, that I detested him of all mankind the most, and, could I be brought to yield to prostitution, he should be the last to enjoy the ruins of my honour. He suffered himself not to be provoked by this language, but only changed his method of solicitation from flattery to bribery. He unript the lining of his waistcoat and pulled forth several jewels; these, he said, he had preserved from infinite danger to the happiest purpose, if I could be won by them. I rejected them often with the utmost indignation, till at last, casting my eye, rather by accident than design on a diamond necklace, a thought, like lightning, shot through my mind, and, in an instant, I remembered, that this was the very necklace you had sold the cursed Count, the cause of all our misfortunes. The confusion of ideas into which this surprise hurried me prevented me reflecting on the villain who then stood before me; but the first recollection presently told me it could be no other than the Count himself, the wicked tool of Wild's barbarity. Good heavens! what was then my condition! How shall I describe the tumult of passions which then laboured in my breast! However, as I was happily unknown to him, the least suspicion on his side was altogether impossible. He imputed, therefore, the eagerness with which I gazed on the jewels to a very wrong cause, and endeavoured to put as much

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HE THEN ADVANCED WITH A GENTLE AIR TOWARDS ME.

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additional softness into his countenance as he was able. My fears were a little quieted, and I was resolved to be very liberal of promises, and hoped so thoroughly to persuade him of my venality that he might without any doubt, be drawn in to wait the captain and crew's return, who would, I was very certain, not only preserve me from his violence, but secure the restoration of what you had been so cruelly robbed of. But, alas! I was mistaken." Mrs. Heartfree again perceiving symptoms of the utmost disquietude in her husband's countenance, cried out; "My dear, don't you apprehend any harm. But, to deliver you as soon as possible from your anxiety,—When he perceived I declined the warmth of his addresses, he begged me to consider; he changed at once his voice and features, and, in a very different tone from what he had hitherto affected, he swore I should not deceive him as I had the captain; that fortune had kindly thrown an opportunity in his way, which he was resolved not foolishly to lose; and concluded with a violent oath that he was determined to enjoy me that moment; and, therefore, I knew the consequence of resistance. He then caught me in his arms, and began such rude attempts, that I screamed out with all the force I could, though I had so little hopes of being rescued, when there suddenly rushed forth from a thicket, a creature, which at his first appearance, and in the hurry of spirits I then was, I did not take for a man; but, indeed, had he been the fiercest of wild beasts, I should have rejoiced at his devouring us both. I scarce perceived he had a musket in his hand before he struck my ravisher such a blow with it that he felled him at my feet. He then advanced with a gentle air towards me, and told me in French he was extremely glad he had been luckily present to my assistance. He was naked, except his middle and his feet, if I can call a body so which was covered with hair almost equal to any beast whatever. Indeed, his appearance was so horrid in my eyes, that the friendship he had shown me, as well as his courteous behaviour, could not entirely remove the dread I had conceived from his figure. I believe he saw this very visibly; for he begged me not

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to be frightened, since, whatever accident had brought me thither, I should have reason to thank heaven for meeting him, at whose hands I might assure myself of the utmost civility and protection. In the midst of all this consternation, I had spirits enough to take up the casket of jewels which the villain, in falling, had dropped out of his hands, and conveyed it into my pocket. My deliverer, telling me that I seemed extremely weak and faint, desired me to refresh myself at his little hut, which he said, was hard by. If his demeanour had been less kind and obliging, my desperate situation must have lent me confidence; for sure the alternative could not be doubtful, whether I should rather trust this man, who, notwithstanding his savage outside, expressed so much devotion to serve me, which at least I was not certain of the falsehood of, or should abide with one whom I so perfectly well knew to be an accomplished villain. I, therefore, committed myself to his guidance though with tears in my eyes, and begged him to have compassion on my innocence, which was absolutely in his power. He said, the treatment he had been witness of, which he supposed was from one, who had broken his trust towards me, sufficiently justified my suspicion; but begged me to dry my eyes, and he would soon convince me, that I was with a man of different sentiments. The kind accents which accompanied these words gave me some comfort, which was assisted by the repossession of our jewels by an accident, strongly savouring of the disposition of Providence in my favour.

"We left the villain weltering in his blood, though beginning to recover a little motion, and walked together to his hut, or rather cave, for it was underground, on the side of a hill; the situation was very pleasant, and, from its mouth, we overlooked a large plain, and the town I had before seen. As soon as I entered it, he desired me to sit down on a bench of earth, which served him for chairs, and then laid before me some fruits, the wild product of that country, one or two of which had an excellent flavour. He likewise produced some baked flesh, a little resembling that

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of venison. He then brought forth a bottle of brandy, which, he said, had remained with him ever since his settling there, now above thirty years; during all which time he had never opened it, his only liquor being water; that he had reserved this bottle as a cordial in sickness; but, he thanked heaven, he had never yet had occasion for it. He then acquainted me, that he was a hermit, that he had been formerly cast away on that coast, with his wife, whom he dearly loved, but could not preserve from perishing; on which account he had resolved never to return to France, which was his native country, but to devote himself to prayer, and a holy life, placing all his hopes in the blessed expectation of meeting that dear woman again in heaven, where, he was convinced, she was now a saint, and an interceder for him. He said he had exchanged a watch with the king of that country, whom he described to be a very just and good man, for a gun, some powder, shot, and ball; with which he sometimes provided himself food, but more generally used it in defending himself against wild beasts; so that his diet was chiefly of the vegetable kind. He told me many more circumstances, which I may relate to you hereafter: but, to be as concise as possible at present, he at length greatly comforted me by promising to conduct me to a sea-port, where I might have an opportunity to meet with some vessels trafficking for slaves: and whence I might once more commit myself to that element, which, though I had already suffered so much on it, I must again trust to put me in possession of all I loved.

"The character he gave me of the inhabitants of the town we saw below us, and of their king, made me desirous of being conducted thither; especially as I very much wished to see the captain and sailors, who had behaved very kindly to me, and with whom, notwithstanding all the civil behaviour of the hermit, I was rather easier in my mind than alone with this single man; but he dissuaded me greatly from attempting such a walk till I had recruited my spirits with rest, desiring me to repose myself on his couch or bank, saying that he himself would retire without

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the cave, where he would remain as my guard. I accepted this kind proposal; but it was long before I could procure any slumber: however, at length, weariness prevailed over my fears, and I enjoyed several hours' sleep. When I awaked I found my faithful sentinel on his post, and ready at my summons. This behaviour infused some confidence into me, and I now repeated my request that he would go with me to the town below; but he answered, It would be better advised to take some repast before I undertook the journey, which I should find much longer than it appeared. I consented, and he set forth a greater variety of fruits than before, of which I eat very plentifully: my collation being ended, I renewed the mention of my walk; but he still persisted in dissuading me, telling me that I was not yet strong enough; that I could repose myself no where with greater safety than in his cave; and that, for his part, he could have no greater happiness than that of attending me, adding, with a sigh, it was a happiness he should envy any other more than all the gifts of fortune. You may imagine I began now to entertain suspicions; but he presently removed all doubt by throwing himself at my feet and expressing the warmest passion for me. I should have now sunk with despair, had he not accompanied these professions with the most vehement protestations that he would never offer me any other force but that of entreaty, and that he would rather die the most cruel death by my coldness than gain the highest bliss by becoming the occasion of a tear of sorrow to these bright eyes, which, he said, were stars, under whose benign influence alone, he could enjoy, or indeed suffer life." She was repeating many more compliments he made her, when a horrid uproar which alarmed the whole gate, put a stop to her narration at present. It is impossible for me to give the reader a better idea of the noise which now arose than by desiring him to imagine I had a hundred tongues the poet once wished for, and was vociferating from them all at once, by holloaing, scolding, crying, swearing, bellowing, and, in short, by every different articulation which is within the scope of the human organ.

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CHAPTER X.

A HORRIBLE UPROAR IN THE GATE.

BUT, however great an idea the reader may hence conceive of this uproar, he will think the occasion more than adequate to it, when he is informed that our hero (I blush to name it), had discovered an injury done to his honour, and that in the tenderest point—In a word, reader (for thou must know it, though it give thee the greatest horror imaginable,) he had caught Fireblood in the arms of his lovely Lætitia.

As the generous bull who, having long depastured among a number of cows, and thence contracted an opinion that these cows are all his own property, if he beholds another bull bestride a cow within his walks, he roars aloud, and threatens instant vengeance with his horns, till the whole parish are alarmed with his bellowing: not with less noise, nor less dreadful menaces, did the fury of Wild burst forth and terrify the whole gate. Long time did rage render his voice inarticulate to the hearer; as, when, at a visiting day, fifteen or sixteen or perhaps twice as many females, of delicate but shrill pipes, ejaculate all at once on different subjects, all is sound only, the harmony entirely melodious indeed, but conveys no idea to our ears; but at length, when reason began to get the better of his passion, which latter, being deserted by his breath, began a little to retreat, the following accents leapt over the hedge of his teeth, or rather the ditch of his gums, whence those hedge-stakes had long since by a patten been displaced in battle with an amazon of Drury.

[1] "—Man of honour! doth this become a friend? Could I have expected such a breach of all the laws of honour from thee, whom I had taught to walk in its paths? Hadst thou chosen any other way to injure my confidence I could have forgiven it; but this is a stab in the tenderest part,

[1] The beginning of this speech is lost.

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a wound never to be healed, an injury never to be repaired: for it is not only the loss of an agreeable companion, of the affection of a wife, dearer to my soul than life itself, it is not this loss alone I lament: this loss is accompanied with disgrace, and with dishonour. The blood of the Wilds, which hath run with such uninterrupted purity through so many generations, this blood is fouled, is contaminated; hence flow my tears, hence arises my grief. This is the injury never to be redressed, nor ever to be with honour forgiven." "My—— in a bandbox," answered Fireblood, "here is a noise about your honour; if the mischief done to your blood be all you complain of, I am sure you complain of nothing; for my blood is as good as yours." "You have no conception," replied Wild, "of the tenderness of honour; you know not how nice and delicate it is in both sexes; so delicate, that the least breath of air which rudely blows on it destroys it." "I will prove from your own words," says Fireblood, "I have not wronged your honour. Have you not often told me, that the honour of a man consisted in receiving no affront from his own sex, and that of woman in receiving no kindness from ours? Now, sir, if I have given you no affront, how have I injured your honour?" "But doth not every thing," cried Wild, "of the wife belong to the husband? A married man, therefore, hath his wife's honour as well as his own, and by injuring hers, you injure his. How cruelly you have hurt me in this tender part I need not repeat; the whole gate knows it, and the world shall. I will apply to Doctors' Commons for my redress against her, I will shake off as much of my dishonour as I can by parting with her; and as for you, expect to hear of me in Westminster Hall; the modern method of repairing these breaches, and of resenting this affront." "D—n your eyes," cries Fireblood, "I fear you not, nor do I believe a word you say." "Nay, if you affront me personally," says Wild, "another sort of resentment is prescribed." At which word, advancing to Fireblood, he presented him with a box on the ear, which the youth immediately returned, and now our hero and his friend fell

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AND NOW OUR HERO AND HIS FRIEND FELL A BOXING.

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to boxing, though with some difficulty, both being encumbered with the chains which they wore between their legs: a few blows passed on both sides, before the gentlemen, who stood by, stepped in and parted the combatants: and now both parties having whispered each other, that, if they outlived the ensuing sessions, and escaped the tree, the one should give, and the other should receive satisfaction in single combat, they separated, and the gate soon recovered its former tranquillity.

Mrs. Heartfree was then desired by the justice and her husband both, to conclude her story, which she did in the words of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CONCLUSION OF MRS. HEARTFREE'S ADVENTURES.

"IF I mistake not, I was interrupted just as I was beginning to repeat some of the compliments made me by the hermit."—"Just as you had finished them, I believe, madam," said the Justice. "Very well, sir," said she, "I am sure I have no pleasure in the repetition. He concluded then with telling me, though I was, in his eyes, the most charming woman in the world, and might tempt a saint to abandon the ways of holiness, yet my beauty inspired him with a much tenderer affection towards me, than to purchase any satisfaction of his own desires with my misery; if therefore I could be so cruel to him as to reject his honest and sincere address, nor could submit to a solitary life with one, who would endeavour, by all possible means, to make me happy, I had no force to dread; for that I was as much at my liberty, as if I was in France, or England, or any other free country. I repulsed him with the same civility with which he advanced; and told him that, as he professed

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great regard to religion, I was convinced he would cease from all farther solicitation, when I informed him, that, if I had no other objection, my own innocence would not admit of my hearing him on this subject, for that I was married.——He started a little at that word, and was for some time silent; but, at length recovering himself, he began to urge the uncertainty of my husband's being alive, and the probability of the contrary; he then spoke of marriage as of a civil policy only; on which head he urged many arguments not worth repeating, and was growing so very eager and importunate, that I know not whither his passion might have hurried him, had not three of the sailors, well armed, appeared at that instant in sight of the cave. I no sooner saw them, than, exulting with the utmost inward joy, I told him my companions were come for me, and that I must now take my leave of him; assuring him, that I would always remember, with the most grateful acknowledgment, the favours I had received at his hands. He fetched a very heavy sigh, and, squeezing me tenderly by the hand, he saluted my lips with a little more eagerness than the European salutations admit of; and told me, he should likewise remember my arrival at his cave to the last day of his life; adding—O that he could there spend the whole in the company of one whose bright eyes had kindled——; but I know you will think, sir, that we women love to repeat the compliments made us, I will therefore omit them. In a word, the sailors being now arrived, I quitted him, with some compassion for the reluctance with which he parted from me, and went forward with my companions.

"We had proceeded but a few paces before one of the sailors said to his comrades; D—n me, Jack, who knows whether yon fellow hath not some good flip in his cave; I innocently answered, the poor wretch had only one bottle of brandy.——Hath he so, cries the sailor, 'Fore George, we will taste it; and so saying they immediately returned back, and myself with them. We found the poor man prostrate on the ground, expressing all the symptoms of misery and

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lamentation. I told him in French (for the sailors could not speak that language,) what they wanted.—He pointed to the place where the bottle was deposited, saying, they were welcome to that, and whatever else he had; and added, he cared not if they took his life also. The sailors searched the whole cave, where finding nothing more which they deemed worth their taking, they walked off with the bottle, and immediately emptying it, without offering me a drop, they proceeded with me towards the town.

"In our way, I observed one whisper another, while he kept his eye steadfastly fixed on me. This gave me some uneasiness; but the other answered, No, d—n me, the captain will never forgive us: besides, we have enough of it among the black women, and, in my mind, one colour is as good as another. This was enough to give me violent apprehensions; but I heard no more of that kind, till we came to the town, where, in about six hours, I arrived in safety.

"As soon as I came to the captain, he inquired what was become of my friend, meaning the villainous Count. When he was informed by me of what had happened, he wished me heartily joy of my delivery, and, expressing the utmost abhorrence of such baseness, swore if ever he met him he would cut his throat; but indeed we both concluded that he had died of the blow which the hermit had given him.

"I was now introduced to the chief magistrate of this country, who was desirous of seeing me. I will give you a short description of him: He was chosen (as is the custom there) for his superior bravery and wisdom. His power is entirely absolute during his continuance; but, on the first deviation from equity and justice, he is liable to be deposed and punished by the people, the elders of whom, once a year, assemble to examine into his conduct. Besides the danger which these examinations, which are very strict, expose him to, his office is of such care and trouble that nothing but that restless love of power, so predominant in the mind of man, could make it the object of desire; for he is indeed the only slave of all the natives of this country.

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He is obliged, in time of peace, to hear the complaint of every person in his dominions, and to render him justice. For which purpose every one may demand an audience of him, unless during the hour which he is allowed for dinner, when he sits alone at the table, and is attended, in the most public manner, with more than European ceremony. This is done to create an awe and respect towards him in the eye of the vulgar; but, lest it should elevate him too much in his own opinion, in order to his humiliation he receives every evening, in private, from a kind of beadle a gentle kick on his posteriors: besides which, he wears a ring in his nose, somewhat resembling that we ring our pigs with, and a chain round his neck, not unlike that worn by our aldermen; both which, I suppose, to be emblematical, but heard not the reasons of either assigned. There are many more particularities among these people, which, when I have an opportunity, I may relate to you. The second day after my return from court, one of his officers, whom they call SCHACH PIMPACH, waited upon me, and, by a French interpreter who lives here, informed me that the chief magistrate liked my person, and offered me an immense present if I would suffer him to enjoy it (this is, it seems, their common form of making love). I rejected the present, and never heard any further solicitation; for, as it is no shame for women here to consent at the first proposal, so they never receive a second.

"I had resided in this town a week, when the captain informed me that a number of slaves, who had been taken captives in war, were to be guarded to the sea side, where they were to be sold to the merchants who traded in them to America; that if I would embrace this opportunity I might assure myself of finding a passage to America, and thence to England; acquainting me at the same time that he himself intended to go with them. I readily agreed to accompany him. The chief, being advertised of our designs, sent for us both to court, and without mentioning a word of love to me, having presented me with a very rich jewel, of less value, he said, than my chastity, took a very civil

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leave, recommending me to the care of heaven, and ordering us a large supply of provisions for our journey.

"We were provided with mules for ourselves and what we carried with us, and, in nine days, reached the sea shore, where we found an English vessel ready to receive both us and the slaves. We went aboard it, and sailed the next day with a fair wind for New England, where I hoped to get an immediate passage to the Old: but Providence was kinder than my expectation; for the third day after we were at sea we met an English man of war homeward bound; the captain of it was a very good-natured man, and agreed to take me on board. I accordingly took my leave of my old friend the master of the shipwrecked vessel, who went on to New England, whence he intended to pass to Jamaica, where his owners lived. I was now treated with great civility, had a little cabin assigned me, and dined every day at the captain's table, who was indeed a very gallant man, and, at first, made me a tender of his affections; but, when he found me resolutely bent to preserve myself pure and entire for the best of husbands, he grew cooler in his addresses, and soon behaved in a manner very pleasing to me, regarding my sex only so far as to pay me a deference, which is very agreeable to us all.

"To conclude my story; I met with no adventure in this passage at all worth relating till my landing at Gravesend, whence the captain brought me in his own boat to the Tower. In a short hour after my arrival we had that meeting, which, however dreadful at first, will, I now hope, by the good offices of the best of men, whom heaven for ever bless, end in our perfect happiness, and be a strong instance of what I am persuaded is the surest truth, THAT PROVIDENCE WILL, SOONER OR LATER, PROCURE THE FELICITY OF THE VIRTUOUS AND INNOCENT."

Mrs. Heartfree thus ended her speech, having before delivered to her husband the jewels which the Count had robbed him of, and that presented her by the African chief, which last was of immense value. The good magistrate was sensibly touched at her narrative, as well on the consideration

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of the sufferings she had herself undergone, as for those of her husband, which he had himself been innocently the instrument of bringing upon him. That worthy man, however, much rejoiced in what he had already done for his preservation, and promised to labour with his utmost interest and industry to procure the absolute pardon, rather of his sentence, than of his guilt, which, he now plainly discovered, was a barbarous and false imputation.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HISTORY RETURNS TO THE CONTEMPLATION OF *GREATNESS.*

BUT we have already perhaps detained our reader too long in this relation from the consideration of our hero, who daily gave the most exalted proofs of greatness in cajoling the *Prigs*, and in exactions on the debtors; which latter now grew so great, *i.e.* corrupted in their morals, that they spoke with the utmost contempt of what the vulgar call Honesty. The greatest character among them was that of a Pickpocket, or, in truer language, a *File;* and the only censure was want of dexterity. As to virtue, goodness, and such like, they were the objects of mirth and derision, and all Newgate was a complete collection of *Prigs*, every man being desirous to pick his neighbour's pocket, and every one was as sensible that his neighbour was as ready to pick his; so that (which is almost incredible) as great roguery was daily committed within the walls of Newgate as without.

The glory resulting from these actions of Wild probably animated the envy of his enemies against him. The day of his trial now approached; for which, as Socrates did, he prepared himself; but not weakly and foolishly, like that philosopher, with patience and resignation; but with a good number of false witnesses. However, as success is not

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always proportioned to the wisdom of him who endeavours to attain it; so are we more sorry than ashamed to relate that our hero was, notwithstanding his utmost caution and prudence, convicted, and sentenced to a death, which, when we consider not only the great men who have suffered it, but the much larger number of those, whose highest honour it hath been to merit it, we cannot call otherwise than Honourable. Indeed those, who have unluckily missed it, seem all their days to have laboured in vain to attain an end, which Fortune, for reasons only known to herself, hath thought proper to deny them. Without any farther preface then, our hero was sentenced to be hanged by the neck: but whatever was to be now his fate, he might console himself that he had perpetrated what

> "——— *Nec Judicis ira, nec ignis,*
> *Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*"

For my own part, I confess, I look on this death of Hanging to be as proper for a Hero as any other; and I solemnly declare that had Alexander the Great been hanged it would not in the least have diminished my respect to his memory. Provided a hero in his life doth but execute a sufficient quantity of mischief; provided he be but well and heartily cursed by the widow, the orphan, the poor, and the oppressed (the sole rewards, as many authors have bitterly lamented both in prose and verse, of greatness, i.e. *Priggism*), I think it avails little of what nature his death be, whether it be by the axe, the halter, or the sword, Such names will be always sure of living to posterity, and of enjoying that fame which they so gloriously and eagerly coveted; for, according to a GREAT Dramatic Poet,

> "——— Fame
> Not more survives from good than evil deeds.
> Th' aspiring youth that fir'd th' Ephesian dome
> Outlives in fame the pious fool who rais'd it."

Our hero now suspected that the malice of his enemies would overpower him. He, therefore, betook himself to that true support of greatness in affliction, a bottle; by

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means of which he was enabled to curse, and swear, and bully, and brave his fate. Other comfort indeed he had not much; for not a single friend ever came near him. His wife, whose trial was deferred to the next sessions, visited him but once, when she plagued, tormented, and upbraided him so cruelly that he forbade the keeper ever to admit her again. The Ordinary of Newgate had frequent conferences with him, and greatly would it embellish our history could we record all which that good man delivered on these occasions; but unhappily we could procure only the substance of a single conference, which was taken down in shorthand by one who overheard it. We shall transcribe it, therefore, exactly in the same form and words we receive it; nor can we help regarding it as one of the most curious pieces which either ancient or modern history hath recorded.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE ORDINARY OF NEWGATE AND MR. JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT: IN WHICH THE SUBJECTS OF DEATH, IMMORTALITY, AND OTHER GRAVE MATTERS, ARE VERY LEARNEDLY HANDLED BY THE FORMER.

ORDINARY. Good morrow to you, sir; I hope you rested well last night.

JONATHAN. D——n'd ill, sir. I dreamt so confoundedly of hanging, that it disturbed my sleep.

ORDINARY. Fie upon it. You should be more resigned. I wish you would make a little better use of those instructions which I have endeavoured to inculcate into you, and particularly last Sunday, and from these words: *Those who do evil shall go into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.* I undertook to show you, first, what is meant by EVERLASTING FIRE; and, secondly, who were THE DEVIL

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AND HIS ANGELS. I then proceeded to draw some inferences from the whole;[1] in which I am mightily deceived if I did not convince you that you yourself was one of those ANGELS; and, consequently, must expect EVERLASTING FIRE to be your portion in the other world.

JONATHAN. Faith, Doctor, I remember very little of your inferences; for I fell asleep soon after your naming your text. But did you preach this doctrine then, or do you repeat it now in order to comfort me?

ORDINARY. I do it in order to bring you to a true sense of your manifold sins, and, by that means, to induce you to repentance. Indeed had I the eloquence of Cicero, or of Tully, it would not be sufficient to describe the pains of hell, or the joys of heaven. The utmost that we are taught is, *that ear hath not heard, nor can heart conceive.* Who then would, for the pitiful consideration of the riches and pleasures of this world, forfeit such inestimable happiness! such joys! such pleasures! such delights! Or who would run the venture of such misery, which, but to think on, shocks the human understanding! Who, in his senses, then, would prefer the latter to the former?

JONATHAN. Ay, who indeed! I assure you, Doctor, I had much rather be happy than miserable. But[2]

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ORDINARY. Nothing can be plainer. St. * *

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[1] He pronounced this word HULL, and perhaps would have spelt it so.

[2] This part was so blotted that it was illegible.

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JONATHAN * * * * * If once convinced * * * * * * * no man * * lives of * * * * * * * * whereas sure the clergy * * opportunity * * * better informed * * * * * * all manner of vice * * * * * * *

ORDINARY. * are * atheist. * * deist * ari * * cinian * hanged * * burnt * * oiled * oasted. * * * dev * * his an * * * ell fire * * ternal da * * * tion.

JONATHAN. You * * * to frighten me out of my wits: But the good * * * is, I doubt not, more merciful than his wicked * * If I should believe all you say, I am sure I should die in inexpressible horror.

ORDINARY. Despair is sinful. You should place your hopes in repentance and grace; and though it is most true that you are in danger of the judgment, yet there is still room for mercy; and no man, unless excommunicated, is absolutely without hopes of a reprieve.

JONATHAN. I am not without hopes of a reprieve from the cheat yet: I have pretty good interest; but, if I cannot obtain it, you shall not frighten me out of my courage. I will not die like a pimp. D—n me, what is death? It is nothing but to be with Platos and with Cæsars,—as the poet says, and all the other great heroes of antiquity.* *

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ORDINARY. Ay, all this is very true; but life is sweet for all that, and I had rather live to eternity than go into the company of any such heathens, who are, I doubt not, in hell with the devil and his angels; and, as little as you seem to apprehend it, you may find yourself there before you expect it. Where then will be your tauntings and your vauntings, your boastings, and your braggings? You will

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then be ready to give more for a drop of water than you ever gave for a bottle of wine.

JONATHAN. Faith, Doctor, well minded. What say you to a bottle of wine?

ORDINARY. I will drink no wine with an atheist. I should expect the devil to make a third in such company; for, since he knows you are his, he may be impatient to have his due.

JONATHAN. It is your business to drink with the wicked, in order to amend them.

ORDINARY. I despair of it; and so I consign you over to the devil, who is ready to receive you.

JONATHAN. You are more unmerciful to me than the judge, Doctor. He recommended my soul to heaven; and it is your office to show me the way thither.

ORDINARY. No; the gates are barred against all revilers of the clergy.

JONATHAN. I revile only the wicked ones, if any such there are, which cannot affect you, who, if men were preferred in the church by merit only, would have long since been a bishop. Indeed, it might raise any good man's indignation to observe one of your vast learning and abilities obliged to exert them in so low a sphere, when so many of your inferiors wallow in wealth and preferment.

ORDINARY. Why, it must be confessed, that there are bad men in all orders; but you should not censure too generally. I must own I might have expected higher promotion; but I have learnt patience and resignation: and I would advise you to the same temper of mind; which if you can attain, I know you will find mercy; nay, I do now promise you, you will. It is true you are a sinner; but your crimes are not of the blackest dye: You are no murderer, nor guilty of sacrilege. And if you are guilty of theft you can make some atonement by suffering for it, which many others do not. Happy is it indeed for those few who are detected in their sins, and brought to exemplary punishment for them in this world. So far, therefore, from repining at your fate when you come to the tree, you should

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exult and rejoice in it: and, to say the truth, I question whether, to a wise man, the catastrophe of many of those who die by a halter is not more to be envied than pitied. Nothing is so sinful as sin, and murder is the greatest of all sins; it follows that whoever commits murder is happy in suffering for it; if therefore a man who commits murder is so happy in dying for it, how much better must it be for you, who have committed a less crime.

JONATHAN. All this is very true; but let us take a bottle of wine to cheer our spirits.

ORDINARY. Why wine? Let me tell you, Mr. Wild, there is nothing so deceitful as the spirits given us by wine. If you must drink, let us have a bowl of punch; a liquor I the rather prefer, as it is no where spoken against in scripture, and as it is more wholesome for the gravel, a distemper with which I am grievously afflicted.

JONATHAN. (Having called for a bowl.) I ask your pardon, Doctor; I should have remembered that punch was your favourite liquor. I think you never taste wine while there is any punch remaining on the table.

ORDINARY. I confess I look on punch to be the more eligible liquor, as well as for the reasons I have before mentioned, as likewise for one other cause, viz. it is the properest for a DRAUGHT. I own I took it a little unkind of you to mention wine, thinking you knew my palate.

JONATHAN. You are in the right; and I will take a swinging cup to your being made a bishop.

ORDINARY. And I will wish you a reprieve in as large a draught. Come, don't despair: It is yet time enough to think of dying; you have good friends, who very probably may prevail for you. I have known many a man reprieved who had less reason to expect it.

JONATHAN. But if I should flatter myself with such hopes, and be deceived, what would then become of my soul?

ORDINARY. Pugh! never mind your soul, leave that to me; I will render a good account of it, I warrant you. I have a sermon in my pocket, which may be of some use to

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you to hear. I do not value myself on the talent of preaching, since no man ought to value himself for any gift in this world:—But, perhaps, there are not many such sermons.—But to proceed, since we have nothing else to do till the punch comes.—My text is the latter part of a verse only.

——— *To the Greeks* FOOLISHNESS.

The occasion of these words was principally that philosophy of the Greeks which at that time had overrun great part of the heathen world, had poisoned, and as it were puffed up their minds with pride, so that they disregarded all kinds of doctrine in comparison of their own; and however safe, and however sound the learning of others might be, yet if it any wise contradicted their own laws, customs, and received opinions, *away with it, it is not for us.* It was to the Greeks FOOLISHNESS.

In the former part, therefore, of my discourse on these words, I shall principally confine myself to the laying open and demonstrating the great emptiness and vanity of this philosophy, with which these idle and absurd sophists were so proudly blown up and elevated.

And here I shall do two things: First, I shall expose the matter; and secondly, the manner of this absurd philosophy.

And first, for the first of these, namely the matter. Now here we may retort the unmannerly word which our adversaries have audaciously thrown in our faces; for what was all this mighty matter of philosophy, this heap of knowledge, which was to bring such large harvests of honour to those who sowed it, and so greatly and nobly to enrich the ground on which it fell; what was it but FOOLISHNESS? An inconsistent heap of nonsense, of absurdities and contradictions, bringing no ornament to the mind in its theory, nor exhibiting any usefulness to the body in its practice. What were all the sermons and the sayings, the fables and the morals of all these wise men, but, to use the word mentioned in my text once more, FOOLISHNESS? What

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was their great master Plato, or their other great light Aristotle? Both fools, mere quibblers and sophists, idly and vainly attached to certain ridiculous notions of their own founded neither on truth nor on reason. Their whole works are a strange medley of the greatest falsehoods, scarce covered over with the colour of truth: Their precepts are neither borrowed from nature, nor guided by reason: mere fictions, serving only to evince the dreadful height of human pride; in one word, FOOLISHNESS. It may be, perhaps, expected of me, that I should give some instances from their works to prove this charge; but, as to transcribe every passage to my purpose would be to transcribe their whole works, and as in such a plentiful crop it is difficult to choose; instead of trespassing on your patience, I shall conclude this first head with asserting what I have so fully proved, and what may indeed be inferred from the text, that the philosophy of the Greeks was FOOLISHNESS.

Proceed we now in the second place, to consider the manner in which this inane and simple doctrine was propagated. And here—But here the punch by entering waked Mr. Wild, who was fast asleep, and put an end to the sermon; nor could we obtain any further account of the conversation which passed at this interview.

CHAPTER XIV.

WILD PROCEEDS TO THE HIGHEST CONSUMMATION OF HUMAN *GREATNESS.*

THE day now drew nigh when our great man was to exemplify the last and noblest act of greatness by which any hero can signalize himself. This was the day of execution, or consummation, or apotheosis (for it is called by different names) which was to give our hero an opportunity of facing death and damnation, without any fear in his heart,

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or, at least, without betraying any symptoms of it in his countenance. A completion of greatness which is heartily to be wished to every great man; nothing being more worthy of lamentation than when fortune, like a lazy poet, winds up her catastrophe awkwardly, and, bestowing too little care on her fifth act, dismisses the hero with a sneaking and private exit, who had in the former part of the drama performed such notable exploits as must promise to every good judge among the spectators a noble, public, and exalted end.

But she was resolved to commit no such error in this instance. Our hero was too much and too deservedly her favourite to be neglected by her in his last moments: accordingly, all efforts for a reprieve were vain, and the name of Wild stood at the head of those who were ordered for execution.

From the time he gave over all hopes of life, his conduct was truly great and admirable. Instead of showing any marks of dejection or contrition, he rather infused more confidence and assurance into his looks. He spent most of his hours in drinking with his friends and with the good man above commemorated. In one of these compotations, being asked whether he was afraid to die, he answered, "D—n me, it is only a dance without music." Another time, when one expressed some sorrow for his misfortune, as he termed it, he said with great fierceness, "A man can die but once." Again, when one of his acquaintance hinted his hopes, that he would die like a man, he cocked his hat in defiance, and cried out greatly, "Zounds! who's afraid?"

Happy would it have been for posterity, could we have retrieved any entire conversation which passed at this season, especially between our hero and his learned comforter; but we have searched many pasteboard records in vain.

On the eve of his apotheosis, Wild's lady desired to see him, to which he consented. This meeting was at first very tender on both sides: but it could not continue so; for unluckily some hints of former miscarriages intervening, as particularly when she asked him how he could have used her

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so barbarously once as calling her b——, and whether such language became a man much less a gentleman, Wild flew into a violent passion, and swore she was the vilest of b——s to upbraid him at such a season with an unguarded word spoke long ago. She replied, with many tears, she was well enough served for her folly in visiting such a brute; but she had one comfort, however, that it would be the last time he could ever treat her so; that indeed she had some obligation to him, for that his cruelty to her would reconcile her to the fate he was to-morrow to suffer; and, indeed, nothing but such brutality could have made the consideration of his shameful death (so this weak woman called hanging) which was now inevitable, to be borne even without madness. She then proceeded to a recapitulation of his faults in an exacter order and with more perfect memory than one would have imagined her capable of; and, it is probable, would have rehearsed a complete catalogue, had not our hero's patience failed him, so that with the utmost fury and violence he caught her by the hair and kicked her as heartily as his chains would suffer him out of the room.

At length the morning came, which fortune at his birth had resolutely ordained for the consummation of our hero's GREATNESS: he had himself indeed modestly declined the public honours she intended him, and had taken a quantity of laudanum, in order to retire quietly off the stage; but we have already observed, in the course of our wonderful history, that to struggle against this lady's decrees is vain and impotent: and, whether she had determined you shall be hanged or be a prime minister, it is in either case lost labour to resist. Laudanum, therefore, being unable to stop the breath of our hero, which the fruit of hemp-seed, and not the spirit of poppy-seed, was to overcome, he was at the usual hour attended by the proper gentlemen appointed for that purpose, and acquainted that the cart was ready. On this occasion he exerted that greatness of courage which hath been so much celebrated in other heroes: and, knowing it was impossible to resist, he gravely declared he would attend them. He then descended to that room where the

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fetters of great men are knocked off in a most solemn and ceremonious manner. Then, shaking hands with his friends, (to wit, those who were conducting him to the tree,) and drinking their healths in a bumper of brandy, he ascended the cart, where he was no sooner seated, than he received the acclamations of the multitude, who were highly ravished with his GREATNESS.

The cart now moved slowly on, being preceded by a troop of horse-guards bearing javelins in their hands, through streets lined with crowds, all admiring the great behaviour of our hero, who rode on sometimes sighing, sometimes swearing, sometimes singing or whistling, as his humour varied.

When he came to the tree of glory he was welcomed with an universal shout of the people, who were there assembled in prodigious numbers to behold a sight much more rare in populous cities than one would reasonably imagine it should be, viz., the proper catastrophe of a great man.

But, though envy was, through fear, obliged to join the general voice in applause on this occasion, there were not wanting some who maligned this completion of glory, which was now about to be fulfilled to our hero, and endeavoured to prevent it by knocking him on the head as he stood under the tree, while the ordinary was performing his last office. They therefore began to batter the cart with stones, brick-bats, dirt, and all manner of mischievous weapons, some of which, erroneously playing on the robes of the ecclesiastic, made him so expeditious in his repetition, that with wonderful alacrity he had ended almost in an instant, and conveyed himself into a place of safety in a hackney coach, where he waited the conclusion with a temper of mind described in these verses,

> "*Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,*
> *E terra alterius magnum spectare laborem.*"

We must not, however, omit one circumstance, as it serves to show the most admirable conservation of character in our hero to his last moment, which was, that whilst

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the ordinary was busy in his ejaculations, Wild in the midst of the shower of stones, &c. which played upon him, applied his hands to the parson's pocket, and emptied it of his bottle-screw, which he carried out of the world in his hand.

The ordinary being now descended from the cart, Wild had just opportunity to cast his eyes around the crowd, and to give them a hearty curse, when immediately the horses moved on, and with universal applause our hero swung out of this world.

Thus fell Jonathan Wild the GREAT, by a death as glorious as his life had been, and which was so truly agreeable to it, that the latter must have been deplorably maimed and imperfect without the former; a death which hath been alone wanting to complete the characters of several ancient and modern heroes, whose histories then would have been read with much greater pleasure by the wisest in all ages. Indeed we could almost wish, that, whenever Fortune seems wantonly to deviate from her purpose, and leaves her work imperfect in this particular, the historian would indulge himself in the license of poetry and romance, and even do a violence to truth, to oblige his reader with a page which must be the most delightful in all the history, and which could never fail of producing an instructive moral.

Narrow minds may possibly have some reason to be ashamed of going this way out of the world, if their consciences can fly in their faces, and assure them they have not merited such an honour; but he must be a fool who is ashamed of being hanged, who is not weak enough to be ashamed of having deserved it.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE CHARACTER OF OUR HERO, AND THE CONCLUSION OF THIS HISTORY.

WE will now endeavour to draw the character of this Great Man; and, by bringing together those several features as it were of his mind, which lie scattered up and down in this history, to present our readers with a perfect picture of greatness.

Jonathan Wild had every qualification necessary to form a great man. As his most powerful and predominant passion was ambition, so nature had, with consummate propriety, adapted all his faculties to the attaining those glorious ends to which this passion directed him. He was extremely ingenious in inventing designs, artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes, and resolute in executing them: for as the most exquisite cunning, and most undaunted boldness qualified him for any undertaking, so was he not restrained by any of those weaknesses which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls, and which are comprehended in one general term of honesty, which is a corruption of HONOSTY, a word derived from what the Greeks call an Ass. He was entirely free from those low vices of modesty and good-nature, which, as he said, implied a total negation of human greatness, and were the only qualities which absolutely rendered a man incapable of making a considerable figure in the world. His lust was inferior only to his ambition; but, as for what simple people call love, he knew not what it was. His avarice was immense; but it was of the rapacious, not of the tenacious kind; his rapaciousness was indeed so violent, that nothing ever contented him but the whole; for, however considerable the share was, which his coadjutors allowed him of a booty, he was restless in inventing means to make himself master of the smallest pittance reserved by them. He said laws were made for the use of *Prigs* only, and to secure their property; they

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were never therefore more perverted than when their edge was turned against these; but that this generally happened through their want of sufficient dexterity. The character which he most valued himself upon, and which he principally honoured in others, was that of hypocrisy. His opinion was, that no one could carry *Priggism* very far without it; for which reason, he said, there was little greatness to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices; but always much to be hoped from him who professed great virtues; wherefore, though he would always shun the person whom he discovered guilty of a good action, yet he was never deterred by a good character, which was more commonly the effect of profession than of action: for which reason, he himself was always very liberal of honest professions, and had as much virtue and goodness in his mouth as a saint; never in the least scrupling to swear by his honour, even to those who knew him the best; nay, though he held good-nature and modesty in the highest contempt, he constantly practised the affectation of both, and recommended this to others, whose welfare, on his own account, he wished well to. He laid down several maxims, as the certain methods of attaining greatness, to which, in his own pursuit of it, he constantly adhered. As,

1. Never to do more mischief to another, than was necessary to the effecting his purpose; for that mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away.
2. To know no distinction of men from affection; but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to his interest.
3. Never to communicate more of an affair than was necessary to the person who was to execute it.
4. Not to trust him who hath deceived you, nor who knows he hath been deceived by you.
5. To forgive no enemy; but to be cautious and often dilatory in revenge.
6. To shun poverty and distress, and to ally himself as close as possible to power and riches.
7. To maintain a constant gravity in his countenance and behaviour, and to affect wisdom on all occasions.

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8. To foment eternal jealousies in his gang, one of another.
9. Never to reward any one equal to his merit; but always to insinuate that the reward was above it.
10. That all men were knaves or fools, and much the greater number a composition of both.
11. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the owner any advantage.
12. That virtues, like precious stones, were easily counterfeited; that the counterfeits in both cases adorned the wearer equally, and that very few had knowledge or discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real.
13. That many men were undone by not going deep enough in roguery; as in gaming any man may be a loser who doth not play the whole game.
14. That men proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them.
15. That the heart was the proper seat of hatred, and the countenance of affection and friendship.

He had many more of the same kind, all equally good with these, and which were after his decease found in his study, as the twelve excellent and celebrated rules were in that of King Charles the First; for he never promulgated them in his lifetime, not having them constantly in his mouth, as some grave persons have the rules of virtue and morality, without paying the least regard to them in their actions: whereas our hero, by a constant and steady adherence to his rules in conforming every thing he did to them, acquired at length a settled habit of walking by them, till at last he was in no danger of inadvertently going out of the way; and by these means he arrived at that degree of greatness which few have equalled; none, we may say, have exceeded: for, though it must be allowed that there have been some few heroes, who have done greater mischiefs to mankind, such as those who have betrayed the liberty of

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their country to others, or have undermined and overpowered it themselves; or conquerors who have impoverished, pillaged, sacked, burnt, and destroyed the countries and cities of their fellow-creatures, from no other provocation than that of glory; *i.e.* as the tragic poet calls it,

> "——— a privilege to kill,
> A strong temptation to do bravely ill;"

yet if we consider it in the light wherein actions are placed in this line,

> "*Lætius est, quoties magno tibi constat honestum*,"

when we see our hero, without the least assistance or pretence, setting himself at the head of a gang, which he had not any shadow of right to govern; if we view him maintaining absolute power, and exercising tyranny over a lawless crew, contrary to all law, but that of his own will: if we consider him setting up an open trade publicly; in defiance, not only of the laws of his country, but of the common sense of his countrymen; if we see him first contriving the robbery of others, and again the defrauding the very robbers of that booty, which they had ventured their necks to acquire, and which without any hazard they might have retained: here sure he must appear admirable, and we may challenge not only the truth of history, but almost the latitude of fiction to equal his glory.

Nor had he any of those flaws in his character, which, though they have been commended by weak writers, have (as I hinted in the beginning of this history) by the judicious reader been censured and despised. Such was the clemency of Alexander and Cæsar, which nature had so grossly erred in giving them, as a painter would, who should dress a peasant in robes of state, or give the nose, or any other feature of a Venus, to a satyr. What had the destroyers of mankind, that glorious pair, one of whom came into the

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world to usurp the dominion, and abolish the constitution of his own country; the other to conquer, enslave, and rule over the whole world, at least as much as was well known to him, and the shortness of his life would give him leave to visit; what had, I say, such as these to do with clemency? Who cannot see the absurdity and contradiction of mixing such an ingredient with those noble and great qualities I have before mentioned. Now, in Wild every thing was truly great, almost without alloy, as his imperfections (for surely some small ones he had) were only such as served to denominate him a human creature, of which kind none ever arrived at consummate excellence: but surely his whole behaviour to his friend Heartfree is a convincing proof that the true iron or steel greatness of his heart was not debased by any softer metal. Indeed, while greatness consists in power, pride, insolence, and doing mischief to mankind;—to speak out—while a great man and a great rogue are synonymous terms, so long shall Wild stand unrivalled on the pinnacle of GREATNESS. Nor indeed must we omit here, as the finishing of his character, what indeed ought to be remembered on his tomb or his statue, the conformity above mentioned of his death to his life; and that Jonathan Wild the Great, after all his mighty exploits, was, what so few GREAT men can accomplish—hanged by the neck till he was dead.

Having thus brought our hero to his conclusion, it may be satisfactory to some readers (for many, I doubt not, carry their concern no farther than his fate) to know what became of Heartfree. We shall acquaint them, therefore, that his sufferings were now at an end; that the good magistrate easily prevailed for his pardon, nor was contented till he had made him all the reparation he could for his troubles, though the share he had in bringing these upon him was not only innocent, but, from its motive, laudable. He procured the restoration of the jewels from the man of war, at her return to England, and, above all, omitted no labour to restore Heartfree to his reputation, and to persuade his neighbours, acquaintance, and customers of his innocence.

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When the commission of bankruptcy was satisfied, Heartfree had a considerable sum remaining; for the diamond presented to his wife was of prodigious value, and infinitely recompensed the loss of those jewels which Miss Straddle had disposed of. He now set up again in his trade; compassion for his unmerited misfortunes brought him many customers among those who had any regard to humanity; and he hath, by industry joined with parsimony, amassed a considerable fortune. His wife and he are now grown old in the purest love and friendship; but never had another child. Friendly married his elder daughter at the age of nineteen, and became his partner in trade. As to the younger, she never would listen to the addresses of any lover, not even of a young nobleman, who offered to take her with two thousand pounds, which her father would have willingly produced, and indeed did his utmost to persuade her to the match: but she refused absolutely, nor would give any other reason when Heartfree pressed her, than that she had dedicated her days to his service, and was resolved no other duty should interfere with that which she owed the best of fathers, nor prevent her from being the nurse of his old age.

Thus Heartfree, his wife, his two daughters, his son-in-law, and his grandchildren, of which he hath several, live all together in one house; and that with such amity and affection towards each other, that they are in the neighbourhood called the family of love.

As to all the other persons mentioned in this history, in the light of greatness, they had all the fate adapted to it, being every one hanged by the neck, save two, viz. Miss Theodosia Snap, who was transported to America, where she was pretty well married, reformed, and made a good wife; and the Count, who recovered of the wound he had received from the hermit and made his escape into France, where he committed a robbery, was taken, and broke on the wheel.

Indeed, whoever considers the common fate of great men must allow they well deserve, and hardly earn that applause

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which is given them by the world; for, when we reflect on the labours and pains, the cares, disquietudes, and dangers which attend their road to greatness, we may say with the divine, *that a man may go to heaven with half the pains which it costs him to purchase hell.* To say the truth, the world have this reason at least to honour such characters as that of Wild: that while it is in the power of every man to be perfectly honest, not one in a thousand is capable of being a complete rogue; and few indeed there are, who, if they were inspired with the vanity of imitating our hero, would not after much fruitless pains be obliged to own themselves inferior to Mr. JONATHAN WILD the GREAT.

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ARTICLES IN

THE CHAMPION

WRITTEN BY

HENRY FIELDING

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ARTICLES IN

THE CHAMPION

WRITTEN BY

HENRY FIELDING

TUESDAY, *November* 27, 1739.

——"*Nescis dominæ fastidia Romæ:*
Crede mihi, nimium martia turba sapit.
Majores nusquam ronchi: juvenesque, senesque,
Et pueri nasum rhinocerotis habent."—MART.

THERE are two sorts of persons, who may, in some sense, be said to feed on the breath which goeth out of the mouth of man; namely, the soldier and the author. But here I would not be understood to mean, by soldier, such wise military men, who justly despising this thin diet, are content to receive from five hundred to two thousand pounds a year, for appearing now and then in a red coat with a sash, in the parks and market-places of this kingdom, and who never saw an enemy, unless the old officers and soldiers of their own regiments, who disdain to have such commanders at their head; nor, by authors, would I be supposed to cast any reflection on such as have found a method by panegyric, to cram themselves with more substantial food. The kind of

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persons here hinted at may be seen in St. James's Park in a foggy morning in shabby red and black coats, with open mouths eagerly devouring the fog for breakfast. Such soldiers as an acquaintance of mine, who, after he had served many campaigns in Flanders, and been wounded in Spain, with a generous heart and an empty pocket died in the King's Bench; and such authors as Butler, who, after he had published his inimitable Hudibras, was starved to death in a garret.

Now what did these obtain, or what can their followers promise themselves besides fame, which is but the breath of man? A dainty, however unsubstantial, on which Horace assures us a poet will grow extremely fat.

"*Palma negata macrum donata reducit opimum.*"

Here I am aware, it will be objected, that I confer this reward too soon, and the same epistle of Horace, with Dr. Bentley's Ingentia Fata, will be produced against me, and many other authorities, to prove that they taste not this delicacy till after their death: for which reason it may be told me I should have imitated the style of the author of Tom Thumb,[1] and asserted that there were the ghosts of two sorts of persons, &c., who fed on the breath of man. To which I only answer, that though envy, which, according to Ovid, only preys on the living, may have robbed some of their just fame during their lives; yet several instances may be produced to the contrary. That verse of the poet:

"*Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores,*"

may have been applied to many more than him for whom it was first intended. But those who do not care to allow any praise to a living author, may if they please consider him as feeding on the hopes of it; the one being almost as substantial as the other.

Indeed the soldier is in this point happier than the poet, as he generally receives his portion of fame sooner. Alexander

[1] An author who dealt so much in ghosts, that he is said to have spoiled the Haymarket stage, by cutting it all into trap-doors.

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had the immediate honours of his victories, and perhaps much more than they deserved; but poor Homer was, during his life, reputed little better than a ballad-singer; and Plutarch, in the Life of Lycurgus, tells us, that his poems were scarce heard of in Greece till many years after his death. Yet the poet hath some advantage in his turn; for his works, if not his name, will outlive the others; to which we may add Sir William Temple's observation, that the world hath produced a thousand equal to Alexander, but scarce one capable of writing an Iliad.

But to drop the soldier, with whom we have no more to do at present, and stick to the author. If fame be, as I have said, his food (and perhaps in a literal sense it may be often so called), how cruel must they be, who rashly, inconsiderately, and often wantonly take the bread out of his mouth, since it seldom happens that they are such as can ever put it into their own?

This is a cruelty of which all the good writers, from the days of Horace to the present time, have complained, and for which bad authors have in all ages been stigmatized; some of whom, like the wretch who burnt the temple at Ephesus, have been immortalised for their infamy, and owed such their immortality, to those very poets whom they have traduced. Thus Virgil hath recorded the names of Mævius and Bavius; and thus Pope (whose works will be coeval with the language in which they are writ) hath condescended to transmit to posterity many heroical persons, who, without his kind assistance, would have never been known to have dared lift their pens against the greatest poet of his time. Bad writers therefore seem to have a sort of prescriptive privilege to abuse good ones; in which I the rather indulge them for the great inoffensiveness thereof; such calumny being seldom read, and never believed.

Leaving, therefore, all such as utterly incorrigible, I shall here address myself only to those who never have nor ever intend to write, and consequently can propose no interest in ruining the reputation of those who do. I would recommend to all persons (except bad writers) to be extremely cautious

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in the use of the words "low, dull, stupid, sad stuff, Grub Street, &c.," which, with some few more, I wish heartily were banished out of our language, and that it was reckoned as certain a mark of folly to use them, as it would be of indecency to use some others. Though I must own at the same time, this might be as fatal to criticism, as the banishment of indecent words hath been to gallantry; and that some persons of admired judgment would be as hard put to it to talk critically without the one, as some noted beaus are to talk wantonly without the other.

I should be sorry to think there was in mankind the principle pointed at in the following lines, which I have taken from a poem not yet communicated to the public—

> "Nor in the tiger's cave, nor lion's den,
> Dwells our malignity. For selfish men,
> The gift of fame like that of money deem;
> And think they lose, whene'er they give esteem."

I rather impute unjust censure to ignorance than malice, and very sincerely believe men when they say "I don't understand a word of all this;" which they may probably say with great truth of the whole Iliad. And one may apply to these persons what Dacier said of a French critic, who abused the last mentioned poem, "That he found it more easy to censure him than to read him."

However, as it is certain they are not always understood in this light, and that the emptiest fellows have sometimes done harm (as my bookseller terms it) to the sale of a work, I shall, as a terror to all such persons, as well as an information to those who have been abused by them, communicate to the public the opinion of Mr. Counsellor Vinegar, on the following case.

Q. If a man says of an author that he is dull, or hath no wit (seeing that wit is his property, according to a noble lord who hath more of that property than any man), will not an action lie for the said author?

1737

Moy semble quod si ascun dit de J. S. etant un poete quod est dull. Action bien bolt gyser et le resolution de le case, 1 R. A. 55 S. 16. Bien

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agree obe ceo abiaction fuit port per un apprentice del ley et plt declare quod deft aboit dit de luy quod est dunce, and will get nothing by the law. Et le opinion del court, fuit quod action bien gist, car home poet estre heabie et nemy tam pregnant come ascuns auters sont et encore un bon lawyer. Mes quia il aboit dit que il ne boet get ascun chose per la ley. Action gist. Sic icy car si poete soit heabit on dull non bolt gett ascun chose en le world.

WIL. VINEGAR.

But, in the mean time, as such action may not be soon brought or soon decided, it may be proper to put some immediate stop to the present currency of criticism. In order thereto, having consulted with the elders of my family, I have determined, by virtue of that authority with which I have invested myself, to lay down some qualifications, without which no person shall henceforth presume to censure any performance whatever.

And here he, who shall consider the derivation of this word criticism, which is from a Greek word, implying no less than judgment, or shall reflect on the vast abilities which have been possest by the professors of this art, and what hath been required by those who have given rules for it, particularly Mr. Pope in his most excellent essay thereon:

> "Let those teach others who themselves excell,
> And censure freely who have written well."

And in many other places of that charming poem, he I say, who will weigh all these particulars, will doubtless think me extremely reasonable in the following particulars.

First. I expect henceforward, that no person whatever, be his qualifications what they will, presume to give his opinion against any literary production, without having first read one word of it.

Secondly. That no man under the age of fourteen, shall be entitled to give a definitive opinion (unless in the play-house).

Thirdly. That no person shall be allowed to be a perfect judge in any work of learning, who hath not advanced as far as the end of the accidence; unless at the coffee-houses

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west of Charing Cross, where such deficiencies shall be supplied by a proper quantity of lace and embroidery.

As to prejudice, I mention it not, seeing that the only persons in whom we can suspect so base a motive, are either those authors before-mentioned, who have my leave to abuse me or any one else as much as they please, or such as are sworn enemies to all literature in general, and have entered into bonds among themselves, to give no encouragement to any genius whatever. Of some of whom I have lately heard, and may possibly describe to the public, that whatever they hereafter say may go for nothing.

Lastly, It being well known that some men have a way of communicating their critical sentiments by winks, nods, smiles, frowns, and other signs and tokens, without the assistance of speech; and having heard of a certain person in this kingdom, whose nod could convey more meaning than the most significant words of any other, I prohibit all people of no consequence from using any of these signs, and do expressly forbid any man hereafter to shake his head, who is universally known among his acquaintance to have nothing in it.

TUESDAY, *December* 4, 1739.

"*Ploravere suis non respondere favorem speratum meritis.*"—HOR.

AT my return home last night, I was surprised to find the following memorial from my bookseller:

TO CAPTAIN HERCULES VINEGAR.

MAY it please your mightiness,—Humbly complaining, showeth unto your mightiness, your bookseller, A. Moore, of —— near St. Paul's, in the city of London: That, notwithstanding your late order, in your Champion, No. 6, several evil-minded persons calling themselves critics (though by no means qualified according to the rules you have been pleased to lay down),

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continue to vilify and asperse the writings of your mightiness, and to apply to them certain forbidden words, which your bookseller dares not repeat. And first, your bookseller humbly represents, that he did on Thursday last hear one critical person (not qualified as above) openly declare in a certain coffee-house, where the Champion lay on the table: That the essay therein was stolen from the Spectator, and he farther represents that he did hear one other critical person at the same time affirm, that the said essay was stolen from the Tatler; and one other critical person very scornfully assert, that the said essay was dull, and that nothing so sad was ever writ before, or words to that effect. And farther, your bookseller humbly represents to your mightiness, that your said paper hath been treated with more contempt than a Gazetteer, particularly at a certain coffee-house near Charing Cross, where it was refused to be received gratis, and scornfully thrown out of the doors; fearing, as your bookseller apprehends, lest some person of good sense, who frequented the house, might insist on its being taken in hereafter. And farther, your bookseller represents, that an universal objection is made to your title, by such as allow a great deal of merit to your paper, and he humbly hopes to be pardoned when he represents to your mightiness that some dislike the word Champion, some Hercules Vinegar, and some Hockley in the Hole; and your bookseller farther showeth, that he hath seen several persons shake their heads (who by your late order are by no means entitled to make any such motion) and to hint that your mightiness is not bold enough. On which account he humbly begs leave to suggest to your mightiness, that you would take this last objection into your consideration, seeing that he can assure you from experience, that wit and humour are too luscious, and will pall the appetite without a little of the acid mixt with them. And he begs leave to declare, that he would not have engaged in this undertaking, had he not promised to himself that your mightiness would lay about you without fear or favour. In order to which, he hath ordered his printer to provide himself with great quantities of dashes to keep the first and

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last letter of proper names and other words asunder, as R——t M——r; and a large fund of Italian character. As for instance, *He farther begs leave (as an encouragement) to represent to you the great lenity of the adminstration, who have never punished any libels against them, unless by breaking the press to pieces, pillory, fine, and imprisonment;* the three last of which he apprehends to be very lawful methods, and (one of them at least) invented, as he conceives, for the benefit and advantage of booksellers, whose copies never fail to sell well, when they have been advertised in the pillory; and he would be very sorry it could with probability be insinuated among those of his profession, that he stood in any fear thereof, or ashamed to follow the steps of those glorious heroes, whose works have been published in that manner. He therefore humbly begs, that your mightiness would infuse gall in your ink, and, instead of morality, wit, and humour, deal forth private slander and abuse, on which account,

Your Petitioner,
As in duty bound,
Shall ever pray.

I shall subjoin two letters, which seem to agree with the allegations above mentioned.

TO CAPTAIN VINEGAR.

SIR,—It is very hard upon me to be obliged by my customers to take in your paper, having before been at the constant expense (beside the Craftsman and Common Sense; for which a man does not grudge his money) of the Universal Spectator, the Weekly Miscellany, the London Evening Post, the St. James's Evening Post, the Whitehall Evening Post, the Daily Advertiser, the London Daily Post, Daily Post, &c. &c. I therefore desire you would either write no more, or write away all the rest.

I am,
Your Humble Servant,
TOM COFFEE.

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TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BRITISH MERCURY.

SIR,—Though I disliked your first setting out with a description of a set of low characters, yet, as I have since discovered something more in you than is to be found in those heaps of rubbish the daily newspapers, I have ordered you to be admitted into my house, and have banished all the other papers (except the Craftsman and Common Sense) for ever from my doors. I am much pleased with your method of ranging your domestic matters under certain heads, by which we are informed what degree of credit to afford each particular. As to your essays, I should like them better if they were less ludicrous. But why Champion and Vinegar, and stuff? If you will not acquaint us with your own name, why not subscribe Alg. Sidney, or Osborne, or Walsingham, or some other grave man's which might avoid the least appearance of a jest. I hate all wit and humour, and such nonsense. I love to be grave and wise. Retain therefore the simple title only to which I have directed this letter, and you will oblige

Your humble servant,
PAUL SERIOUS.

Plutarch, in the Life of Lysander, records of Plato, that when a certain poet of his time, named Antimachus, expressed some concern at not having been rewarded according to his merits, that philosopher endeavoured to comfort him, by representing the neglect to be a less misfortune to the poet, than ignorance was to his judges, who did not understand him enough to taste his perfections.

Horace is so far from fearing the censure of the illiterate rabble, that he esteemed it laudable not to endeavour to please them, but rather to be content with few readers; and declares himself of the same opinion with the Roman actress, who was satisfied with the applause of one polite judge in opposition to the hisses of the whole house beside. To which I shall add what Madame Dacier used to say among her acquaintance, namely, that she writ only to a dozen

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people in France; the reason of the contempt, which these great writers had for popular fame, seems to be given by St. Evremont, in his Observations of Taste. "Seeing (says he) that good judges are as scarce as good authors, and that discernment is as rarely found in the one, as genius in the other, each person endeavouring to cry up what pleases him; it comes to pass, that the multitude give a reputation to such compositions as suit with their bad taste or mean capacity." And a little after he adds, "That the ignorant and prepossessed multitude stifles the small number of real and good judges." I shall conclude this head with these beautiful lines of Mr. Pope, where envy is represented attending merit, as necessarily as the shadow does the substance:

> "Pride, malice, folly against Dryden rose,
> In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaus.
> But sense survived, when merry jests were past,
> For rising merit will buoy up at last.
> Might he return and bless once more our eyes,
> New Blackmore's and new Milbourne's must arise.
> Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
> Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
> Envy will merit, as its shade pursue,
> But, like a shadow, proves the substance true."

As to the objection made to my title, which is hinted at in my bookseller's memorial, as well as by Mr. Paul Serious, it seems to betray such an inclination to cavil, and is at the same time so absurd, that it scarce deserves an answer. It is methinks of a piece with the surliness of those angry gentlemen, who once infested this town, and were wont to take a dislike to a man's face; or to the antipathy of that whimsical person, who sickened at a tavern, because there was a cat painted on a sign. If these cavillers were much acquainted with history, they would know many instances where great talents have been concealed under mean and contemptible appearances; perhaps (as Livy says of Junius Brutus, that he was *longe alius ingenio quam cujus simulationem induerat*). I am a person of more consequence than I appear to be, and may have dated these papers from

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Hockley in the Hole, as a propitiation to that beautiful goddess of envy, whom I have before mentioned (as the ancients sacrificed to Nemesis, another deity of the same family) that the humbleness of my situation might lessen the malevolence which might attend my abilities; nay, perhaps, I may have deeper reasons still, which, as I shall not yet discover, it will be in vain for any one, who can't cast a figure, to trouble his head about.

The objection of Tom Coffee is of more weight. The great expense of such a variety of newspapers is certainly an intolerable burthen to those of his trade. But no body expects them to take in these wares by the gross. No, let them only make their choice with judgment, and their customers will be pleased, their expense will be moderate, and the Champion will have no reason to court their favour.

THURSDAY, *December* 6, 1739.

"Omnium vocibus fortuna sola invocatur, una accusatur, una laudatur, sola arguitur, et cum conviciis colitur. Cæca etiam, et inconstans, et indignorum, fautrix existimata, in tôta ratione mortalium sola utramque paginam facit."—PLIN. l. 2, c. 7.

PLATO, in his Commonwealth, pays such a religious respect to chance or fortune, that he would institute a method of marrying by lottery; and declares for breeding up no other children, on the public account, than such as were begot in this manner; imagining, I suppose, that fortune would especially preside over that genial bed which she herself had constituted. I shall not hear comment on this opinion, which to some may appear ridiculous enough, but it is certain the ancients held this deity in much greater estimation than we at present do. The Romans consecrated a temple to this goddess: and it was represented as most impious blasphemy in that general, who, being unwilling to share the glory of a victory, very confidently affirmed that fortune had nothing to

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do in it; after which the historian observes, he never succeeded in any future action.

I have often thought it a blemish in the works of Tacitus, that he ascribes so little to the interposition of this invincible being; but, on the contrary, makes the event of almost every scheme to depend on a wise design, and proper measures taken to accomplish it; by which means I am much deceived, if he hath not given more foresight to the politics of Tiberius, than that prince really had: most of the later political writers have inclined to his opinion; and the great Richelieu held it in so extravagant a degree, that it is well known he struck the word "unfortunate" out of his dictionary, affirming that every man succeeded well or ill, according as his conduct was right or wrong.

For my own part, I differ so entirely from these great men, that I imagine wisdom to be of very little consequence in the affairs of this world: human life appears to me to resemble the game of hazard, much more than that of chess; in which latter, among good players, one false step must infallibly lose the game; whereas, in the former, the worst that can happen is to have the odds against you, which are never more than two to one; and we often see a blundering fellow, who scarce knows on which side the odds are, dribble out his bad chance upon the table, and sweep the whole board; while the wisest players, and those who stick close to the rule, lift up their eyes and curse the dice.

Machiavelli tells us, that men are not much to be blamed or praised for their adversity or prosperity, it being frequently seen that some are driven into ruin, and others promoted to great honour by the impulse of their fate; and wisdom is as little able to prevent the misfortune of the one, as folly is the advancement and happiness of the other.

Frequent instances must occur to every man's memory, who hath had the least experience in life of the wonderful effects of chance; the best physicians will own, that, after a disease hath eluded all their efforts, an old woman, or a quack, have sometimes restor'd the patient; nay, the sick man himself

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hath procured his recovery, by means which the whole faculty would have judged must have necessarily produced his immediate dissolution. Dr. Baynard, in his treatise on cold baths, gives an account of a person who, in a light-headed fit of a fever, escaped from his nurse, and plunged himself into a horse-pond; and by this strange method saved his life, when he had been given over by his doctors.

The great judge Jeffries, (following I suppose the opinion of Plato) is reported on his return from the west, where he had left several hundred wretches under condemnation, to put the decision of their guilt on chance, and to have determined which were the proper objects of his mercy, by the casting of dice; a custom which, they say, still prevails in martial executions; it being usual where two or more are sentenced to die, and one only is to be made an example, for the prisoners to decide by lots which most deserves to be shot; and this method of trial (however absurd it may seem) was derived, I apprehend, from our Saxon ancestors, of whom we read that they used to decide all controversies by lots; (the method whereof the curious may see in the description of Germany, given by Tacitus) a custom which seems to be preserved in an old English play, or gambol, celebrated yearly on the Epiphany, or Twelfth Day, wherein a king, a queen, a knave, and a fool are created by blind chance.

But as Juvenal says,

——"*Ex humili magna ad fastidia rerum*
Extollit, quoties voluit fortuna jocari."

Fortune often picks a great man, in jest, out of the lowest of the people. Men have often acquired greatness and riches, by ways visibly leading to disgrace and ruin: the famous Blood promoted himself to the favour of King Charles II. by stealing his crown; an instance not so astonishing to one well read in the ancient English history, where it seems the constant doctrine of royal favourites to deserve their master's affection, by rendering him jealous of,

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and odious to his people. Methods, which have been more effectual than Blood's was, to steal away his crown!

Whoever considers the former part of the life of Oliver Cromwell, may perceive a much greater probability of his ending his days in a gaol, than in a palace at the head of the nation. He is reported, in his youth, to have ruined his paternal estate by his vicious and disorderly courses; nor did he, at his first appearance in parliament, make any extraordinary figure, nor discover any of those talents, which generally gain applause, and work on the affections of the hearers: the first apopthegm, which is recorded of him carries no great weight with it; namely, to a discourse with Sir Thomas Chichley, and Mr. Warwick, he is said to have uttered these words, "I can tell you, sirs, what I would not have, though I cannot tell what I would;" and, perhaps, he, at that time, knew no more the one than the other. He certainly had very little hand in procuring the war, of which he afterwards made so glorious a use; indeed, he seems to have had a wonderful address in turning the wise schemes and actions of others to his own honour and advantage; but as these could not be attributed to his own foresight, so might chance have favoured him in those opportunities of working his own ends out of them. As to the great victories obtained by Blake, they are, as Mr. Cowley well observes, to be ascribed rather to that admiral, than to the protector; that over the Dutch especially, the greatest of them all: for my Lord Clarendon tells us that Cromwell had no inclination to that quarrel, which was rather St. John's than Cromwell's war: besides, as that author adds, "He well discerned that all parties, friends and foes, Presbyterians, Independents, Levellers, were all united as to the carrying on the war, which he thought could proceed from nothing but that the excess of the expense might make it necessary to disband a great part of the land army, of which there appeared no use, to support the navy, which they could not now be without; so that, I think, his greatest admirers could not fix any of the laurels, gained in this naval war, on him."

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I own, indeed, he arrived at a greater pitch of power than the kings of this realm lawfully enjoy; that he had, as Mr. Echard writes, "The estates and lives of three kingdoms, as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and that he was as noble and liberal in spending of them." But still, I say, he owed all this principally to chance; namely, to the death of those great men whom the long continuance of the Civil War had exhausted; those who begun that war against the crown for the sake of their liberties and properties, and would have disdained to have seen the nation enslaved to the absolute will of a subject, in rank very little above the common level. Can we think a Pym, or a Hampden would have tamely submitted to see this usurper and his shabby relations and creatures, such as Desborough, Fleetwood, Whaley, &c., at the head of the Parliament (I mean Barebone's Parliament, and that in 1656) the army, and (as Mr. Echard says above) the estates and lives of three kingdoms? No, these men were no more, and those who remained were a set of scoundrels and cowards, who were either bribed or frightened out of their liberties; such they were, that I think we of the present age are obliged to Mr. Voltaire, for representing us as greatly unlike them. To conclude, whoever looks on Cromwell to be that person whom I have here represented (and what I have here said, are facts transcribed from the historians of those times), must agree that he was the child of fortune; and, as Mr. Cowley seems to think, an object rather of our surprise than admiration.

TUESDAY, *December* 11, 1739.

"*Fronti nulla fides.*"—JUV. sat. 2.

THOSE authors, who have set human nature in a very vile and detestable light, however right or wrong such their sentiments may be, or whatever success they may have met with in the world, have often succeeded in establishing an

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infamous character to themselves: for, though they observe, with the utmost accuracy, the outward behaviour of others, they will seldom be able to draw any inferences which can lead them to the springs or causes of those actions; they must therefore receive all their information from within. At least, those who deduce actions, apparently good, from evil causes, can trace them only through the windings of their own hearts; and while they attempt to draw an ugly picture of human nature, they must of necessity copy the deformity from their own minds.

The only ways by which we can come at any knowledge of what passes in the minds of others, are their words and actions; the latter of which, hath by the wiser part of mankind been chiefly depended on, as the surer and more infallible guide. As to the doctrine of physiognomy, it being somewhat unfortunate in these latter ages, I shall say nothing of it.

It was doubtless the wish of a very honest man, that he had a window in his breast, through which all his thoughts might be plainly discerned; but, however, it is certain (whatever are her reasons to the contrary) nature hath given us no such light. Perhaps it might not have been of universal advantage; for, though I am unwilling to look on human nature as a mere sink of iniquity, I am far from insinuating that it is a state of perfection. No, there are too many, I am afraid, of the same kind with the writer of the following letter, which I received a few days ago; and who, if he was to write an essay on human nature, would, I am pretty confident, set it out in such colours, as those authors I hinted at above:

To Captain Hercules Vinegar.

Sir,—I am one of those people whom the world call hypocrites, that is, one who, by keeping up a constant appearance of what I am not, have gained a reputation, to which I have really no title. As to religion, I am an arrant sceptic; yet, as I have been a constant frequenter of

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the church, and a loud exclaimer against infidelity, I am, I thank God (as the saying is), reputed the most pious person in my neighbourhood. My temper is so far from being inclined to good nature, that I always triumph in other people's misfortunes, yet, at the expense of a little verbal pity, which I have the satisfaction of knowing will do no real good to any one, I pass for a very good-natured person: this too is attended with several good consequences; for I often, under the pretence of commiserating, take an opportunity of reviving the sense of any past misfortune, which hath befallen another; or the shame of any forgotten weakness, which they have been guilty of: you already, I believe, conclude that I have a heart not too charitably disposed; and yet I am the only person of my acquaintance who will tell you that I am not the most charitable creature alive; for though I never give any thing myself, yet I always abuse others for not giving more. I am as proud as Lucifer, and yet I have so happy a knack of concealing it, that I pass for one of great humility; by wearing the appearances of which, I find more opportunity of secretly satisfying my pride, than the contrary behaviour would afford me; for, such is the emulation of mankind, that every one contends to outdo you in your own way. Wherefore, as I have the character of condescension, I meet with as many rivals in that, as a stiff carriage would procure me in the other. Revenge is my darling, and by professing an aversion to it, I obtain my ends in the same manner as in pride; for I at once gain the reputation of a very forgiving temper, and allure the person, outwardly forgiven, to afford me an easier opportunity of revenging myself than a profession of enmity would allow. I believe, sir, I need entertain you with no more of my perfections; for you are by this time, I make no doubt, fully satisfied that I am a very sorry, good-for-nothing fellow, though I pass in the street where I live for a man of quite a different disposition.

Believe me, it is a great comfort to me, to unburthen myself thus, without any possibility of being discovered. And, perhaps, I shall take future occasions of giving myself

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vent in the same manner; for to a man who lives under such a continual constraint as myself, these evacuations must be extremely pleasant. I have been great part of this day in company with a gentleman, from whom I imagine myself some time since to have received a slight; and have just now made up a dose of poison, which I shall give his greyhound to-morrow in my way to church.

I am, Sir,
(Though I care not if you was hanged)
Your most obedient humble servant.

This ingenious correspondent of mine seems to be ignorant that, at the same time that he hath found out so excellent an art of imposing on the world, he is all the while deceiving himself: he may be well assured, that he is not so very bad as he would appear in his letter, and that he would be much happier, was he really as good as he hath hitherto appeared to the world.

I shall conclude, with observing that though the certain existence of such sort of persons, as my correspondent, may justify us in some degree of suspicion and caution in our dealing with mankind; yet should it by no means incline us to their opinions, who have represented human nature as utterly bad and depraved: such thoughts as these can arise, as I have observed in the beginning of this paper, from no other spring than our finding the seeds of such depravity in our own natures. And 'tis the worst abuse of the press to propagate doctrines that visibly tend to the entire extirpation of all society, all morality, and all religion.

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THURSDAY, *December* 13, 1739.

————"*Somnia vera.*"—HORACE, lib. I. sat. 10.

MR. CHAMPION,—I am surprised that you have been now a whole month in the world, without having been once asleep, or, at least, without acquainting your readers with it. You cannot be ignorant that your predecessors used both to sleep and dream, and diverted the town as much this way as when they were awake. You will be pleased, perhaps to hear, that I myself have dreamt in the Spectator in my youth, and that I have continued to dream occasionally ever since; but, for want of a proper vehicle to make those visionary scenes public, have been obliged to nod over them by myself. It was no small pleasure to me, therefore, to hear of the Champion, which, not being totally devoted to politics, allows room, now and then, for such miscellaneous pieces, as may arise in such a twilight imagination as mine, of which, if you think proper, be pleased to entertain your readers with the following specimen:

Methought I found myself in the most beautiful plain I ever beheld. The soil was covered with a verdure scarce to be equalled by colours, or conceived by imagination. A vast quantity of flowers of different sorts variegated the scene, and perfumed the air with the most delicious odours. In the midst of this plain stood a mountain, not much unlike a mitre; which was of great height, but withal so free from all incumbrances of trees or briars, that I could, from the bottom of the hill, very plainly discern all such as ascended, or endeavoured to ascend. On one of the summits of this hill sat nine girls, whose names I learnt to be Miss Cally, Miss Cly, Miss Raty, Miss Thally, Miss Pomy, Miss Psicky, Miss Terpy, Miss Polly, Miss Any; they were very indifferently dressed, but so extremely beautiful, that the rents in their garments, which discovered some parts of their charming limbs, would have been ill supplied by the

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richest brocade. A little man who lay in the lap of one, with his head in the bosom of another, playing with his hands with the neck of a third, gave me an idea of a certain colonel, who formerly used to lie in state in this town. I could by no means learn the name of this happy man, though I asked several, who all returned me indirect answers. One swore, if he could come at him, he would soon kick him down the hill; another, that he had no right to be there; a third (a very grave man) shook his head and said, he did not understand Greek. But what surprised me the most, was, that several persons, instead of telling me his name, ventured to contradict my senses, and to assure me I was mistaken, for that the little gentleman was not where I saw him: while I stood shocked with the assurance of this declaration, I observed a pretty tall man tumbling down the hill with great precipitation; upon applying my glass, I thought I had seen him somewhere before; and was told, that he had ascended a good part of the mountain in disguise, and had passed several of the guards (which I now took notice, watched carefully at equal distances on the ascent) under counterfeit names. My friend had scarce ended, when the aforesaid person past by me, and with an air of indignation cried out, "Keep your Helican, and be paxed! A cup of sack is a better thing, stap my vitals! and since those young ladies will not let me up the hill, I will never introduce one of them to court, split me!" He then began to hum a song—I could hear some few words only, as "Sing and Liberty," and "Sing and War," and "Sing and Peace." I remarked, the faster he sung, the faster he walked, or rather ran from the hill, so that he was soon out of sight, which he scarce was, when I heard a vast noise at the bottom of the hill; indeed it was so loud, and of so strange a kind, that I despair of giving my reader an adequate idea of it. Nor do I believe he can form a juster, than by imagining a discordant chorus of all the vociferous animals in the world; for, besides the human organs, which were here diversified into all the different kinds of vocal music, such as whistling, yawning, holloaing, hooting, groaning, etc., there were several

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animals (not chosen, as it seems, for the sweetness of their pipes), such as asses, owls, and cats conjoined. While I was wondering at this hideous outcry, one who stood near me, said, "Oh! they are hunting an author."

Nor can I help mentioning, that the little gentleman on the top of the hill, put on a kind of smile, which I thought unbecoming at so brutal an entertainment. I was diverted from inquiring farther into the meaning of this pastime, by a number of persons who brushed by me; some of whom I thought I had seen before, and heard them often mention the "encouragement of learning," as they past along: I was informed these did not attempt to climb themselves, but only to recommend others, whom I did not observe to ascend: at the same time, I remarked a very loud laugh among those who guarded the avenues; soon after which the said crowd returned back, among whom I heard it muttered, "It was very hard a man can't be allowed a little judgment for his money." They were just gone, when a fat, well-dressed man came up, somewhat out of breath with the hastiness of his travelling. He was refused to pass, but received a pretty large sum of money at the gate, with which he seemed to return very well contented. Immediately after him arrived a grave gentleman in black, who marched on with a very solemn pace: I observed he passed the first gate; soon after which, I heard the hideous outcry I mentioned above, repeated for a considerable time; at last, I was pleased to find the black gentleman had escaped them, whom I saw ascending the hill, though they had torn all his clothes off from his back. My eyes were no sooner taken from him, than they were accosted by a well-dressed young man, with a good deal of fierceness in his countenance; the guards did not open the gate to him on his producing the first passport, on which I could plainly read the word "dunces;" but on his producing a second, he was immediately admitted into the first gate, and I could neither see nor hear what became of him afterwards. A large number of people began now to advance, some in very fine, and some in very shabby dresses; they were all refused, the guards assuring them, they would

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let no one pass without telling his name, if required. As soon as they were departed, I was told, on inquiry, that they were anonymous satirists, most of them very scurrilous, and all very dull. We were no sooner rid of this company, than a couple approached, who, though their persons did not much agree (the one being of the taller kind, and thin, the other shorter and fatter), yet their minds seemed to be more of a piece, they seemed to walk together with great friendship and affection: the gates were instantly opened to them, and they walked on, without any interruption, to the top of the hill; where the little gentleman, and the nine young ladies saluted them. They no sooner showed themselves there, than a parcel of asses, who were grazing at the bottom, set up the most execrable bray I ever heard: this I was informed, by one of the guards, was the nature of the beasts whenever they beheld any figure on the top of the mountain. Upon my asking who those two gentlemen were, the same person replied, "The shorter of them is the excellent author of Leonidas. He was introduced here many years ago by Milton and Homer; nor is he dearer to those great poets, than to several Spartan and Roman heroes. He is thought, by long intimacy with those two, to have learnt the majestic air of Homer, while he dresses himself like Milton, though others believe both to be natural to him. As for the other gentleman, he was very fond of one or two of those ladies you see yonder, in his youth, and they as warmly returned his passion; but of late, there hath grown a coldness of his side; and graver studies, in which he hath nobly distinguished himself, have made him less frequent in their embraces." He was proceeding, when several persons came up, the first of which had, I observed, a great club in his hand. The gate was immediately opened to them; and as soon as they had entered, the guard whispered in my ear, "They are the family of the Vinegars; he at the head is the great Captain Hercules." If you will give me leave, captain, your club seemed to strike such a terror, that I am in some doubt, whether you did not owe your admission to it: I no sooner turned about than I observed a

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huge over grown fellow, with a large rabble at his heels, who huzza'd him all along as he went. He had a smile, or rather a sneer in his countenance, and shook most people by the hand as he past; on each side of him walked three persons, with cloths and brushes in their hands, who were continually employed in rubbing off mire from him; and really he travelled through such a quantity of dirt, that it was as much as they could possibly do to keep him from being covered. I was informed that a certain person, calling himself a hyp-doctor, walked after him, but he was invisible to me. As soon as he came to the gate, he whispered to the guard, and then shook him by the hand; upon which the gate was opened, but as the guard was going to shut it on the rest, the huge man turned about, and cried, "Sir, I pay for self and company;" upon which it was flung wide open, and the whole crew entered in, and marched on without the least interruption through the several passes; the huge man shaking all those who should have kept them by the hand. You will not wonder at my curiosity in asking, who, or what this man was; I was answered, "That he was a great magician, and with a gentle squeeze by the hand, could bring any person whatever to think, and speak, and do what he himself desired, and that it was very difficult to avoid his touch; for if you came but in his reach, he infallibly had you by the fist; that there was only one way to be secure against him, and that was by keeping your hand shut, for then his touch had no power;" but indeed, this method of security I did not perceive any one to put in practice. The company, with their leader, were now advanced a considerable way up the hill, when the ladies applied to the little gentleman to defend them; but he, to the great surprise of every body, crept under one of their petticoats; upon which I heard one behind me cry out, "Ay, ay, he hath been touched before I warrant you." The two gentlemen, whom I mentioned to walk up the hill together, advanced bravely to the brow, and put themselves in a posture of defence, with a seeming resolution to oppose the whole posse. And now every one was in full expectation of

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the issue; when (eagerly pressing too forward) I came within the reach of the huge man, who gave me such a squeeze by the hand, that it put an end to my dream, and instead of those flowery landscapes which I painted in the beginning of my letter, I found myself three pair of stairs in the Inner Temple.

If you find any thing in this worth your notice, the next time I dream at all to the purpose, you shall hear from me again. I am,

Sir,

Your humble servant.

INNER TEMPLE, *December* 7.

SATURDAY, *December* 15, 1739.

"Haud secus ac vitreas sollers piscator ad undas,
Ore levem patulo texens de vimine nassam,
Cautius interiora ligat, mediamque per alvum
Sensim fastigans compressa cacumina nectit,
Ac fraude arctati remeare foraminis arcet
Introitu facilem, quem traxit ab æquore piscem."

SILIUS ITALICUS, lib. 5.

THE great variety which is found in the nature of man, hath extremely perplexed those writers who have endeavoured to reduce the knowledge of him to a certain science, and may perhaps have been the reason, why the philosopher in his definition of man, doth not include any of his passions or habits, but only his outward figure.

"Man differs more from man, than man from beast,"

says one of our poets. And, indeed, not to launch out into that variety, which the difference of climates, customs, religions, education, laws, &c., have introduced into human nature, we shall find, between persons of the same age,

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complexion, religion, and education, sufficient reason to approve this his observation.

I am surprised, that Machiavelli, who, in several places, hath taken notice, that the same measures have often produced different events, hath no where assigned this as the cause; for it is the business of the politician, as well as the physician, to study the constitution of his patient; for the same dose will not have the same effects on all minds, any more than on all bodies.

This diversity in human nature hath been the greatest stumbling-block in the way of politicians, who have found it very difficult to adapt their bait to the various palates of man. Experience teaches these gentlemen, that he who will fly from one bribe, will as greedily swallow another, and that every different man is to be taken a different way. On which account Dr. South represents that eminent politician the devil, very cautiously suiting his bait to the particular disposition of him whom he endeavours to take: "He offers," saith he, "riches to the avaricious, power to the ambitious, honours to the vain, pleasures to the voluptuous," &c.

The art of politics is not unlike the art of fishing. Indeed a politician may very properly be called a fisher of men: I shall therefore consider him in this light; and, as the chief excellency of both consists in choosing proper baits, I shall lay down some instructions, whereby the politician may know how to bait his hook as well as the fisherman: and herein, I shall follow the style and method of those authors who have treated of the art of angling; and first, I shall take notice of the definition which James Saunders, Esq., a most inimitable writer, in his Compleat Fisherman, gives of the angler: "Who is (says he) a person under some eminent circumstances, which allow a perfect description of him; for he is a very particular person indeed, nor is every man qualified for the work, or, as it is justly called, not a work, but a sport." This learned gentleman also refutes two opinions, viz. first, "That he who has nothing else to show for his being a gentleman, will find it hard to make his

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title good in the herald's book."——And afterwards, he observes, "that some say an angler must be a man of no thinking; whereas (says he) he must have his passions all at command, he must govern his temper with an absolute sway, and be able to sustain his mind under the greatest disappointments;" which being allowed of the angler, I think it will not be needful to prove the resemblance he bears to the politician: for he may not only make himself a gentleman, but all of his family, nay, his footman also; and as to the government of his temper, it is so necessary, that the art of grinning with a heavy heart is the very greatest qualification of a statesman.

It is a rule laid down for the angler, not to go too near the river side, especially when he would take a carp, or more cautious fish; but rather hide himself behind some bulk or block.——The same should be observed by the politician; for as the fish will not bite if he see the angler no more will the man, if he suppose any other see him.

One caution I shall here premise, as necessary for the politician, which I have not observed given to the angler; which is, carefully to avoid hooking a fish too potent for him to deal with; if he does, to let go his hold immediately, lest he be pulled into the water, instead of pulling the fish out.

I shall proceed now to show the several kinds of fish which a politician is to angle for, and the baits with which they are to be taken.——And first the carp, of which the aforesaid Mr. Saunders says, "That he is a very subtle fish, not easily surprised, and therefore not undeservedly called the water-fox; he will not come near to any place, where he finds the water put into a violent motion; he being to be taken by the stillest and quietest methods, nothing that ruffles the water in the least must be done: for as the carp is the water-fox, so he must be as subtle as a fox who takes him."——From hence we may gather, the great folly of those who attempt to take this fish in troubled or muddy water; and, indeed, as there requires much art to take him, in like manner as much more is necessary to hold him, for,

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after he is hooked, he often carries off your tackle.——And lastly, when taken, he is so very bony and dangerous in devouring, that, I think, it is our politician's most prudent way to let him alone, and as much as possible avoid him: for the political carp hath a peculiar quality, which is, that, when he is not fished for himself, he will often, by striking down into the bottom, raise the sand, and spoil the politician's sport. On which account, some have taken all methods, both fair and foul, to rid ponds of those fish. Indeed, the political carp proves often very dangerous, and sometimes fatal to our angler: for which reason, one of the most ingenious anglers I ever knew, shunned him with the utmost caution; giving out at the same time, that a chub was a fish of a much better savour.

The second fish I shall mention is the pike; a very voracious fish, as all who write of him allow. I shall here set down some rules, which Mr. Saunders gives, for taking this fish.——As first, that the largest bait is not the best, for though he may bite sooner at the large bait than the small one, yet the angler will oftener miss taking him; for he does not gorge the large bait so soon as the small.—— Secondly, that it were well if you could pull your line perpendicular, if that may be, by which means you might have him safe.——Thirdly, he seems to prefer snapping, to trowling after this fish. (Nor can I omit one observation of his, that his throat is the grave of all the small fish in the river.)

The political pike differs little from the other, save in the first observation of Mr. Saunders; for this will gorge the largest bait full as soon as the smallest, and bite as soon at the small, as at the large bait. Scotland and Cornwall are thought to send up very good fish of this kind: they all bite very greedily, and require little nicety in the baiting. As soon as he is hooked, you may draw him up and down, or from one side to the other of the river, as you please, and he will yield you most excellent sport. I shall add only one thing more, viz., that I think lines properer than rods for taking this fish.

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I am now to treat of the chub, of whom Mr. Saunders says, that he is not so much esteemed for the flesh, as the sport of fishing for him.———The political chub however, differs in one thing from the finny, in that the head of the latter is the most excellent part; whereas that of the former is not quite so good; but then it agrees so well with this description of Mr. Saunders, that one would think it was meant of it, viz. "The chubs are none of the best principled people; for if they like any particular place in the river, let the former inhabitants be what they will, trout, barbel, perch, or any thing but the pike; they make no conscience of driving them out, and taking possession for themselves. Hence it often happens, that in a place long famous for trouts, you shall find chubs; and when once you find a chub there, you may spare your labour of fishing there for any more trouts, for you are certain to find none; the chub having routed them all out; the latter being the stronger and more violent fish by far."——He says of him afterwards, "That he will bite at any thing, either natural or artificial, indeed any thing that is either soft or sweet, and that will hang on the hook." The political chub seems to agree so well with this description, that it is needless to say any thing particular of him; for it is well known, that where chubs are, carps will have nothing to do; I shall only remark, that there is scarce a carp left in the Thames, which is at present almost full of chubs.

The fish which yields the politician the best sport is the gudgeon: the greedy nature of this fish is known to almost every school-boy, and its readiness to bite at any thing, hath grown into a proverb. The political and other gudgeons are so much alike, that they need no particular description. I shall only remark, that as the red worm is the best bait for the latter, so a piece of red riband is a fine bait for the former.

Most of the kind of fish which compose a politician's sport, may be reduced to some of these afore-mentioned heads; so that by following these very short rules, he will easily know how to deal with them: but he is deceived, if he thinks his

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trouble over when he has secured the fish: he ought also then to be instructed what to do with him. A politician ought to be a good cook, as well as a good angler; but at the same time, not to rely so much on his cookery, or on any disguise of sauce, as to impose a chub upon the world for a carp.

SATURDAY, *December* 18, 1739.

" *Urbem quam dicunt romam, melibœe, putavi*
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem."—VIRG.

THOUGH it was not, at first, my intention to deal much in serious politics in this paper, the following letter, which I received last week, is written with so elegant and proper a spirit; and the matter it treats, of such moment, that I hope the reader will receive it with as much favour as he would something of a more humorous kind, and that he will forgive me the not striking out the first part of it, for which I return thanks to the author.

SIR—Though a vein of wit hath discovered itself in your papers, which the town hath not, lately, seen any thing equal to, I am afraid you have not yet met with the success which your writings deserve, and which I not only wish, but promise you on your perseverance; nor would I have you discouraged, that you are not received with that immediate applause, which some of your predecessors have met with on their first appearance; but rather account for it with me, these two ways: first, that the people have been so long crammed with nonsense and dulness, that, like children, who have been tormented with physic, they are grown suspicious, and must be brought with some pains and difficulty, to receive agreeable and wholesome food. Secondly, that wise and thoughtful men, who are indeed the only true judges of wit, are scarce in a temper at present to be entertained. An immense fleet, a vast army, a decayed, sinking trade, an

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impoverished, indebted, and corrupt nation, must raise ideas in every mind more suitable to that ensuing solemn fast, which his majesty hath with great piety proclaimed, than to any thing of mirth and festivity. I have sent you therefore the following letter, or address to the citizens of London, which may possibly procure you more readers at this season, than if Addison was to arise from the dead, and write you an epistle from Sir Roger de Coverley.

To the Citizens of London.

Gentlemen,—You must be sensible in what light your late behaviour on the election of your principal magistrate hath been regarded by the whole nation; that spirit of liberty, that zeal for the trade and honour of this kingdom, which distinguished themselves amongst you on this occasion, have rendered your names the objects of love and respect throughout Great Britain, and will transmit them in those amiable colours to posterity.

The great esteem and regard which the people of England have ever shown to the conduct of their metropolis, (looking up to this great city always as to their Alma Mater) shine forth in your chronicles, but brighter in no age than in this. Many instances are needless to prove, that we direct our measures by the standard of yours. The excise and convention (those eternal monuments of your glory) are of themselves sufficient evidence of this truth. Thus while you direct our actions, being at the same time the great reservoir of what must be styled the blood of the political body, you are at once the head and heart of the nation.

If your example hath been able in this corrupt age to influence and excite men to the defence of liberty, how prevalent must it be, when, coinciding with the depravity of our natures, and the baseness of the times, it should lead them to venality and prostitution? Corruption, which hath for many years been creeping upon us, and working its way imperceptibly under ground, will, if it once finds an entrance into your gates, rush downwards like a torrent, and over-

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whelm the nation; for who can stem it, if the citizens of London yield to its force? Or where shall it meet with a dam, if your walls are none? Can we suppose, that those who are able to bribe the richest city in the universe, will not be capable of succeeding in a beggarly borough? Or can we expect, that a poor country shopkeeper, who can scarce drive away famine with his labour, shall have virtue enough to refuse what is even necessary to his livelihood, whilst the opulent tradesman or merchant of London, avariciously, or perhaps, wantonly gives up his conscience, his country, nay, his own real interest to hire? Thus the most impudent scheme ever attempted (for surely to attempt to bribe the city of London, must be so) may in the end prove the wisest, and the whole people may be corrupted, as Caligula would have beheaded them, at once.

I would not be understood to insinuate that this is the case. I am far from fearing this ever will be the case. No, I rather wish to impute those slanders, spread abroad, to the desires, than the hopes of your enemies: for who can believe that this great and wealthy city, many of whose members could once, singly, furnish out more money in one day, than the whole opulent city of Amsterdam in several.[1] A city! whose favour, in all eras of our history, hath been solicitously courted by every administration, of such weight hitherto in our constitution, that, in all contentions, it hath turned the balance by its own weight to which side it pleased. Who can, I say, believe that this city is to be purchased? Who can believe that the city of London will submit to be bribed? Will stoop to low, mean, and pitiful bribes? Will give itself up a prostitute to the hire of those who have made it their maxim, and the constant business both of themselves and their creatures, to vilify and depreciate her citizens; to treat those rich, powerful, and most useful members of the commonwealth, as knaves and beggars, who have affected in all their conversations that contempt——I repeat the word——that *contempt* for you, which this base prostitution could only give them in reality?

[1] See the third volume of Clarendon's History.

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If then there be any among you, whom you justly suspect to be tainted with this pestilence, shun them as you would a contagion, drive them from your society as wounded deer, or rather infected lepers. Let the judgment annexed to the conviction be perpetual infamy. Let no man speak to, no man deal with, such a person. Let him not only bring shame, (which is a small punishment to a mind thoroughly polluted) but ruin on himself and family.

I am warm, gentlemen, and it becomes you to be so too. The honour of your city is at stake; you have been treated with rapine and injustice, but never with contempt till now. This is the first period in our annals, which hath seen you the object of scorn and ridicule. The first time that it hath been said of you, "that you might be had, but are not worth having;" on which I will observe, that if the first part of the sentence is true, the latter is undoubtedly true also.

The constitution of the city of London, resembles that of Great Britain in general: indeed all the corporations of England are so many little wheels comprehended in one great one, whose form they represent in miniature. You have a mayor, an upper and a lower house; in the last of which, as in a House of Commons, lies the security of your liberties, as long as honest and upright men are elected into it; whereas, on the contrary, if you depute base and corrupt members to that office, that which should be your security, will be only a security to your enemies in betraying you.

It may perhaps be asked how you shall be certain to choose an incorrupt person? to which I answer, that though corruption (cursed be the villains who projected it) hath so insinuated itself amongst us, that it is almost impossible to tell who is not infected; there is however a certain mark by which you may discover who is. He who is upheld by the purses of those who are known enemies of the city, or the known creatures of those enemies, may be depended on as one who will work their ends and his own interest at the expense of the welfare and honour of the city.

This is the man you are to esteem corrupt. This is the

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man for whom you are not to vote, but to shun, detest, and abhor all those who do.

The day is now at hand, which is to give a defeat, or a triumph to your enemies. A day! which I regard as of the utmost consequence to British liberty; since it must appear, on this day, to all the world, whether the city of London is, or is not to be bribed, and drank, and laughed out of her integrity; whether her citizens resemble the ancient or the modern inhabitants of Rome. In a word, whether they are a body of brave, free, incorrupt Englishmen, or a banditti of slaves and sturdy beggars.

Exert yourselves then on this occasion, show the world your integrity in disdaining a bribe, your bravery and freedom in a steady opposition to those who have laid or promoted schemes of slavery and oppression, and your resentment in kicking out such from among you as herd with men, who have dared with as much folly as impudence to treat you with disrespect. Show your enemies that you have these virtues, and they will soon court your favour in an open and an honourable manner, who now attempt secretly to undermine you, whilst they openly affect to ridicule and despise you.

SATURDAY, *December* 22, 1739.

"*Judicantem vidimus Æacum.*"—HORACE.

WHEN I first undertook the office of Champion, I appointed a general council, or assembly of my family, to meet every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evening, to examine into ways and means for the improvement and diversion of my countrymen; and it hath been likewise usual with me on all emergencies to convene a council extraordinary, and sometimes to order the attendance of any particular person of my family, in whose province the enormity hath happened, whom I have commanded to draw up a remonstrance, or

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case for my own satisfaction, to be perused or not by the public, as I have thought proper.

I have also determined to erect a court of judicature, wherein I shall sit myself as sole judge, and before which I shall summon and try at my pleasure, all manner of persons and things in this kingdom, assigning to the parties such counsel out of my own family, as to me appears meet. This court I shall hold more or less often at my own will, and as occasion requires; and shall sentence such as I think guilty, entirely according to my pleasure, without any regard had to the laws now in being. These my sentences, trusty officers shall be appointed to execute on the reputations of all offenders, which said reputations they will be fully empowered to abuse, post, pillor, whip, and hang up according to my several sentences.

With the transactions of this court, I shall acquaint my readers, as often as I think they can turn to their diversion or emolument, concealing or exposing the names of the offenders, as they give me more or less hopes of their amendment.

How useful, and indeed how necessary this bench must be, will not be doubted by any who consider that our laws are not sufficient to restrain or correct half the enormities which spring up in this fruitful soil. The man who murders, robs, or ravishes, is indeed punished with death. But there are invaders and destroyers of our lives and fortunes, and of the persons and honour of our women, whom no laws in being can any way come at.

Nor would it be enough that those greater crimes should be punished, the covetous, the prodigal, the ambitious, the voluptuous, the bully, the vain, the hypocrite, the flatterer, the slanderer, call aloud for the champion's vengeance. In short, whatever is wicked, hateful, absurd, or ridiculous, must be exposed and punished before this nation is brought to that height of purity and good manners to which I wish to see it exalted.

It will be, no doubt, a great satisfaction to my honest countrymen, that they are to appear before a judge whom no partiality can incline, no bribe allure, nor no threats

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frighten to acquit the guilty, or convict the innocent. A judge, before whom no one will be too great or too mean to receive justice. At the same time it must give no small alarm to several who have thought themselves, and their ill-acquired possessions safe from all inquisition of the laws, to find themselves liable to the sentence of so terrible and impartial a bench of justice.

The methods which I have taken in erecting this court of judicature, must give great entertainment to the readers.

I have set apart a large room in my own house, at the upper end of which is a great elbow-chair, raised on several steps, with a desk and cushion before it. In this chair, I shall sit in judgment; below is a table, at which my family are to be placed as counsel: behind is the bar, where the prisoners are to be arraigned, and on one side is a stool for the evidence. As for juries, I have no need of them, as I reserve to myself the full power of convicting or acquitting as I think just.

I was, at first, at no small loss to imagine a prison large enough to contain the great number of offenders, and began to entertain some thoughts of building one by subscription (a method in which I shall pursue all my schemes), till I bethought myself of setting apart those rooms, where the convocation was formerly held to this purpose, at least till the convening that reverend body, by which time I may possibly find out some other place to detain my prisoners in.

As I have observed the good people of England to be great lovers of all executions; and as I have often heard it lamented, that there are not proper conveniencies for our women of fashion to be present at these spectacles, I have appointed the stage in Drury Lane to be the scene of all punishments, which are to be there executed between the second and third music. This, I think, cannot fail of drawing larger audiences, than at present frequent our theatres; and may likewise give the pit and galleries such an opportunity of venting their spleen and ill-nature before the curtain rises, as may enable them to suffer the players to procced without any interruption.

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There being yet no more than one officer of this court appointed, I shall here acquaint the public with the several offices which I have thought fit to constitute, and the qualifications required to enable any man to possess them; that whoever shall think himself duly entitled, may appear before us, next council day, at eleven in the forenoon, and put in his claim, where he may be assured of being admitted or rejected according to his merit.

First, six tipstaves, two of which are to give constant attendance, and be relieved weekly: their business will be to seize all such persons, as they shall be thereto empowered by warrant under my hand and seal, and convey them to the prison aforesaid. These I shall choose out of such officers, not above the degree of a captain, as shall have given sufficient marks of their prowess: I mean, not abroad, with which I have little to do; but at home, in open defiance of their own laws and countrymen.

Secondly, one head, and four under-gaolers. The first must give proof of having confined a young wife, who gave him a good fortune, in some lonely house in the country, for at least ten years; while he has spent her money in this town, without suffering her to enjoy the least share in it. As for the others, it will be sufficient that they have been bailiffs, informing constables, or some others who have made a livelihood of the miseries and misfortunes of their fellow creatures.

Thirdly, three clerks, viz. clerk of the court, clerk of the indictments, and clerk of the arraigns. These to be chosen out of such gentlemen of the Inns of Court, as having had too high parts to confine themselves to the dull crabbed study of the law, have spent so much of their youthful days in dress, amour, and other diversions, that they get a very uncomfortable subsistence at the bar; and from their want of other employment, are generally to be seen in the coffee-houses about the Temple and the theatre.

Fourthly, though I shall not hang any of my convicts, yet as I shall deal with them in such a manner, that it may be presumed they will hang themselves; I have therefore

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appointed ordinaries or chaplains of every religion now current. And whereas, it is modestly supposed, that great part of my convicts will be people of no religion at all, I shall appoint two grave men out of the body of Free-thinkers; the one a professed atheist (if one can be found), the other a deist, to strengthen and confirm the condemned prisoners, that they may retire to a state of nonentity, and calmly and quietly dissolve into nothing, without any perturbations of mind, or being terrified by priests, at their last hours, into notions, with which their whole lives have been utterly unacquainted. (Reserving, however, to all such persons a full power of recanting, at their own particular desire, and embracing any religion they shall think convenient.)

Fifthly, the office of a crier is conferred on a great orator.

And sixthly, as to counsel, I have reserved that office entirely to my own family.

TUESDAY, *December* 25, 1739.

——"*Quid studium prosit?*"—HORACE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great terror in which I keep my family, and the great respect which I sincerely believe them all to entertain for my natural parts, and personal strength and intrepidity; I have often a suspicion that they have all round a thorough contempt of my learning: this my father, brother, and one or two of my sons, have not scrupled to acquaint me with, as they know it is a point on which I am far from valuing myself: but I was not a little surprised the other day, to hear my wife, in whom I never suspected that preeminence, on some controversy that happened, answer me very flatly, that she wondered I should dispute those things with her, when I might know very well, that she was so much a better scholar than myself.

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I was at first a little ruffled with this assertion, till on reflection, I soon resolved my anger into that contempt I have always had for a qualification, which I look on as effeminate and intended only for women; an opinion I think, plainly intimated in the habits which all nations distinguish their professors of learning by, nearly resembling that of females, and to whom we give the name of the long-robed; or as I have somewhere heard, the petticoat gentry, including the female and learned world under one general appellation.

While I was meditating on this matter, I happened accidentally to open my father's commonplace book, where I found much good reading under the title learning, not a little to my satisfaction.

It is there observed, that this word learning implies the same as knowledge, which was that forbidden fruit our first father tasted, and to which we owe all the evil and miseries to which our nature is now subject; and here I was pleased to corroborate my above mentioned opinion of the effeminacy of learning, by remarking that it was first introduced into the world by a woman.

The Chinese, a very wise, polite, and well regulated people, and whose ordinary institutes of life seem far superior to the Europeans, have very little learning among them, more than is immediately necessary to mechanics and other useful arts. Their philosophy, poetry, history, and other ornamental branches of learning are very superficial; and it is well known, that the Turks, a very warlike and great people, are such declared enemies to it, that they would not till lately admit the art of printing to be cultivated among them.

The Romans maintained their greatness little longer than they retained their ignorance; and our own annals (notwithstanding the glorious reign of Queen Anne) show us at least that we were able to conquer as well in our darker as more enlightened ages.

I would by no means be here understood to be an enemy to all good learning, a competency of which (I mean to write and read, an height to which I myself have arrived)

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may possibly be necessary to all such as are bred to divinity, law, or physic. The utmost I contend for, being to banish from among us those dead tongues which are not only useless, but, as I am informed, have much contributed to introduce the religion of the ancients as well as their language.

I question not, but many of my good readers will abundantly stare at a proposal of banishing learning from those learned professions before mentioned; but as I think I can prove it not only useless, but very pernicious to all of them, I shall not be hastily afraid nor ashamed of my assertion.

And first as to divinity, I think Peter Burman in his Oratio contra Studia Humanitatis, hath plainly proved the reading those profane authors who have writ in Greek or Latin, to be utterly inconsistent with the study of divinity; as the whole oration is excellent, and exhausts all that can be said on this head; and as I have seen a translation of it in English, I shall refer my curious reader to it. As for certain authors called fathers, which writ in those languages, and which were formerly supposed conducive to this study, I apprehend they are not at present extant, having to my knowledge never seen any in the libraries of our divines.

The study of Divinity, I apprehend may properly be divided into three branches, viz. the Credenda, the Agenda, and the Habenda.

As to the Credenda, or matters of faith, regarding doctrinal and ceremonial points, I cannot much recommend the Scriptures (little hereof being to be found therein); but as I apprehend we have about six waggon-loads of books on this head in our language, I cannot see any reason for our student to go farther. I shall observe these books are generally very cheap (considering their excellence), and a young divine may purchase a very handsome library for a trifle.

Concerning the Agenda, or matters of morality, I know some persons have thought that the excellent and divine Sermon on the Mount, contains all that can be said or thought on this subject; that that inimitable short system of

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morality, which is alone a sufficient proof of the divine mission of its Author, comprehends all that is useful or profitable, or meritorious to ourselves and others; and that, at the same time, it is so concise and yet so full, it is also plain, that no law ever less needed a comment; notwithstanding which, there is scarce one word which hath not been explained in more pages than have been written on all the abstruse and dark passages of the ancient philosophers, all which excellent explanations are now extant in our own language under the title of sermons.

As to the third, viz. the Habenda or (tithes,) I apprehend, as very little of this occurs in the ancient Greek or Roman authors, so a complete knowledge may be acquired thereof by Bohun's Complete Law of Tithes, and a swinging folio called Parson's Law.

I think on this short survey, it appears how useless Greek and Latin must be to the study of divinity, and as to the perniciousness thereof, I think loss of time only would be a sufficient argument, seeing that a very long life, and very good eyes, are requisite to the perusal of those necessary books above mentioned; but numberless other reasons are given by the said Peter Burman.

As to the law, I know it may be objected that Cicero hath affirmed a complete knowledge of all arts and sciences to be necessary to the formation of a perfect orator; and my Lord Coke, in his Comments on Littleton, insinuates that an academic education is the proper introduction to the study of law. But these will have little weight, if we consider the difference between the Roman and English laws; in the latter of which, oratory is by most thought utterly useless; and secondly, that my Lord Coke himself is (I am told) at present generally esteemed (especially by all those good judges who have never read a syllable of him) to be a very stupid, dull fellow, who would have made a very indifferent figure in Westminster Hall in this age. I am assured by my son Tim Vinegar, who hath been a student in Lincoln's Inn these five years, that a very competent knowledge of the law is to be met with in Jacob's Dictionary, and the

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other legal works of that learned author. Nay, he very confidently asserts, that nothing is more hurtful to a perfect knowledge of the law than reading it; for (says he) it is common in our books to meet with controverted opinions, which mightily confound and distract the mind of the student, who will be much more likely to be in the right, if he adheres to his own judgment assisted with those books abovementioned; he confirms this with the example of some old plodders, who have lost themselves in the wood, without ever finding the road to business; and ludicrously says, the best advice to a student is not to outlaw himself.

Lastly, with regard to physic, I apprehend it will be objected that as this science hath been almost totally delivered in the learned languages, some of its best books being (as I am informed) written in Greek, a smattering, even of that language, would not be entirely useless to the student. Nay, perhaps, it will be insisted on that without a small share of Latin, he will not be able to write a prescription. To this I answer, that old physic is as obsolete as old divinity or old law; that most of these books are translated into French; (that hackney-vehicle of learning) that the hospitals have rendered the universities useless; for here a great quantity of human bodies are daily prepared to be hacked and dosed just as the doctors please; so that a man may learn to be a good physician mechanically, as he may to write a good hand; for as the rule is *scribendo disces scribere*, so *purgando disces purgare*. Besides, an intimate acquaintance with Galen and Hippocrates, may render a man obstinate in adhering to their opinions, which may possibly contradict the reigning mode, or medicines in fashion. I shall omit an obvious conclusion from the eminent success of some quacks, who have pilled the nation in a very extraordinary manner, without any assistance from either Latin or Greek; and the ill success of some physicians who have carried these two languages in their heads, and been notwithstanding obliged to walk on foot all their days.

As to the matter of writing prescriptions, a very small proportion of Latin will be sufficient; not more, I believe,

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than three dozen of words, such as *sumat*, *bibat repetat*, &c. which, with a long wig and a cane, I look upon as a complete furniture for a physician.

I think, I have made it appear that learning is not of such consequence, as it is vulgarly imagined. And, if it be once allowed, as it surely must, that it is useless in these three professions, no one will, I conceive, contend for the necessity of it in any of the other callings of life. The law supposes a nobleman to be utterly void of it, for it provides that he shall have his clergy, even though he can't read. Nor doth it seem to expect much from a gentleman; for it gives this reason for allowing the verbal order of a sheriff to his ministers; namely, —— It may be the sheriff can't write. Indeed true orthography, or the art of spelling, hath been ever thought inconsistent with the character of a gentleman, as carrying with it too pedantic an air; and though, perhaps, it may be at present fashionable for a gentleman to be barely able to write, yet I conceive it will be of great use to him, that no body should be able to read his writing. Those genteel accomplishments which have been foolishly thought to ask the assistance of learning, have lately been discovered to require none at all. Poetry, for instance, stands so little in need of it, that the poet of our age, most cherished at court, never pretended to more than to read. I know it may be objected, that the English Apollo, the prince of poets, the great Laureate abounds with such a redundancy of Greek and Latin, that not contented with the vulgar affectation of a motto to a play, he hath prefixed a Latin motto to every act of his Cæsar in Egypt; some of which, as appears by the said mottos, he had no temptation, but his aforesaid redundancy, to place there; and in one other of his plays, he hath introduced a footman talking Greek. So that one may say of him with Hudibras,

> ——"He could speak Greek,
> As naturally as pigs squeak;
> For Latin 'twas no more difficil,
> Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

Nay, his learning is thought to extend to the oriental tongues,

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and I myself heard a gentleman reading one of his Odes, cry out, "Why this is all Hebrew." I shall only answer, *exceptio probat regulam;* at least, it would be a very unfair conclusion, that because we have one poet who is a man of infinite learning, therefore great learning is necessary to every poet. The same reasoning might conclude, because we have one great man with a great head, that it is therefore necessary to every great man to have a great head; especially, since I can produce such a number of very pretty poets, and judicious critics, who owe their excellence to vast abilities alone, without the least assistance from human literature; and are living instances of the falsehood of that assertion of one Horace, which I found in my father's commonplace book,

——"*Non rude quid possit video ingenium.*"

THURSDAY, *December* 27, 1739.

——"*Quid avarus?*
Stultus et infanus."—HORACE.

QUEVEDO calls a covetous rich man one who knows where a treasure is hid. A sentiment, which, I think, sets this person in a most just and ridiculous light. If there be any vice, which carries with it a more especial mark of madness than all the rest, it is this. The devil may be said to deal with the covetous man, as Dr. South tells us he does with the swearer, to cheat him of his soul without giving him any thing for it.

Plautus, and from him several modern writers have exposed this covetous man with great extravagance and redundancy of humour; nor do I know any character, which is received both on the French and English stage, with so general a satisfaction. The spectators always showing a very visible pleasure in all the disappointments which he meets with through the whole comedy.

Mr. Nehemiah Vinegar hath communicated to me a dream,

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or vision, of his, which, he imagines to have been occasioned by being a spectator the other night at the comedy of the Miser, and which I shall give the public without any farther preface.

Methought, says he, I was conveyed into a large plain, at the upper end of which stood a huge, old fabric, of the Gothic kind: its outside seemed all of pure gold, and by the reflection of the sunbeams made the most charming appearance I ever beheld. As I stood some time still, admiring this stupendous structure, which seemed capable of receiving an infinite number of inhabitants, I observed several passengers pass by me in all manner of vehicles, and some on foot, who all made directly to it. Most of the foot passengers were heavy laden, and some were scarce able to stand under their burthen. They seemed also to show great apprehension of one another, scarce two being in company together, and often looking round them with great caution, lest any one approached too near them. My curiosity increasing to know whither all those persons could be going, I took an opportunity of joining one, whose countenance appeared less forbidding than the rest, and asked him the name of the place, which he and so many others were approaching. Instead of returning me a direct answer, he replied with a piteous tone, "Ah! sir, I am afraid I never shall get thither: I am not the man the world takes me for. Before the South Sea indeed I had some hopes, but that gave me such a pull back, that I am afraid I never shall recover it. I have been travelling night and day ever since, and yet am not so far as I was before that curst year." As I saw he was mending his pace, and desired to leave me, I turned about from him, and found myself overtaken by a grave, old gentleman, whose journey was considerably retarded by a well dressed young fellow of about five and twenty; this latter was continually pulling him by the sleeve, and desiring him to stop, for that he had gone far enough of all conscience: to which the other answered, "That he should be undone, he could not support him; that if it had not been for lugging him along, he should have been at the palace long since; that he had sometimes dragged him

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farther back in a day, than he had been able to recover in a month." I had just time to recollect the faces of both, and knew them to be a very rich citizen and his son—when I beheld a jolly plain-dressed man with a pack on his shoulders, which almost bent him to the ground. He was followed by a very comely personage in embroidery, who bowed to him every three steps, and begged that he might ease him of that burthen, which he promised to deliver to him again at the palace gate. This, however, the other refused; and I heard him say, "My lord, this burthen is not so heavy as you imagine, nor is it my own, wherefore I can by no means trust it from my shoulders, to which it is indeed so fast sewed that it will be difficult to separate them." This couple had no sooner past me, than there came up a coach and pair, in which was a tall, thin man of a very meagre aspect, who seemed in great haste, and was continually calling to his coachman to drive a pair of skeleton horses as fast as he could. He had scarce reached me, when he was overtaken by a very beautiful young lady on horseback, who stopped his coach, and talked to him some time. I was near enough to hear several amorous expressions, and a frequent repetition of the words settlement and honourable design. At last, the young lady alighted from her horse, and got into the coach, which was immediately ordered to turn about, and I observed drove back with much greater precipitancy than it had advanced, so that it was soon out of sight. I now resolved to lose no more time, but to hasten to the palace. In my way thither I overtook several, and was overtaken by others; I could hear, as I passed, frequent mutterings of the words poverty, undone; nor must I omit several melancholy objects which appeared on the road, such as racks and gibbets, on which were bestowed the bodies of several malefactors. I saw, too, several who by overtravelling, without allowing themselves time sufficiently to refresh themselves, fainted on the journey, whose burthens were immediately taken up by others. Some of whom carried on towards the palace, and others hurried them back again over the plain. For which purposes, it was common

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enough to see an elderly person followed by half a dozen people, who all waited to take up the burthen, when he who carried it sunk under it; and sometimes I observed them quarrelling and disputing to whom it belonged; which contests were rarely decided, till the whole was torn to pieces. These pieces were usually gathered up by two grave men in black gowns, with green bags in their hands, who drove each of them a very large cart, into which they loaded all the fragments. These gentlemen would often wrangle very severely on those occasions, and dispute into whose cart the said fragments should be put; but I observed them always very good friends at the end of the contest, and overheard an agreement between them to make an equal division of the booty. Amongst the multitude of my fellow travellers, I took particular notice of a very complaisant person, who bowed, smiled, and whispered to every one he passed by; upon which I saw several persons take from their own burthens, and heap on him, till he became as heavy laden as any on the road, though at first his sack appeared quite empty. I was surprised to hear him tell a very ugly fellow just before me, "That he was the most agreeable figure he had ever seen, and that he knew a young lady who was enamoured with his person to the last degree." Upon his passing by me without taking any notice, though he had been particularly civil to every one else: I was a little piqued, till I considered it might possibly happen from my being the only person there without a pack at my back. I had scarce taken my eyes from this object, when I beheld a man in a full bottomed wig, who travelled with great speed, and overthrew great numbers of people as he passed, several of whom were unable to rise again. I was curious to inquire who this person was; and was informed that he was a physician in great vogue.

As I now approached very near to the palace, I observed the crowd to thicken on me, which I at first wondered at, but soon perceived it was occasioned by a great number of persons who were denied entrance at the palace gates; where I was informed no one could be admitted till his burthen

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became of such a particular weight. It is impossible to describe the dejection which appeared in the faces of those who were repelled; some few of these I observed to turn back again, others to go off a little to a road which they told me led to the Castle of Content: but the far greatest part immediately applied themselves to filling up their bags by all manner of means till they became weight.

Upon my arrival at the gates of the palace, which I was now told was the Palace of Wealth, I was asked by the porter in a hoarse voice, what was the name of him who had the impudence to attempt entering there, without a packet on his shoulders; to which I confidently answered, that my name was Nehemiah Vinegar. "How sir," said the porter, a little mollified, "a relation to Captain Hercules Vinegar?" To which I had no sooner answered in the affirmative, but the doors were thrown wide open, and I was not a little pleased to find the respect which is every where paid to the important name of my formidable son.

The conclusion of this vision is in our next.

SATURDAY, *December* 29, 1739.

"*Non possidentem multa vocaveris*
Rectè beatum. Rectius occupat.
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti.
Duramque callet pauperiem pati."—HORACE.

The continuation of the vision in our last.

AT my first entrance into this vast palace, which was so beautiful and resplendent without, I found myself in a vast large hall, whose walls were all over adorned with the richest ornaments in sculpture, paintings, precious stones, gold, and silver; in short, every thing noble, rich, and magnificent; at the upper end of which sat, on a throne infinitely more glorious than those of the richest monarchs of the east, a

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very beautiful young lady, whose person was set off with all the nicety of art, and a vast profusion of shining ornaments. As I attempted to approach the throne, I was interrupted by one of her guards, who told me that none was ever suffered to come beyond those steps, to which I was then advanced, that the beautiful person whom I beheld was the goddess of wealth, that I might feast my eyes as long as I pleased at that distance; but that the goddess, who was a pure virgin, and had never been enjoyed by any, never admitted the greatest of her votaries to approach nearer. As I was admiring the profound solemnity of the place, and the great distance at which the deity kept all her attendants, I observed several of those, whom I had before seen without the palace, to enter the hall, and having paid their respects to the goddess, to pass on to other apartments. My curiosity soon persuaded me to follow them, and they led me into a vast gallery, which surrounded a huge pit so vastly deep, that it almost made me giddy to look to the bottom. This, as I afterwards found, was the cave of poverty. There were very high and strong rails, which prevented any possibility of the spectator's falling from the gallery to the bottom of the cave, and yet I observed a great tremor and paleness to seize every one who durst venture to cast their eyes downwards; notwithstanding which, it was very remarkable, that not one of the company could prevail on himself to abstain from surveying the abyss. I had not been here long, when I perceived an old gentleman, whose face I thought I had somewhere seen before, to raise himself with great agility to the top of the rail, whence endeavouring to lay hold on something a little out of his reach, it gave way, and he tumbled down backwards into the cave. Not long after, I saw a very grave man, standing on the top of the rail, attempting to lift others up, whose packs he had before received, tumbling down into the cave, and pulling all those whom he had laid his hands on down with him. Upon this I heard several mutter to themselves, "Ay, ay, I warrant he will not hurt himself, we shall see him soon again;" and indeed, I soon perceived they were in the right,

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for I shortly after found him in the gallery, looking much fresher and plumper than before; though the same did not, as I saw, happen to any of those whom he pulled down with him. This made me instantly conceive, that there was some very easy way of ascent from the bottom of this deep cave to the gallery whereon I stood. But I was soon delivered from this error, and informed, that from the bottom of the cave it was almost impossible for any one to ascend again, but that there was a resting-place in the descent, from whence issued a pair of private stairs up to the gallery; that the gentleman I had observed to fall, had a very particular knack of lighting on this place, this being the third time he had performed in this manner; and that he was so far from being hurt, that he grew visibly more lusty from each fall. This feat of agility, they informed me was called breaking. I had scarce taken my eyes from this object, when one whom I had before observed to look with great horror in the cave, fell backwards into the gallery and expired, as I was afterwards told, with mere dread of tumbling down. I likewise learnt this to be no uncommon fate here, and indeed I heard, with great contempt of their extreme cowardice, the lamentations which the far greater part of the company continually made of their apprehension of falling, where there was not the least danger. Several told me, "Oh! sir, if I could but get to that place of safety yonder, I should be easy, I should be content." Some of whom ventured and enjoyed their wish, but were still as uneasy and terrified as before, still climbing to places which appeared to them of greater safety; some of these fell back into the gallery, and others into the cave. While I stood thus amazed with the great magnificence and beauty of the building, and the meagre aspects and wretched appearances of its inhabitants, most of whom were little better dressed than beggars; I was alarmed with a very loud laugh ascending from the cave, upon which casting my eyes downwards, I could just perceive, by the dim light of a very small candle, several persons dancing to the sound of a scraping fiddle; and not far from them, a set of the merriest countenances I

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had ever seen, sitting round a table, and feeding, as appeared, very heartily on some dish, which I could not at that great distance distinguish. I could, however, very plainly discern there was no more than one dish on the table. This sight, together with the tedious time, as it seemed to me, which I had spent in no very agreeable company, made me ask one who stood near me, if he could procure any thing to eat. He answered, that he would have been glad of my company to dinner, but that he had at that time nothing worth asking me to; his family being so very small, that they were two days in consuming one joint of meat, and that he was to make his repast on the relics of yesterday. Upon my afterwards applying to a second and a third, I received excuses of much the same nature; my hunger at length growing very powerful, I endeavoured to lay hold on a small piece of bread, which I saw in a window near me, when the owner caught it from me with such violence, that the surprise waked me, and delivered me from a place which appeared to me the most miserable I had ever been in.

As soon as I came to myself, I could not avoid some reflections on my vision, which may possibly arise in the minds of most of my readers. It appeared to me, that wealth is of all worldly blessings the most imaginary; that avarice is at once the greatest tyrant, and the greatest object of compassion; and that the acquisition of over-grown fortunes, seldom brings the acquirer more, than the care of preserving them, and the fear of losing them.

TUESDAY, *January* 1, 1739-40.

———"*Audetque viris concurrere virgo.*"—VIRGIL.

NOTHING, in my opinion, deserves more the present attention of the public, than that paper war which hath lately broke out between the two sexes. This storm hath

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been long brooding in these northern parts, and is at length burst into an open rupture. How fatal the consequence of this must be, unless immediately put a stop to, cannot be doubted; since not a petty island, or a kingdom's fate, is to be determined; but an entire dissolution of the world, a sudden period to the race of mankind, are threatened thereby.

Thinking men have long since seen these clouds gathering at a distance, even as long ago as that notorious insult made on the fair part of the species, by the detachment of a small party of books into the world, under the name of None but Fools Marry; or, The Bachelor's Estimate. This was such a provocation, that the whole world, at that time, were greatly surprised to see it pass over in silence. However, as it hath been observed, that the greatest heroes are the backwardest to revenge, the ladies treated this effort with scorn and contempt; and indeed they seemed to have some reason for their conduct: for, in a very short time, a pestilential distemper, called the moths, (occasioned, I have heard, by too much repose on the bookseller's shelf) began to rage among the said books, which in a very short time destroyed them all.

These had not disappeared long, before a second body, under the command of a parson, or at least one in a parson's habit, began their march, or (to talk a little more intelligibly) made their appearance in a sermon, called, "Reasons against Coition," on this text: "It were good for a man not to touch a woman. Art thou loosed from a wife, seek not a wife." Said to be delivered before a private congregation, by the Rev. ———, chaplain to the Earl of ———, where 'tis remarkable, that the patron, the parson, and the congregation, took great care (as they had great reason) to conceal themselves. This was such a striking at the root, such a bare-faced, impudent affront to the whole sex, and in so tender a part, that no one could believe they would be passive any longer. However, contrary to the opinions of the wisest and most learned politicians, they yet maintained their former silence and contempt, and had the pleasure to see this second body share the fate of the former, and soon sink into neglect and oblivion.

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Whether this long forbearance in the ladies arose from that timorous disposition, which they will not be offended at my ascribing to them, or whether it be a maxim in female politics, that gentle methods are the wisest, and most properly applied to an insolent enemy, I will not determine. Certain it is, that this pacific conduct, far from mollifying, served only to encourage the enemy, who now threw off the mask entirely, and sent forth a pamphlet, declaring at once, in a very plain and magisterial manner, that "Man was superior to woman."

The absurdity of this declaration shocked many even of the male kind, but raised a universal uproar among the females. They now found they had stifled their resentment too long; a general cry began among them (as that of the Church formerly) that the "Sex was in danger." Flambeaux were lighted, chairs called, horses put to, and every thing transacted as in times of the greatest calamity. A great assembly was held at Lady Townley's, where the eloquent Belinda spoke in the following manner.

"MY DEARS,—I am very glad to see so much good company assembled together, though I believe every lady here is extremely shocked at the occasion. I cannot sufficiently commend the silent scorn with which you have all treated those infamous pamphlets that were written, concerning what I will not name, and for which we have all so perfect a contempt. Odious thing! (at which words a general elevation of fans ensued), no, my dears, such stuff (as it must have come only from some worn-out beau, or disappointed wretch) would have been beneath our notice; but when a point, on which the liberty of the sex depends, which we have so nobly defended at the expense of our breath, our sighs, our tears, our fits, and whatsoever else is near and dear to us, when this point is not only brought again on the carpet, but the creatures have the confidence (I'll assure them) to assert that superiority over us as a matter of right and certainty, which we have been hitherto so far from giving up, that it hath been always yielded to

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us both in public and private contests, I repeat (and so did all the company), when this is the case, our longer forbearance would be as worthy of reproach, as hitherto it hath been of commendation. Let it not terrify us, that they take an opportunity of defying us, while they have a vast fleet and a vast army at their command. As to their fleet, great part of it is gone we know not where, and for their army most of the chief officers being fine gentlemen, and pretty fellows, will be at our devotion; but were they not, why should we fear them? Did not the great Thomyris beat the victorious Persians? Boadicea the Romans? and Joan of Orleans the English?

"And shall *we* fear an army, which cannot well have conquered any enemy yet, for it hath seen none, but ourselves, from whom they seldom come off victorious in any of their encounters? No, surely: for what have they terrifying about them? Nothing, but their dress; and that we have long rivalled them in: nay, at the same time, that we have mounted our horses in male apparel, with fierce-cocked hats, they have curled their hair, and spread their skirts in imitation of hoop-petticoats; so that, perhaps, the appearance of fierceness, if it has any weight, is on our side. I fear I seem too long, my dears, in arguing on a supposition ridiculous in itself; for I doubt not, but we shall shortly see our army employed in more glorious wars, and all the fears of malcontents shown to be absurd and groundless. However, we cannot be too watchful, too jealous of our liberty, and, as a pendulum, the higher it is lifted on one side, the farther it flies back on the other; so let these attempts on our privileges, drive us not only to defend ourselves from future, but to recover past encroachments. Let us consider not only what power we now enjoy, but what we ought to enjoy. And here, my dears, to omit the odious preference in inheritance, which the law gives to sons before daughters, nothing surely was ever equal to their treatment of married women, who are in a manner annihilated, and considered as mere nonentities absolutely *sub possete*[1] *viri*,

[1] Potestate, I suppose is intended.

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under the absolute power of the husband (at which there was a great laugh). Now, whence can this arise, but from our being the only part of this kingdom, who are bound by laws, without giving our assent to them? A cobbler is represented in the legislature, but a duchess is not. This is the evil, and this is the cause; where then is the remedy? ———Why truly, by convening an assembly, or convocation, or parliament of women, which may enact such laws as may be necessary for the better governance of our affairs, and have a watchful eye over all encroachments made on any of our rights and privileges, by the he-part of the creation. I therefore move it to this good company, that such an assembly of women be immediately called together."

Belinda ceased, and a debate immediately arose on the election, but as they all spake together, it was impossible to know their several opinions, and consequently to come to any fixt resolution: for which reason, after much time spent in talking, they adjourned till Saturday next, at ten o'clock in the evening.

THURSDAY, *January* 3, 1739-40.

——"*Pugnacem sciret sapiente minorem*
Esse, nec indomitæ deberi præmia dextræ."—OVID.

THERE are certain qualities, which, notwithstanding the admiration of the world hath been pleased to allow them, are, in themselves, quite indifferent, and may enable a man to be either virtuous or vicious, according to the manner in which they are exerted; or, to speak more philosophically, according to the other qualities with which they are blended in the mind. Valour and wit in a good-natured man are truly amiable, and justly entitle him to the esteem of mankind; but, when they meet with a different disposition, only render the possessor capable of doing greater mischiefs, and make him a more dangerous enemy to society than he could otherwise have been.

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Those who would rank valour among the cardinal virtues, will often find themselves obliged to give the title of virtuous to the vilest and most depraved of men. The greatest tyrants, murderers, and robbers upon earth, have been possessed of this quality, and some of them in an eminent degree. The devil, as he is described in Milton, appears to be the bravest spirit in the universe.

Nor, shall we do righter in giving too hasty commendation to wit, without having due regard to the manner in which it is exerted. When religion, virtue, honour, modesty or innocence, are attacked by this weapon, it becomes a sword in a madman's hand, and, instead of deserving our praise, is really an object of utter detestation and horror.

And yet, as clear a truth as this may seem, the practice of the world is notoriously against it. Whoever frequents the execution of malefactors, must have observed, that such as die with bravery and intrepidity never fail of meeting pity, and even some degree of esteem among the spectators. Whereas, the contrary behaviour would on those occasions be much more decent and commendable. It is very well known, that the man who will receive no injury, is by the generality of mankind much more highly esteemed than the man who will do none; nor have I seldom seen in the world, men of the loosest and vilest principles, whose actions have sufficiently showed that their hearts were void of all manner of virtue, by this quality alone recommend themselves to the favour and affection of their acquaintance.

The ladies, whose voice hath no inconsiderable weight in our constitution, universally declare on the side of valour. Their great passion for this quality visibly appears in that preference which they always give to a military lover. I have also observed on our theatres, that the intrepidity of Lothario and Morat gained Mr. Booth no small number of fair admirers, notwithstanding all the vices with which those characters are drawn. The celebrated Macheath from his resolution only, is known to have been so great a favourite with our countrywomen, that the picture of the person that represented him, had the honour to hang in the

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chambers of some of our greatest beauties. The comic poets seem so sensible of this, that the hero, who is, in the last act, to be rewarded with the fine lady of the play, is generally set out with no other good quality.

Wit, though the character of it be held of infinitely less value than the other, is however generally commended, without any regard to the uses whereto it is applied. Religion hath of late years been the subject of much wit and ridicule, and that in writing as well as discourse. Virtue and true honour have suffered the same insults from this unruly weapon. Nothing affords so frequent triumph to wit as modesty. It is common to see a man of worth, by being possessed of this quality, made ridiculous and uneasy in company, by the jests and sneers of an impudent witty fellow. I have often heard it said, "It is true, indeed, Mr. Such-a-one has a great deal of ill-nature, but I easily forgive it him, for he has a vast deal of wit."

For my part, when I hear a man called a witty or a brave man, I entertain neither a good nor bad opinion of him from such appellation. Catiline and Thersites were possessed of these qualities. But when the defence of one's country, or friend, hath flowed from valour; or when wit hath been used, like that of Addison or Steele, to propagate virtue and morality; when, like that of Swift, to expose vice and folly; it is then only, that these become commendable, and truly worthy of our praise and admiration.

I do not know a better general definition of virtue, than that it is a delight in doing good; how far, therefore, must they come short of deserving that admiration which is due to virtue alone, who are only possessed of qualities that enable them to prove hurtful and prejudicial to mankind.

I have often considered, with some pleasure, what a great benefit it hath been to the world, that nature, when she was so exceeding liberal of these commonly supposed excellences to my ancestors, took so much care to infuse with them such a profusion of humanity and benevolence, as have distinguished themselves in the several heroes of our

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family. What a curse must our great wit and resolution, our vast strength both of body and mind have been, had they, instead of the purest and warmest philanthropy, been grafted on ill-nature and cruelty? What a destructive wolf, must the mighty Hercules have proved in society, had he possessed any of those vile and pernicious qualities, which infested the hearts of those tyrants and monsters whom he destroyed?

SATURDAY, *January* 5, 1739-40.

"*Dein fustibus.*"—HORACE.

AMONG the sciences (of all which, I thank heaven, I am entirely ignorant) I have been always the greatest enemy to the metaphysics. A science I cannot help imagining to have been invented with a design rather to puzzle and darken truth, than to explain and enlighten it.

There is no word in the English language, for which I have so great a contempt as for the word reasoning, which my son Oliver informs me is much used in the metaphysics; nay, is indeed its very being. I have always looked on this sort of contention, as mean and unmanly, and have therefore, on all occasions, chose to decide my disputes by the *argumentum baculinum.*

It is not without great pleasure, that I observe our young nobility and gentry, at present, choose rather to frequent those academies for their education where this argument prevails (I mean the amphitheatres), than the sophistical schools of the universities, where men are taught to defend the whimsical systems of philosophers, but not their own persons or purses.

The ancient method of proving truth by combat in known use among our ancestors, was a way of arguing truly worthy a brave and warlike people, who chose rather to spend their blood than their breath, in defence of their assertions. Whence

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this manner of trial was originally derived is not easy to determine, but it seems to be as ancient as the state of nature, when wild men and wild beasts lived together. It still subsists among the lower rank, such who have least degenerated from that state, with whom it is at present no more than a word and a blow. Nor hath it been ever so much laid aside among the politer sort, but that, when propositions have been flatly denied, by the assertion of a little negative monosyllable which gives great offence to military ears, it hath been always esteemed, among men of honour, as the only method proper to convince an obstinate antagonist.

It must also appear to the reputation of the *baculinum argumentum*, that it hath been always the favourite of princes: the titles of the greatest potentates of the world have been decided by it. And when the reasonings of commissaries and plenipotentiaries have been found ineffectual to the conviction of either party, this argument hath in a short time, put the most intricate matters beyond all possibility of dispute: nor is this used by absolute princes amongst each other only, it also serves very commodiously to settle certain difficult points, which sometimes arise between them and their own subjects; when any claims have been laid to liberty or property, or clamours raised against oppression and such ridiculous things, an application to the *argumentum baculinum* hath immediately quieted all doubts, and given perfect satisfaction in the most perplexing cases.

I have often heard, with the utmost contempt, an insinuation that law is built on reason; whereas, it is plain, that, was you to withdraw this mighty argument, all the reason in the world would not be able to support it. On which account, the wisest lawgivers have always subjoined this as the last and surest method of convincing stubborn minds.

I might add, that this is the most general, as well as most speedy method of conviction. It instructs the dullest, as soon as the quickest capacity. Indeed there are some persons who are to be argued with in no other manner, of whom it is generally said, You must have every thing beat into you.

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This those excellent reasoners, the authors of the Gazetteer, are so sensible of, that after an infinite deal of paper wasted to prove the necessity and usefulness of the present army, they have been observed at last to declare to their antagonists, that if they will be still deaf to their arguments, they shall be shortly compelled to resort to the pillory and cart's tail. The latter of which is, I apprehend, a species of the *argumentum baculinum*, which hath not been used in politics since the reign of James II.

If to silence an antagonist be any praise to a disputant, I am sure the knock-down argument hath the greatest pretence to it. Alexander and Nero more effectually silenced their opposers than Aristotle or Seneca; and, notwithstanding the great honour which the peripatetic schools so long paid to the *ipse dixit* of Aristotle, I am mightily deceived if that of Alexander had not once a much greater sway: I fancy we shall be puzzled to account for that mighty respect which most countries in Europe pay to that enforcing form of words at the end of an edict, "For such is our pleasure," without considering it to be always backed with the *argumentum baculinum*.

Having thus shown the antiquity, the dignity, and the efficacy of this argument, I shall proceed to mention some few (out of the many) good consequences which will arise from a frequent or constant use thereof.

First, this is the fairest way of reasoning, as it is equally adapted to all capacities.

Secondly, It is the only argument a very large part of mankind are any wise susceptible of, it being impossible to convey truth to several sturdy understandings in any other manner, than by beating it into them.

Thirdly, I conceive this will be the likeliest means that can possibly be invented to make all men of one mind, to which all other methods of arguing have been so far from conducing, that they seem rather to have propagated and established differences in opinion.

Lastly, as reason is not always on the side of power, and is of no consequence when against it, but to raise the

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indignation of the wiser part of the people, by letting them see their misery without being able to help themselves; and consequently, to aggravate their grief; now the *argumentum baculinum*, on the contrary, will always stick close to that party which is uppermost; and, being properly handled by them, will not fail soon to remove all rancour and uneasiness in the multitude, and bring them without murmuring to submit to whatever burthen their betters shall, in their great wisdom, think fit to lay upon them. I know it will be answered, that such heart-burnings and grumbling are of no consequence, but are thoroughly laughed at and contemned by all great men. To which I reply, I am not writing in favour of the powers, but of the people of the universe, whom I should rather see well threshed, than gulled, or tricked, and cheated, and laughed out of their liberties. I might add, that this would utterly render the *argumentum pecuniarium* useless, which may sometimes be called in to the assistance of reason; nay, and perhaps, dealt forth under her name: whereas, the *argumentum baculinum* is of itself sufficient, scorning all other support; nor do I believe, that any person (unless the Gazetteers) ever attempted to defend it by reason.

For my part, I can foresee but one objection which can possibly be made to this scheme; namely, that the duties arising from the Stamp Office will be considerably lessened. This may be obviated two ways, either by advancing a round sum in lieu of those duties, or by suffering no person to make use of such argumentation, without being supplied with a head from the Government: for which purpose, a very large parcel of carved, wooden heads may be provided, which being joined on to proper sticks, may be dispersed through the several nations of Europe, in what quantities the several persons in power shall think fit.

I should not have recommended this way of arguing so strenuously, had not I seen the excellence of it in my own family; in which, very violent disputes were wont formerly to arise, tending only, as I observed, to create animosities between the parties, who, on these occasions, always departed

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more confirmed in their own opinions; on which account, I introduced this argument, and have been often obliged to apply it with great force on both sides the question: but, at present, my whole family are so perfectly well acquainted with its weight, that, the warmest dispute, on whatever subject, or however far advanced, on my bare pointing to the argument, which I have formerly informed my reader hangs over my chimney-piece, ceases in an instant, every thing subsiding and being hushed, as the tempest in the first Æneid at the voice of Neptune.

TUESDAY, *January* 8, 1739-40.

"*Unum pro multis dabitur caput.*"—VIRGIL.

HIS Majesty having been pleased to set apart to-morrow as a day of solemn fast, in order to implore the blessings of Heaven on the British arms: I have thought it becoming me, as a good Englishman, to throw in my mite, and dedicate a paper to the same cause; in which I shall cautiously avoid the least stroke of wit or humour, it being far from my intention to give any thing savoury to my readers on this occasion. I shall, therefore, in a very dry manner, endeavour to instruct the people how to execute their duty rightly at this season, and render his majesty's pious intention as effectual as possible: for I would by no means have them think that they have discharged themselves towards their country when they have barely fasted for it, which perhaps many of us may, at present, find much more easy than to eat for it.

It is something difficult, from natural reason only, to account for the merit of abstaining from the moderate use of those good things which the Almighty bounty hath bestowed on us: and accordingly among those unenlightened nations, who walked only by the law of nature, without the assistance of revelation, we meet with no such practice; and

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therefore, the learned Mr. Broughton, in his excellent historical dictionary, lately published; when he says, "Such solemnities have been observed in all nations;" is not to be understood strictly of fasting, but of sacrifice and atonement for crimes, of which we meet numberless instances in profane, as well as sacred writers.

"The earliest account of fasting," says that gentleman, "properly so called, was on the solemn day of expiation instituted by Moses, who yet," says he, "enjoined no other fast." Nor indeed do I find any express order for fasting in the text, on which this solemnity was founded; the words are these, "Also on the tenth day of this seventh month there shall be a day of atonement, it shall be a holy convocation unto you, and ye shall afflict your souls, and offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord." However, as the inspired interpreter thought proper to constitute fasting as one of the ceremonies on that day, this particular manner of atonement was not only continued on a yearly celebration of the tenth of the month Tisri, but was likewise practised on many occasions both public and private, and became an essential part of the Jewish religion; whence it was afterwards received into the Christian, and hath been since stolen by Mahomet, and interwoven with his impostures.

But whatever idea later ages may have annexed to this atonement, it was certainly intended by Moses as a mode only of that affliction of soul, which was expressly commanded in the text cited above; now, in this light, it may be considered as a species of that general custom of expiation or atonement in times of public calamity, which (as Mr. Broughton observes) hath been common to all ages and nations.

Whoever considers it in this view; namely, as a means to afflict the mind, cannot, I think, easily imagine that this duty consists merely in abstinence from beef and mutton, or any other flesh, while they riot in all the delicacies which fish and vegetables can afford them; no, though they should give an entire holiday to the cooks, and refuse all manner of sustenance, during twenty-four hours, I would not have

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them hope such abstinence will be acceptable, unless it be accompanied with minds truly and thoroughly afflicted; for otherwise they will have no more merit than the ostentatious Pharisee in the Gospel, to whom (though he fasted twice a week) the sincere Publican was preferred.

To afflict the mind, then, being our duty on this occasion, every thing which conduces to this end will be properly pursued by all. And though abstinence, even from delicacies, may in this luxurious age be a considerable mortification to those of a higher degree, yet it is by no means sufficient. Every manner of mortification must be practised, in order to render our minds perfectly afflicted. Such particular methods therefore as occur to me, I will here set down, and leave it to every individual reader to supply as many more as he can suggest to himself.

It hath, in the first place, been customary in all nations, in times of public calamity, to manifest the affliction of the mind by outward dress and behaviour. The Jews carried it so far, that even their finest ladies drest themselves in sackcloth, and carried ashes on their heads at these seasons. These were acts of humility, which I should be glad to see imitated by our women of quality. How beautiful would they appear in this *deshabille!* How much to their honour would redound a procession of ladies of distinction to the several churches, in robes of sackcloth, with ashes on their head! but if they decline this extraordinary act of zeal, at least, I hope, no silver, nor gold, nor jewels will be worn on this day.

A total forbearance of all diversions will be likewise insisted on, not only of public entertainments, which will not be permitted by the Government, but all private parties, as cards, dancing, or any other merriment. The practice of such virtues, as are most disagreeable to polite dispositions, as it must tend towards mortification, will be certainly very proper. As first, Honesty. I earnestly recommend to all persons (particularly to such as are very able and very unwilling) immediately on the sight hereof, to discharge all such debts as have been long due, and which they may perhaps have

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it in their power to withhold from the poor tradesman till he is undone. Secondly, Charity. I apprehend, in this time of scarcity and stagnation of trade, when the excessive prices of all the necessaries of life, added to the extreme poverty of the people, fill our streets and newspapers with numberless instances of want and misery, at such a time, I say, it would be as meritorious in the few amongst us, who have wealth, to relieve the poor from their long fast, as to fast themselves. Thirdly, Justice, I do not here mean the exact distribution of *meum* and *tuum*, already mentioned under the name of honesty; but that justice in a civil society, which requires that every man should be rewarded and punished according to the laws of his country.

This virtue may, perhaps, be understood to belong only to those few who act in a magisterial or judicial capacity; whereas, the truth is indeed far otherwise, and this justice may be practised by every private man: but as my notion may appear, at first, somewhat too refined to the corrupt eye of the present age, I will endeavour to explain it in as clear a manner as I am able.

It hath likewise been customary to all nations, in times of public calamity, or after some high offence committed by any of their great men, to make use of some atonement or expiation, in order to avert the anger of the gods, which, when kindled by human wickedness, they thought was only to be melted into pity by human sufferings. The gods were therefore to be appeased by a sacrifice; no matter whether of the person guilty or no, provided it was one of some consequence, and of the same family or race, or kingdom. Thus Iphigenia was to suffer for the crime of her father, and the innocent lives of Curtius and the Decii, were accepted as a propitiation for their country.

Now, though the sacrifice of innocent blood for the redemption of the guilty was an expiation adapted only to the palates of the ridiculous, heathen deities, and must be abhorred by the only true, great Ruler of the universe, who is a Being of infinite justice; yet this same attribute, which must detest the punishment of the innocent, must at the

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same time look with satisfaction on that of the guilty; and therefore, these lines of the tragic poet

> "When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
> The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
> And lay th' uplifted thunder-bolt aside,"

found as well in the mouth of a Christian as of a heathen.

I do, therefore, recommend this strict justice to all His Majesty's subjects, and do earnestly entreat any person, who in his own mind is convinced that he ought to be hanged, though the law cannot reach him, to deliver himself immediately into the hands of justice, that speedy and due methods of execution may be taken.

Was it not that I cautiously avoid (as much as possible) quotations from Scripture, I could prove that such a sacrifice as this would be truly acceptable to the Supreme Being. This I am sure of, such an example, would, by human methods, procure all imaginable success to our arms, and Britain should once more walk forth terrible among the nations.

How eagerly would such an opportunity have been embraced by an ancient Roman? of how little consideration would such an action have appeared in the eyes of a Decius, a Curtius, a Posthumus, a Regulus, or any other of those heroes who did, or were ready to sacrifice themselves as the victims of Rome? If it be objected that this is not only death, but death with shame: I answer, did not Horatius Cocles pass under the gallows, lest his country should pay the forfeiture of his crime? It is not being hanged, but deserving to be hanged, that is infamous; and it is more than probable, that, if there be any such person as I have hinted at, his neighbours know he deserves to be hanged, though they can't bring it about: but was the death of never so infamous a nature, which of those Romans I have mentioned, instead of declining it, would not have cried out,

> ——————"What a pity is it
> We can be *hanged* but once to serve our country?"

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THURSDAY, *January* 10, 1739-40.

——"*Quæ non viribus istis*
Munera conveniant."—OVID'S METAM.

I CONSIDER my paper as a sort of stage coach, a vehicle in which every one hath a right to take a place. If any letter therefore should hereafter appear in it, which may give offence to particular persons, they can have no more anger to me on that account, than they would show to the master of a stage, who had brought their enemy to town. This I assure them, if any thing be sent to me containing gross reflections on a private character, I shall always answer, My paper is full. I likewise promise to observe a strict impartiality, and to carry forth into the world the works of any party, provided they are writ with decency and common sense. This declaration will doubtless be a comfort to certain persons, who may by these means have something read as well as writ on their side: but if nothing of this kind should hereafter appear in my paper, the public may possibly conclude nothing can be said for them.

I know not how I can give the world livelier hopes of my future impartiality, than by printing a very severe letter on myself, which I have just received.

CAPTAIN VINEGAR,—I have read your late advertisement, which you would do well to insert in your next collection of puffs. I mean from the style only; for I am far from doubting but you have met with opposition, nay, I declare I myself have been, and will still be your opposer; nor would I have you flatter yourself, though I think you have sailed in the teeth of opposition (as the poet terms it) to about No. 20, you will be able either by huffing or puffing to carry it much farther. I would therefore advise you to lay down in time, and if you think you shall be ashamed or afraid to show your head afterwards, lest people should

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fall upon you for your abuses in the course of your writings, even shoot the pit, and march off as your betters have done before you.

Who are you? What are you? that have set yourself up for a dictator in this manner? That you came from Hockley in the Hole must be confest, and do you think your creeping nearer the court will alter the manners of Hockley, into those at St. James's; when it is notorious, that none but your old Hockleyan acquaintance resort to you, fellows who were never seen in a polite part of the town until your arrival there?

It is not, friend, as you would insinuate in your advertisement, out of any private spleen or pique against you that you are opposed; nor are your opposers such as desire themselves to establish the characters of authors, or set up a paper. No, friend, it is that you should not debauch nor corrupt the taste and manners of the people, nor expose the character of the English genius (hitherto famous) by your vile works. It is from a contempt of your parts, from knowing you to be utterly disqualified for the office you have taken upon you. An office too great for any one man to execute, and which hath formerly employed the best heads in the nation, such as Addison, Steele, and many others. How ridiculous must it seem then, to see a fellow of a low capacity, and a mean behaviour, investing himself with this office, placing his family over all the professions, and shaking a club at the whole nation. Have you really had the modesty to set up your family as men of genius, and to dispose such parts of your undertaking to their province as require great abilities? or is your family as chimerical as your club, and you the only person who is to dictate to the people? Have you taken on yourself to domineer over all professions, as well as the army, which you have with great modesty set yourself at the head of?

Would it not have been wiser in you to have joined your little forces with men of real capacity, to have disposed the several parts in your undertaking to men of suitable qualifications? Thus to have given the political part of your paper

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to such writers as those of the Craftsman and Common Sense. The poetical, to Pope or Young, the critical to Bentley, and so of the rest: I know you will, or at least, you may answer that such writers as these will not appear in a paper, which hath your name at the head of it.

As to your foreign affairs, no one who had ever the assurance to take upon him your office, hath executed this branch in so wretched and bungling a manner. Insomuch, that the whole town complain of your extreme ignorance, and are so far from believing you to have any private correspondence abroad, as you have insinuated, that they rather believe you are unacquainted with even the geography of the several countries.

Domestic matters are what you most shine, or, rather, are least deficient, in. Yet here it is notorious, that you are the greatest plunderer who ever dealt in them; at the same time, that you have the confidence to abuse all those from whom you steal. I do, indeed, acknowledge you handle them in a new manner; but I apprehend this will be little to your advantage, when it is confest that you have jumbled them together in such a confusion, that none of us know what to rely on. What do you mean by your Journal of a War? Do you think people will pay their money for such stuff? If you go on with this journal in the manner you have begun for one half year, what an idea must the whole raise in the reader? Do you imagine any thing equal to it was ever published in any language? Would you even aim at the approbation of the public, tell us what our fleets are doing in America, the Mediterranean, the Atlantic Ocean, or the Channel. Believe me, friend, unless you do something of this kind shortly, we shall all treat you with that contempt you deserve, and shall not be always amused with your accounts of victualling ships and raising marines. Will any sober man believe that such articles as these are the Journal of a War, begun by the brave and great nation, at the unanimous request of the whole people, in vindication of their usurped rights and revenge of the most inhuman, as well as insolent behaviour, in her enemies; a war, the vigorous

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support of which hath been resolved by the whole legislative power, and begun by raising a strong army, and fitting out a fleet capable of conquering all the maritime force on the whole globe; for which the people, though labouring in the utmost poverty and distress, are ready to contribute their last shilling: and lastly, upon which his majesty hath thought fit to implore, in the most solemn manner, the divine blessing.

Give me leave to ask you one serious question, Do you really think the people of England have entirely lost their understanding, or have worked up yourself into a belief that they will be terrified by the shaking of your club? If you are persuaded of these things, be assured, you are mistaken; let me, therefore, advise you either to leave off, or get some good assistance, if such will consort themselves with you, and accept of a share in the undertaking equal to your capacity; with the force of which, if you are not sufficiently acquainted, give me leave to recommend the office of collecting the puffs.

I am,
Your best friend,
PHILALETHES.

SATURDAY, *January* 12, 1739-40.

"*Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?*"—HORACE.

SEVERAL words, in all languages, very harmless in themselves, have, with great injustice been wrested and perverted to ill meanings, and, by long use and corruption, been brought to convey ideas foreign to their original signification; such was the Greek word for tyrant, which originally signified no more than king; and such are in our language the words knave, villain, &c., words which have been once used in a much better sense than they at present enjoy.

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The word turn-coat is an instance of this injustice. This is a compound word, intended to express what we generally call good housewifery. The Turn-coats were no others than certain prudent persons, who, as soon as their coat was sufficiently soiled on one side, were wont to order it to the right about, and make a very handsome and decent figure with the other side.

Hence this term became afterwards metaphorically applied to those gentlemen, who, perhaps, from much the same reasons, turned from one party to the other; changing their opinions, as the other did their coats, to the very reverse of what they formerly were.

But, however unhappy this word may be in the opinion of the world, who are apt to express a very great detestation to it, I can by no means see any just cause for these censures; on the contrary, I think it hath a very strong title to those frugal honours which it originally received, and to which I hope these my labours may again restore it.

It must be granted, that no man is so good a judge of the true merits of a cause, as he who hath been on both sides of it. It is not sufficient to say, that this knowledge may be acquired by a strict examination into them: it is notorious, that, while a man is attached to one party, he is always partial in this inquiry; nor is he indeed able to search to the bottom, there being certain secrets at the bottom of all parties, which no one discovers but to men of the same principles. So that, throughly to understand which side of the question hath the greatest right, it is perfectly necessary for a man to have declared himself on both.

Besides, a man, who will rigidly adhere to one set of politic principles, must sometimes unavoidably fall under the severest censure of the law. What is loyalty in one reign, is high-treason in the next. In James the Second's time, a man would have been hanged for not doing, what in the next reign he would have been hanged for doing. In the civil wars between Charles I. and his Parliament, this was

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more notorious. It was necessary then for any one who would sleep in a whole skin, to change his party as often as his linen.

Reproach, though fixed to the name of Turn-coat, is however often avoided by that practice. I knew a gentleman, who, in his travels through Europe, was well received every where, by having travelled through as many religions as he did countries, and very wisely recommended himself when he came home, by throwing off all.

Good fellowship ought to be cultivated every where, but it will be impossible for any gentleman to live in any tolerable share of it with his neighbours, without this virtue. He must be with one of his neighbours a Whig, with the other a Tory. Indeed, this is only to be done by men moderate in their principles, and will be by no means practicable to such as have signalised themselves very particularly on either side. Such men, whenever the majority is on the opposite side to what they have hitherto taken, must entirely relinquish all their former friends, must positively deny all they have formerly asserted; in short, they must turn their coat throughout.

It may perhaps be asked, and is a question not easy to answer, How often a man may be allowed to change his sides? Surely he who hath been on both sides the question, may, when he finds his former principles the justest, revert to these principles; nor do I see why, on very weighty considerations, he may not take a fourth trip also.

As for the reasons which may justify these changes they are so many and various, that I cannot be expected to assign them all here. Surely a man is no more obliged to stick to his principles, when they disappoint him, than to his friends. Any ill usage from his party, any refusal of what he thinks himself entitled to, no doubt sufficiently justify this exchange. How much indeed a good large offer from the other party, when he hath nothing to complain of from his own, may speak in his behalf, I cannot say; but surely, such is the weakness of human nature, that it ought to be considered in his favour, and will, no doubt,

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if not sufficiently justify him, very considerably lessen his fault.

If we look into antiquity, we shall find several of the most eminent heroes glorious examples of this practice, Alcibiades and Themistocles, and others among the Greeks; Coriolanus, &c. among the Latins. Indeed our own country affords very few instances, Colonel Hurry in the civil wars, I think makes the chief figure among the Turn-coats of our countrymen.

I know it hath been laid down, as a maxim of good policy, by one of no inconsiderable reputation, to stand firm to your principles, inasmuch as you may be assured that the party you adhere to will one time or other get the ascendant. But,

"*Vitæ summa brevis, spem nos vitat inchoare longam.*"

Put not off until to-morrow what you can do to-day; you may die before you attain that by a change in the government, which you may perhaps get now by a change in your own principles.

TUESDAY, *January* 15, 1739-40.

"*Homines in tantis rebus, ut aut contemnant, aut metuant, aut oderint, aut ament, opinione non minus famæ, quàm aliquâ certâ ratione commoveri.*"—CICERO PRO LEGE MANIL.

OF all the words, which our language hath borrowed from the Latin, I know not one to which we have applied an idea so unequal and inferior to what it gives us in its original tongue, as the word Authority. This we use in the same sense with power, and signify by it the capacity or ability of doing such and such things; whereas, the Latins by *auctoritas* intend to convey an idea of that awe and respect, which the opinion of power and virtue created in others; in

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this sense, Cicero every where uses it, particularly in his oration Pro Lege Manilia, where he introduces it at the end of his climax in the character of Pompey, and endeavours from this chiefly to recommend him to the Romans. I shall give my readers a literal translation of one sentence.

"Since authority (says he) hath so much weight in the administration of war and military discipline, no man can doubt the prevalence of this general in this particular. And who is ignorant of what mighty consequence the opinion which your enemies or allies entertain of your generals, will be to the success of your wars, since we know that mankind, in these weighty matters, are not less actuated to contempt or fear, love or hatred, by common opinion, than by any certainty of reason."

By authority, then, I understand, that weight which one man bears in the mind of another, resulting from an opinion of any extraordinary qualities or virtues inherent in him, which prepares the latter to receive the most favourable impression from all the words and actions of the person thus esteemed: this opinion, when it becomes general of any man, constitutes what we call popularity, which whoever hath attained, may with great facility procure any thing which it is in the power of the people to confer on him, may persuade them to, or dissuade them from any purposes. Whatever he affirms, they will believe; whatever he affects they will hope; whatever he commands, they will execute. In this light, Virgil introduces a man of authority pacifying a tumult, one of the finest pictures in the whole Æneid,

"Ac veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus.
Jamque faces et saxa volant. Furor arma ministrat.
Tum pietate gravem, et meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexêre silent, erectisque auribus astant.
Ille regit dictis animos et temperat iras."

"As when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply:

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> If then some grave and pious man appear,
> They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear;
> He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
> And quenches their innate desire of blood."—DRYDEN.

Or, as another hath translated two of the lines more ludicrous;

> "If in their tumults a grave man appears,
> All's whist, and nothing stirring but their ears."

We read in Machiavel, that when the Florentines in a violent commotion had slain Pogolantonio Soderini, and ran in a tumult to his house with intention to plunder it, his brother Francisco, Bishop of Volterra, who was accidentally there, marching out into the crowd in his episcopal robes, by the majesty of his person, and the dignity of his behaviour, restrained them from farther outrage, and prevailed with them to return peaceably home. And in another place, the same writer observes, that Hannibal could have kept so vast an army of different nations in such exact discipline, and free from mutiny and desertion, by his great reputation and authority only.

Nor is this force of authority less prevalent in civil, than in military, in the lowest, than in the highest affairs. It presides in all assemblies, especially such where there is any degree of freedom. Plutarch, in the life of Phocion, remarks, that the least gesture, the least nod or token of a man held in public estimation, will be more regarded than the elaborate orations of those of no character. The most private life must afford instances of this truth. In every club, or meeting of men, there are some who command the attention of the rest, whenever they please to open their mouths, whilst others may talk themselves hoarse without any notice taken of them. Hence, I apprehend, arose that common phrase of being well or ill heard; the consequence hereof must be sensibly felt by every person who speaks in company, much more in a public assembly.

Whence this authority accrues, is not necessary to discuss. In public characters, I believe, it is generally the attendant

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on merit, though I confess that sometimes here, and often in private life, we owe esteem and contempt, to accidental, indirect, and sometimes ridiculous circumstances; of which I shall give this flagrant instance, that until my removal to a polite part of the town, the world paid very little respect to those excellent discourses with which I obliged them, possessing themselves with an opinion, that nothing worth their reading, could possibly come from Hockley in the Hole.

But from whatever causes the good or ill opinion of the people proceeds, the consequences of these will be the same; of the former I have sufficiently spoke already; I shall, therefore, in the remaining part of this paper, endeavour to show, that the universal ill opinion of a people, renders a man utterly incapable of executing any public office, either military or civil. Secondly, I shall point out some of the general springs whence this flows. And thirdly, I shall give a few hints, by which any person, labouring under this calamity, may distinguish the symptoms thereof.

The first of those hath been inclusively spoken to already, for if authority or popularity be of that vast consequence, that it almost always procures success, a reverse of these must have a contrary effect, for though some men, who have been hated and despised by their country, may have comforted themselves that they have been less guilty than others, who have shared the same fate, they could not think themselves less unfortunate; the same incapacity of serving their country, of effecting any great or glorious action, will pursue them, whether they are despised, or hated, right or wrong. This being too plain to require the proof of an example, I shall proceed, secondly, to the causes of this ill opinion, which, though perhaps an instance or two may be shown to the contrary, is generally too well founded.

This universal ill opinion, when in the utmost perfection, is a mixture of hatred and contempt; whatever therefore produces either of these, may be truly called one of the ingredients in this composition. Now, I believe, the original of popular hatred and contempt, may be found in some of the following aphorisms.

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The people hate their enemies.

They hate all those whose interests are incompatible with their own.

They hate all such as pursue interests different from their own.

They hate their oppressors.

They hate all the devisers and promoters of laws, restrictive of their liberties.

They hate the inventors of schemes prejudicial to their properties.

They despise those whose abilities are known to be in no wise equal to their offices.

They despise and hate those who have been raised from very low to very high degrees, without public merit and services.

They despise men in high station, whose persons are clumsy, whose behaviour is awkward, and whose manners are low and mean.

They hate all subjects in power, who dispose of preferments without any regard to merit or capacity.

Lastly, they hate those from whom they apprehend their destruction, and by how much the more they despise such, by so much the more they hate them.

These are the most general causes of ill opinion, to which, perhaps, some more may be added. Now the symptoms, by which a universal disregard may be discovered, seem to be chiefly these.

The inward suggestion of a man's own mind, that he deserves to be heartily hated by his fellow subjects; and an apprehension arising thence of the free voice of the people, with a self-conviction that he hath taken all base methods to secure himself from this fear.

A dreadful experience, that all men of great abilities decline his cause, his friendship, and his acquaintance. That none will do him the least service without pay, which those, who are most capable of serving him, will not accept. That he hath no friend who is not his dependant, and hated for being such by all others. That no one will say or hear,

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write or read any thing in his favour; while every person and thing attempting to vilify and ridicule him, are caressed and esteemed by the public.

Though more might be added (being perhaps particular branches from these general roots) it may be needless to enumerate them, seeing that whoever finds the least appearance of any of the before mentioned may conclude the symptoms are on him; and whoever shall perceive that he is clear of all these, may as safely acquit himself.

I conclude with observing, that we have had no person in whom all these symptoms have met, since Buckingham, and I heartily hope we shall never see such another.

THURSDAY, *January* 17, 1739-40.

"*Sæpe et multum hoc mecum cogitavi, bonine an mali plus attulerit hominibus et civitatibus copia dicendi.*"—CICERO, DE INVENT.

THE use of speech hath by some been represented as an essential mark, which distinguishes man from the other inhabitants of this creation. I suppose these persons mean the power of conveying ideas to each other by speech, for that of articulating sounds we may observe in several others.

Nor, perhaps, will the observation hold extremely true with regard to the other quality. Inasmuch as I see great reason to believe all animals have a sort of language, whereby they converse with one another. Though perhaps they have not a faculty of modulating sounds with as great a variety as man, having, perhaps, a less variety of ideas; yet, whoever has been at all conversant with them, cannot, I think doubt their power of communicating some necessary hints. For my part, I am sufficiently assured, they have no sound, but what hath its proper meaning, and is well understood among themselves: for, not to argue from the opinion,

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that nature hath made nothing in vain, whoever hath observed a rook alarm his neighbours on the apprehension of danger; or the different sounds made use of by the hen when she would summon her chickens to their food, or warn them to shun an approaching hawk, must conclude that they have sufficient methods to convey the ideas of delight and terror to each other, nay, and to those of our own species, who live much among them, and (if I may be allowed the phrase) converse intimately with them. The experienced huntsman knows, by the different notes of his dogs, whether the game be fox or hare which they pursue. In short, a man who should be thrown among a nation of people, whose language he understood not one word of, might full as rationally conclude, that they had none, and all that seemed such in them, was nothing more than certain inarticulate, accidental sounds without any meaning, as he might those of the beasts to be so from the same reason.

But though the very gift of speech itself, doth not essentially distinguish us from our fellow inhabitants of this globe, yet the manner in which we employ it, I think, does; or, in other words, though the use of speech be not peculiar to man, I believe the abuse of it is.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the remedies of the abuse of words, says, "That whoever shall consider the errors and obscurity, the mistakes and confusion, that are spread in the world by an ill use of words, will find some reason to doubt, whether language, as it has been employed, has contributed more to the improvement or hindrance of knowledge amongst mankind."

I am inclined to believe, that if we could, by a kind of chemical operation, separate those parts of our ordinary conversation, which either leave any idea in the mind of the speaker, or convey any to that of the hearer, from those which do not, the former would be found scarce to bear the proportion of a tenth part to the latter.

To instance, first, in compliments, among the civilised part of mankind, what a number of words hath the introduction

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of this custom stripped of their ideas, and in a manner annihilated? What idea hath any man in his head, when he says to another, "Sir, I am your most obedient humble servant, I am heartily glad to see you. How does your good family? I am heartily sorry to hear of the death of your father, &c." I believe there is scarce any well bred man, but hath thrown away half the words of his language in this manner. Nor is there any man either weak enough to intend, or to receive flattery by this method; when one gentleman tells another he is, "His most obedient servant," it signifies no more, nor is any more meant or understood by it, than if he had said Barababatha, or any other sound, which in no language, that we know of, has any meaning.

A second way of squandering words in conversation, is the art of adorning your speech (as some imagine the ancient Greeks to have done their language) with expletives. This is a faculty which I have known some men possess in so eminent a degree, that they might themselves be properly called expletives in conversation.

A third way, and less innocent than any of the former is that of swearing on every flight, and sometimes on no occasion. If an oath conveyed to the mind of a Christian, the terrible sense it properly signifies, it would be impossible for him to be so weak as to use it; besides, considering the present flourishing state of infidelity, we may often be assured an oath is a sound without any idea belonging to it; for what idea can an atheist have in his mind, when he swears by his creator, or a deist, who swears by any of the articles of the Christian faith?

There are several other methods too tedious to mention, in which particular men very happily succeed; an argument or a story often carry off some thousands of words, and leave no person the wiser; not to mention certain phrases which have by long custom arrived at meaning nothing, though often used; such as, it is very early, very late; very hot, very cold; a very good, a very bad play or opera; the best in the world, the worst in the world, and several others.

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But besides many other species of word-squandering which are generally practised, every particular profession seems to have laid violent hands on some certain syllables which they use *ad libitum* without conveying any idea whatsoever.

I need not mention that custom so notorious among gentlemen of the law, of taking away from substantives, the power given them by Mr. Lilly of standing by themselves, and joining two or three more substantives to show their signification; I mean the noble art of tautology, which is one kind of extravagance in the use of words. They have also several words, or rather sounds peculiar to themselves without any meaning, such as learned in the law, despatch, reasonable, and many others.

Physicians seem to have so carefully avoided this extravagance, that in their prescriptions they use no words at all, conveying their meaning to the apothecary, by certain strange figures, which some think to have a very mystical, and even magical force in them; and yet these gentlemen have some words in use among them, to which it will be very difficult to assign any certain idea. Such are out of danger, safe prescription, infallible method, &c. Nay, I have been told, that physician itself, is a word of very little, if any signification.

The mercantile world, may at first sight, from their writings be supposed to spare all superfluity of language, and use no more than the needful, and yet notwithstanding their frequent banishment of the first person out of their epistles, we shall find in their mouths several words and phrases of as little meaning as any before mentioned. Such are, very cheap, lowest price, get nothing by it, fair trader, as I have a soul to be saved, this cost me, &c.

There are also several ways at first used to distinguish particular degrees of men, but by time immemorial stript of all ideas whatever.

Such are captain, doctor, esquire, honourable, and right honourable, the two last of which signifies no more than if you should pronounce the above mentioned word Barababatha.

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Great men have peculiar phrases, which some persons imagine to have a meaning among themselves, but give no more idea to others, than any of those unintelligible sounds which the beasts utter; such are, upon my honour, believe me, depend on me, I'll certainly serve you another time, this is promised, I wish you had spoke sooner; and some hundred others of this kind, very frequent in the mouths of the said great men.

I shall enumerate no more out of many instances which might be brought of our using sounds, without ideas; but from what has been said, I am persuaded the use of speech appears of no such universal advantage as some may think it, and that we may not consider the distinction which speech has set between us and the brute creation (if it hath set any) so much to our honour, nor make so ill a use of it, as to upbraid them with what if nature hath granted to us, we have so barbarously and scandalously abused.

TUESDAY, *January* 22, 1739-40.

"*Continuo sontes ultrix accincta flagello*
Tisiphone quatit insultans, torvosque sinistrâ
Intentans Angues vocat agmina sæva sororum."—VIRGIL.

THERE is a set of philosophers who have, it seems, in direct opposition to that ancient tenet of the Stoic school, that virtue is the greatest good, found out, that virtue is the greatest evil, and that the surest and indeed only way to human happiness is utterly to pluck up by the roots that useless and pernicious weed, which every where obstructs men in all desirable pursuits.

As it was the aim and earnest endeavour of the Stoics, and other sects of the ancient writers, to raise and elevate human nature to the highest pitch of goodness and virtue; these philosophers have, with no less pains, laboured to

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degrade and debase it to the lowest sink of iniquity and vice. As the former had before them the pattern of divine perfection, the imitation of which they assiduously preached up to their disciples and followers, the whole course of their labours visibly tending to bring mankind as near as possible to the excellence of the Deity; so the latter have not scrupled to set before their readers the imitation of an infernal demon, and drudged as heartily to level us with him.

What advantage these political philosophers propose to themselves or the world from the propagation of this doctrine, is not easy to determine; or why they should so strenuously endeavour to prove that true which they must at the same time own, is highly our interest to wish false, I cannot imagine. Was human nature really as depraved, and totally bad as they represent it, surely the discovery is of the same kind with his, who with great pains persuaded his friend that a wife, who had agreeably deceived him, and with whom he lived extremely happy, was false to him. A man, upon whom such unwelcome discoveries are intruded, may say with him in Horace,

> ———— "*Pol me occidistis, amici,*
> *Non servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas*
> *Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.*"

An evil which admits of no remedy, a wise man would surely wish to remain in ignorance of. Surely a person violently deformed in his features, would have little reason to thank one who officiously held a glass to him; nor is he more obliged to another, who tells him he is undoubtedly a rogue in his nature.

These philosophers have carried on their war against virtue two ways. They have first, as much as in them lay, endeavoured to ridicule and extirpate all our expectations of any future reward in another life; and secondly, they have represented it as directly incompatible with our happiness and advancement in this. While one part of this tribe have been kicking our religion out of doors, another have as

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strenuously applied themselves to send our morals after. We have seen religion represented as a grievance, and vices very modestly called the chief benefits to a nation.

I shall not here enter into the discussion of points of so great consequence, and which have been so often and so well proved as the immortality of the soul, and the certainty of a future state. The reader will find in Tillotson and Clerk, sufficient demonstrations of this truth, sufficient antidotes against all such writings as I have above mentioned. The scope of this paper is to prove, that these writers would do a real dis-service to mankind, even supposing these allegations were true, and religion as false as they would have it imagined.

Was there no future state, it would be surely the interest of every virtuous man to wish there was one; and supposing it certain, every wise man must naturally become virtuous. How finely does the Stoic argue,

> ——"If there's a Power above us,
> And that there is, all nature cries aloud
> In all her works, he must delight in virtue;
> And that which he delights in must be happy."

What a glorious, what a rapturous consideration must it be to the heart of man to think the goodness of the great God of nature concerned in his happiness? How must it elevate him in his own opinion? How transported must he be with himself? What ecstatic pleasure must he feel in his mind, when he presumes that his ways are pleasing to the all-powerful Creator of the universe? How transporting must be the thought that he is looked on with favour by the mighty Being, in whose will is all goodness and benevolence, and in whose power is all existence and all happiness? If this be a dream, it is such a one as infinitely exceeds all the paltry enjoyments this life can afford. It is such a delusion as he who undeceived you might be well said *occidere et non servare*, to destroy, not preserve. How cruel would it be in a physician to wake his patient from dreams of purling streams, and shady groves, to a state of pain and

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misery? How much more cruel then is this pretended physician of the mind, who destroys in you those delightful hopes, which, however vain, would afford such a spring of pleasure during the whole course of your life?

And supposing that the deist, nay, the atheist, could carry his point, supposing that the belief of a future state, nay, of a very Deity, could be rooted out of the world, and men could be brought to believe that this vast regular frame of the universe, and all the artful and cunning machines therein were the effects of chance, of an irregular dance of atoms. Suppose the atheist could establish his creed (a creed abounding with many greater difficulties to human understanding than any religious one whatever), nay, suppose the deist could establish his, that we could believe the Deity a lazy, unactive being, regardless of the affairs of this world, that the soul of man, when his body dieth, lives no more, but returns to common matter with that of the brute creation, where would be the advantage accruing to us? What misery would be banished out of the world? Would men be the happier or better for this knowledge? What would be the consequence of this? Why then mankind might be left to pursue their desires, their appetites, their lusts, in a full swing and without control. The ambitious, the voluptuous, the covetous, the revengeful, the malicious, steering clear of human laws only, without any fear of being called to a future account, might feast and glut their several passions with the most delicious repasts they could procure. How little productive of happiness this would be, I shall hereafter inquire; but let us, for the present, grant with the deist that the Almighty slumbers on His throne, that the soul of man is as mortal as his body, nay, is a part of his body, or whatever else he pleases to have it. Nay, further, let us give to the atheist himself that creating power which he denies any where else, let him make his hero, and endow him with beauty, health, and vigour, let him form him for the utmost delights with women, and gratify him with the finest dainties that the gardens, or the shambles of Venus can produce; let him, if he please, compliment him with all the other passions

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in the same perfection, and glut him with the same luxury; yet will he, I am afraid, be forced to own all his pleasures infinitely inferior to those exquisite raptures which the coolest enthusiast in religion enjoys.

What advantage therefore to mankind can the deist propose, by endeavouring to rob him of these delights, however ill grounded they may be, nay, what amends can he make us for so doing?

But suppose, as Dr. South observes, the contrary should be the case and religion not that mere bugbear some represent it.

What will be the case then? How innocent have been the swords of the conquerors and destroyers, the heroic murderers and butchers of mankind, in comparison with a profligate pen? How wholesome are the most poisonous drugs and venom of serpents compared to his ink? What applause, what reward can attend his labours, but the dreadful consideration

"To glad all hell with numbers he has damn'd?"

THURSDAY, *January* 24, 1739-40.

——"*Vis rectè vivere? Quis non?*
Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis
Hoc age deliciis."—HORACE.

I DO not remember a more noble sentiment preserved to us in the records of all antiquity, than what is contained in a short sentence of Plato, which I have often seen quoted. "That could mankind behold virtue naked, they would all be in love with her."

Several of the philosophers, as well as primitive fathers, and some modern divines, have dressed her up in such disagreeable colours, have represented her to be of so rigid

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a nature, and so difficult to be attained, that they have frightened the weaker and more indolent part of mankind from her embraces, while these have either despaired of success in the pursuit, or fancied such intolerable penances, as they were unable to undergo in her possession.

A certain sect, whom I mentioned in my last paper, taking advantage of this frightful figure, in which virtue was set forth, turned the arms of ridicule upon her, and endeavoured to persuade mankind, that this outwardly disagreeable mistress had as few charms within. That, however ugly she appeared in that dress, wherein her advocates had exhibited her, she had really put on her best face; that those hidden beauties which they talked so much of, were nothing more than chimeras of their own brains, or at least forgeries only devised to impose upon and cheat the multitude. In opposition to whom, they tricked out and adorned with all possible show and splendour, a very fine, young lady, who they assured the world was full as charming within as without, and ten times a more valuable conquest than that mistress for whom they had sighed so long.

Some of these gentlemen acted in a more disguised manner, never telling the name of this mistress they so commended, while others grew bolder, threw off her mask, and were not ashamed to declare, that vice, to every wise man, was infinitely preferable to virtue. That every man who intended to advance himself in the world, or to be great and happy, must make his addresses to the former; that thirst and hunger, whips and chains, were the only boons which virtue bestowed on her admirers. That her favour was the sure road to misery, and that those in whom she most delighted, she made most unhappy.

In consequence of this, several treatises were written showing how men might attain the full possession of the former lady; or, to drop the allegory, rules were prescribed to make us complete rogues.

And yet, if we examine this matter thoroughly, if we strip virtue and vice of all their outward ornaments and appearances, and view them both naked, and in their pure, native

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simplicity, we shall, I trust, find virtue to have in her every thing that is truly valuable, to be a constant mistress, a faithful friend, and a pleasant companion; while vice will appear a tawdry, painted harlot, within, all foul and impure, enticing only at a distance, the possession of her certainly attended with uneasiness, pain, disease, poverty, and dishonour.

Virtue is not that coy, nor that cruel mistress she is represented. Nor is she of that morose and rigid nature, which some mistake her to be. If she loves retirement, and is more safely preserved there, still she will accompany you in cities, in courts, and in camps. Ambition itself, if moderate, she will countenance, she will not indeed permit you, by all means whatever, to rise and advance yourself; yet she has been known to raise some to the highest dignities in the State, in the Army, and in the Law. So that we find virtue and interest are not, according to Photinus in Lucan, as repugnant as fire and water. Besides how much more desirable is preferment acquired by virtuous than that obtained by vicious means. The virtuous man, for the most part however, enjoys his preferment with a security of mind, with safety, and with honour. Whereas the man, who by base and dishonest means hath raised himself to power, stands as it were on a pinnacle, exposed to every wind, fearful and disquieted within, hated and pursued without. His power seldom lasting, always uncertain, and generally sure to end in ruin and dishonour.

Nor hath the virtuous man less advantage in the ways of pleasure. Virtue forbids not the satisfying our appetites, virtue forbids us only to glut and destroy them. The temperate man tastes and relishes pleasure in a degree infinitely superior to that of the voluptuous. The body of the voluptuous man soon becomes impaired, his palate soon loses its taste, his nerves become soon unbraced and unfit to perform their office: whereas, the temperate body is still preserved in health, its nerves retain their full tone and vigour, and convey to the mind the most exquisite sensations. The sot soon ceases to enjoy his wine, the glutton his dainties, and the libertine his women. The temperate man

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enjoys all in the highest degree, and indeed with the greatest variety: for human nature will not suffice for an excess in every passion, and wherever one runs away with a man, we may generally observe him sacrificing all the rest to the enjoyment of that alone. The virtuous and temperate man only hath inclination, hath strength; and (if I may be indulged in the expression), hath opportunity to enjoy all his passions.

Poverty is so far from being enjoined us by virtue, that parsimony, which she expressly prescribes, is a certain way to wealth. Indeeds she suffers us not by any base or mean arts, by imposing or preying on others, to rush, as it were, into immense fortunes. The consequences of which, we may observe, to be always either spending them again in a manner as detestable as they were amassed, or forfeiting them to that justice which we injured in the getting them, or becoming absolute slaves to them. The last of which is of all circumstances the most miserable. There is scarce any trade, any profession in life, which will not abundantly supply the industrious professor. If we search to the bottom, we shall find the moderate acquisitions of industry and honesty more productive of happiness, than all the plunder with which fraud, rapine, or violence can enrich us.

It is needless to run through any other instance, we shall find in all, that virtue indulges us in the use, and preserves us from the abuse of our passions. That it is always the result of wisdom, as happiness will be always the result of virtue.

Vice cheats us with the appearances of good, while virtue only gives it us in reality. Honour, pleasure, wealth, are only found under her conduct. Vice plays the courtier with us, it flatters, and promises, and deceives. Virtue is more reserved, less liberal to us on a slender acquaintance; but when we prove ourselves worthy her favours, she is always profuse in bestowing them.

And this is she that hath been represented in so rigid and odious a light by some of her own advocates. That hath been pictured as such a tyrant, requiring things almost

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impossible to be performed, and forbidding us other things from which it is as difficult to abstain. This is that virtue which wanton wits have strove to ridicule, and wicked sophisters have argued to be so contrary to our worldly interest; whereas, her commands are most easy, and her burthens light; she commands us no more than to be happy, and forbids us nothing but destruction. In short, her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

SATURDAY, *January* 26, 1739-40.

"*Dixero quid si fortè jocosius, hoc mihi juris*
Cum venia dabis."—HORACE.

TO CAPTAIN HERCULES VINEGAR.

SIR,—You have lately surprised the world by two very elaborate (not to say dull,) essays upon virtue. Who would have expected, or who indeed can bear such pious and moral declamations from the mouth of Captain Vinegar?

"*Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes.*"

It would have been much more consonant with your former character, to have taken the other side, and have given a final kick to this lady, whose nudities, it seems, Plato was so delighted with. I know not whether she may be so fond of appearing naked in these colder climates, but I am sure she will always leave her followers so.

My Lord Bacon, somewhat a greater philosopher I think than yourself, was so far from attempting to establish real virtue (and let me tell you she had then a little better footing than at present), that he only endeavoured to recommend her shadow. He advised men only to wear the mask of those virtues which were nearest allied to their vices; the covetous man to affect thriftiness; the prodigal liberality; the coward humility; the rash man valour; and so of the rest.

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This is indeed arguing like a wise man, like a man who understands the world, and the way of living in it. This is such philosophical diet as a man may grow fat by feeding on. No chimerical system, which hath starved all its professors, which savours of the romantic tub of Diogenes, and would soon reduce us to be glad of a tub to live in.

I shall not here attack the former part of your apology for virtue, where you speak of another world. That subject, I hope, hath been pretty satisfactorily handled already by some modern free thinkers. I cannot, however, help observing, how aptly you use the word "dream" on this occasion. And if you have a desire to dream on, or to talk in your sleep, as we are well convinced you did in the before mentioned essay, far be it from me to wake you. Dose yourself as you please, good captain, but distribute not your opiates through the nation; for when you do, I shall always apply proper antidotes. I shall not be afraid of your club, whose ridiculous and miraculous power, *credat Judæus Apella, non ego.*

I come now to the second part of your apology, where virtue is very modestly asserted to be not only consistent with, but necessary to worldly interest. Here you set out very bravely indeed, noble captain, with showing us how considerable a prop she is to ambition, how necessary to the acquiring or keeping preferments. As you have not been so good as to tell us what preferments you mean, I will suppose in your favour, they may be at court. Indeed, if we consider the characters and conduct of those gentlemen among us, who are, at present, so happy to possess these, we may be, perhaps, inclined to come into your opinion. (Yet it is certain, that several writers of your own side have thought courts a soil wherein this plant of virtue seldom grows to any great height.) I must own, indeed, that as few of these writers have appeared lately, the court soil may have been improved since the times of the Stoics, and virtue may flourish better there now than formerly it did. But whether this plant, like some others, may not change a little of its nature with its soil; whether the virtue that is necessary to

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court-preferments, be not another sort of virtue from that which Plato was in love with; whether there be not some particular virtue proper for a gentleman, as king Charles II. said of religion; or whether, as Horace tells us, that as vice often puts on the mask of virtue, so virtue may not sometimes put on the appearance of vice, I shall not determine. Perhaps, certain qualities and actions may be virtues in a courtier, which are vices in any other; we know shedding blood is accounted laudable in a soldier, as it is his profession; forgetfulness of promises, treachery, etc., may therefore have the same title to be praiseworthy in the courtier. Lastly, which I think the strongest argument of all, as it is a maxim in law, that the fountain and head of a court can do no wrong, this incapacity of doing wrong may probably descend to all who belong to a court; and thus a vicious person can never be preferred there, because he is no longer vicious than until he is preferred.

But I shall dwell no longer on this article, since I think I can easily confute you on the other heads. And if I can once prove the court to be the only place where virtue thrives, if I can drive her to that retreat, I shall leave her in that good company with all my heart.

You have asserted, that pleasure consists in temperance. But, I suppose, you will agree that it has no great affection for hunger, or thirst, or cold: and these, sir, are misfortunes which virtue can in no wise hinder you from. Virtue is a sort of cash, unknown to the butcher, the baker, the draper, the tailor. If a man carries nothing but virtue to market, he will, I am afraid, carry nothing else from it. Nor are the virtuous pleasures which you allow us with women to be purchased by this coin. The gravest parent would listen very little to the catalogue of a man's virtues, if he brought no rent-roll with him; nor would he easily prevail with the young lady to run away with him, by any such charms. If Plato, and an ensign of the Foot Guards were to be competitors for a wife, the philosopher would stand as ill a chance in the lady's eye, as he would in her father's, was a rich country squire, or city alderman, his rival. Money must

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purchase him pleasure, and virtue will scarce purchase him money. A very virtuous man may starve in Westminster Hall, or among the fair traders in the city, while the gentleman who would take fees in any cause, or sometimes on both sides of the same cause; and the trader who swears solemnly that he gets nothing by his silk at a crown a yard, and sells it afterwards for four shillings, will be pretty sure of growing rich. And riches are the way to honour as well as pleasure. Nay, the very titles, which are peculiar to virtue itself, are usurped by riches. What is the meaning of a good man in the city, but a rich man; or a bad man, but a poor one? Will not riches, even at court itself, procure a man a title, and does not a title endow him and his successors with honour? Human happiness is surely placed in being rich, and riches are not procured by virtue. How they are procured, I shall show you in a future letter. You may as well publish these my lucubrations yourself; for, if you do not, I shall carry on the controversy in some other paper; and I know one very fit for my purpose: for whatever paper is carried on for the support of corruption, will not stick at proclaiming war against virtue.

I am, &c.

TUESDAY, *January* 29, 1739-40.

"*Aude aliquid brevibus gyaris et carcere dignum,*
Si vis esse aliquis."—JUVENAL.

TO CAPTAIN HERCULES VINEGAR.

SIR,—As I have, I think, in my former letter, sufficiently overthrown all your arguments in defence of virtue, which I therein proved entirely incompatible with our worldly interest, I here send you, according to my promise, some instructions whereby a man may arrive at that pitch of grandeur and honour in the world, which you so falsely suggested to be attainable in the roads of virtue.

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The first quality which every man ought to be possessed of, who promises himself to make any figure in this hemisphere, is the art of lying. This word, as it regards our interest, however it came to be scandalous I will not determine, comprehends flattery and scandal, a false defence of ourselves, and a false accusation of other people.

It hath been laid down as a maxim, that a liar ought to have a good memory. This I take to be a blessing, which if not born with a man, is not easily attained. Such as think it is, I shall recommend to that excellent treatise called Memoria Technica, and other books which they may find of the same nature.

First, a lie ought never to be improbable; several liars, who might have made a very creditable figure in their country, have been blown up at once, and destroyed by one too bold stroke. I have seen more fail in this profession from too great forwardness, than the contrary excess: for in this calling, as in no other, a man should avoid a reputation of excelling in it if he would turn it to any advantage. There are some persons so famous for this art, that their very mention of a story is sufficient to destroy the credit of it. These can only scandalize by praising. It will be proper always to have some regard to public notoriety, A—gyle's valour and dignity, Ch—ld's wit, or D—ton's politeness, will not be so judiciously called in question. Such lies as these should, if possible, be avoided. But this regards only the lie scandalous; if you come to the lie panegyrical you need set no bounds.

> "It matters not how false or forc'd,
> So the best things be said o' th' worst."

Here the assent of the world is of no consequence to you; your patron believes himself, and that is sufficient. You may lay on honour and beauty, and all manner of virtues as thick as you please, you are not to consider what he is, but what he should be, or what he would be thought. Those are the perfections you are to compliment him with, and you will scarce ever fail of success.

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But, however fearless a liar may be of being contradicted by others, he should always take especial care not to contradict himself. Indeed, in being of both sides the question, he must quit his occupation, and dabble in truth to which he ought always to be a professed enemy. Yes, if he sees it for his interest, provided there be some tolerable intervention of time (not less than three months at least), he may abuse the same man for vices which he has not, whom he had before complimented with virtues that he had not. But this requires great caution.

In spreading false news, especially defamation, care should be taken in laying the scene. Thus he may, with great intrepidity, at London, report any adventures from any place a hundred miles distant. If he confines himself to this town, he should at least lay the scene of his action at one part, and report it in the other.

A fourth and last precept, which I shall here lay down, is never to publish any lie in the presence of one who knows the falsehood of it. This, besides its rendering it of no effect, may possibly lead the liar into some inconveniences.

The second quality which equips a man out for preferment is impudence, some indeed have called it the first. This quality, or some degree of it at least, should be born with a man, but as many are so unfortunate as to bring a very slender share into the world with them, I shall communicate such measures as are most proper to be taken in order to the attaining it.

And first, as a neighbouring nation, how justly I will not affirm, are famous for this excellence, it would not be amiss to have the child suckled by an Irish nurse, whence it may very regularly be conveyed to a French schoolmaster. At the age of twelve at farthest, let him be put to some attorney, or rather solicitor. As the place of his education ought to be in this town, let him go at all leisure times to the play-house, especially when some of noted assurance act; if he could have the liberty of going behind the scenes, it were better, where he might have an opportunity of

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conversing with the actresses, who are generally great mistresses in this science. On Sundays he should be sure to frequent the oratory. After he has been about two years with an attorney, it were good to make him a page at court, or ensign of the Foot Guards, he may here perform his exercises at the play-house and oratory as before. It may be proper also for him to frequent a French ordinary, and if he paid now and then a visit or two to Westminster Hall in term time, it were not amiss. Particular care should be taken to keep him out of the way of all manner of learning, which hath been found too apt to render men modest. Persons who know the most, being always most diffident of themselves. The only schools he should therefore frequent are the French school as above, a dancing school, and that celebrated school of Mr. James Figg, where he will meet with the best and properest company. I believe, if these rules were strictly observed, we should see very few fail of arriving at this excellence, which how necessary it is to our preferment need not be here explained. It is that with which no man can fail, and without which no one can succeed. So true is that of Hudibras,

> "For he that has but impudence,
> To all things has a just pretence."

How many persons have we seen make considerable figures in the world by this endowment only?

But it is possible for a person to be too impudent, at least to be improperly so. When a man is once sure of being thoroughly an adept in this science, that is, of having utterly banished all shame, he may then trust himself with the affectation of modesty; for he is most truly and happily impudent, who is so without appearing so. The impudent person, as well as the liar, must succeed under the disguise, the one of truth, and the other of modesty. It may indeed be sometimes proper to throw off this mask, but then great care is to be taken to whom he is impudent. If he carries it no farther than putting a modest young lady out of countenance

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in a public assembly, provided she has no one by to defend her, or to the roasting a man of real merit without assurance; to mix, without any invitation, in the company of men infinitely his superiors, or bear off, or, as others call it, put a good face on his own notorious rogueries, I think it may be allowed him; but he must take care not to mistake his man, or even his woman. I have known the impudentest of all fellows put to shame by a pretty repartee from a fair lady, whom he had attempted to confound; and the same person very severely used by one of his own sex, for exerting that talent on him. In short, impudence is a horse, to which, if you give the reins too loosely, he will be apt to run away with you; but being well ordered and governed, will never fail of carrying you to the top of your wishes.

(3) A third ingredient in our politician must be ingratitude. He must know no other tie but his interest, to which he must at any time be ready to sacrifice his party or his friend. (He is to consider all the world as a set of designing rogues, and all obligations conferred on him as done with a view to the doer's own benefit, and that his was the least consulted in them; but if any obligation should appear to be of such a nature, that it is impossible to attribute it to any of these vices, he is then to look on the person who conferred it as a simple fellow, to ascribe it to his weakness, and instead of valuing, to despise him for it.) This a man must have the seeds of in himself, and cultivate by conversation in the world. There are some men of such milky natures, as Lady Macbeth says in Shakespeare, that it will be difficult to bring them to this height of perfection; but such men I reject, as utterly incapable of ever coming to any thing, and proper only to be your disciples.

A man once thoroughly indued with these three qualities of lying, impudence, and ingratitude, will, I believe, scarce want any other titles to preferment and grandeur. (As for bravery, though some have succeeded well with it, who have had no other virtues, as it may lead him into scrapes and inconveniences he had better be without it;) let him stick close to these I have prescribed, and I fear not but he will

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soon look down on all those who pursue such romantic schemes as you have advanced. I am,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

SATURDAY, *February* 2, 1739-40.

"*Totum in eo est, ut imperes tibi.*"—CIC. TUSC. Q. lib. 2.

THE conquest of one's self is justly preferred by wise men to that of armies and kingdoms. This is that courage which is so ardently recommended in our religion, and which, however passive it may be in regard to others, is extremely active with respect to one's self. Whoever carefully surveys his own mind, will find sufficient enemies to combat within; an army of obstinate passions that will hold him in tight play, will often force his reason to retreat; and if they are at length subdued, it will not be without much labour and resolution.

This is a war, which cannot fail, I think, of affording great pleasure to the victorious, but is attended with infinite danger to the conquered. We have seen empires and kingdoms raising themselves again after the most entire defeats. Rome soon retrieved her loss at Cannæ, and France hath repaired the rout of Hockstet. But in this war of the mind, if reason once lose a battle, once suffer an absolute overthrow, we seldom, if ever, see her exert herself again. A triumphant passion is an active conqueror, never failing to improve the victory, nor stopping, until it hath perfectly subdued and rendered itself absolute master of the mind.

And, since we have seen such dreadful instances of the tyranny of these victorious passions, what severe tribute they exact, how cruelly they torture those who submit to their yoke, it will be, I am persuaded, found our interest to stand to the battle manfully, to give no ground to the assailant,

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nor quarter to the retreating. We can be guilty of no cruelty in the pursuit of these enemies; forasmuch, as we are certain they omit none when the fight inclines to their side. The severest slavery imposed by men on one another is light, in comparison of that under an overbearing passion.

Seeing, therefore, that this contention is so absolutely necessary, and at the same time so difficult, it is well worth our while to fortify ourselves against such attacks, to consider by what means we may best resist the impulse of these dangerous enemies, and arrive at that perfection which hath been recommended by the wisest of antiquity, and fulfil that glorious precept *vince teipsum.*

As it behoveth every prince, before he enters into a war, to examine his own force, and strengthen himself with the best and most powerful alliances, so it is the interest of this our warrior to study well the strength of his own mind, and to borrow all the assistance which philosophy can lend him on this occasion.

I have been often surprised, that among all the divines and philosophers, who have declaimed on this subject, few or none have laid down any good rules for the attaining so desirable a conquest. The former have ascribed all to grace, and the latter to that consummate virtue of the Stoics, which was able to do all things. They have both trumpeted out much on this head, and sufficiently demonstrated the great glory of our self-conquest. But, by their leave, this is acting little unlike to a physician who should sing forth the praises of health, when he should prescribe men the method of attaining it; or a guide, who instead of showing him the way to London, should entertain a traveller with the great beauty and magnificence of the place.

I shall therefore attempt here to lay down some rules whereby we may proceed to the attaining what I think needs no recommendation to the pursuit of.

The economy of the body hath been often compared to that of the state, so may also that of the mind; as a just balance of power can only support any degree of

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liberty in a political constitution, so must the exact balance of the passions preserve order and regularity in the mind. It is therefore the business of every man, carefully to consider to what side the scale leans, otherwise he will be hurried away before he is aware, and perhaps, while he comforts himself that he is neither hurtful, nor covetous, nor cruel, pride is imperceptibly getting the ascendant over him, and laying such a foundation for universal empire in his mind, as it will be afterwards difficult for him to destroy.

This self-examination is by no means easy to be well executed: a man may be thoroughly acquainted with the policies of the world, may be a perfect master of the interests and designs of all the princes in Europe, and yet an utter stranger to what is doing in that little state within his own breast. It is a knowledge perhaps of all the most difficultly attained. Our passions are subtle politicians, and when they find the man on his guard, will act in the most cunning and disguised manner. It hath been observed, that we often mistake the actions of others, as good or evil, from not knowing the springs whence those actions proceed: but what if we are as great strangers to the springs of even our own actions! If we mistake avarice for parsimony, profuseness for liberality, pride for honour, and so of the rest! This is a deceit which our passions often put upon the most cautious, and against which we ought to be daily on our guard.

When the enemy is thus discovered, we must not be lazy or backward in opposing him. It is easier to obstruct a foe in his landing, than to attack him when drawn up in battle array, or to drive him successfully out of the first trench than out of the last. Every inch of ground gives fresh courage to him that advances, and takes it from him that retreats. It is well said, "He that looketh on a woman, so as to lust after her, hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." For, not to understand this, according to the generally supposed meaning, that the least degree of vice gives a taint to the mind, it will be always found much easier to resist the first impression of evil, than to root it out when it hath got the least footing. No passion attacks us at

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first with that violence, which it afterwards assumes. It steals imperceptibly into our minds, and seldom declares itself until certain of the victory.

Nothing can conduce more effectually to our defence against these invasions, than a right knowledge of the methods which our passions take in attacking us. The most usual way is, I believe, to dazzle our eyes by the immediate glare of the object before us, so as to hurry us on to action, without giving our understanding leisure to consider and weigh the consequence. Lust especially acts in this way. I have heard the most abandoned libertines, when they have been drawn into the least cool consideration, confess their folly, and condemn themselves. Indeed, if a man would set before his eyes the ideas of pain, disease, dishonour, poverty, death, and all the frightful ideas of those miseries, which the least indulgence of this passion will almost certainly bring upon him, he must be very fool-hardy to give way to it; but he is allured and charmed with the hopes of the immediate possession of a desirable object, with the satisfaction of the most violent of all desires; he looks not beyond the present moment which promises him perfect happiness. Could his reason say to him,

> "*Aspice, namque oculis quæ nunc obducta tuenti*
> *Mortales hebetat visus, clauditque videre*
> —— *Nubem eripiam,*"

he would scarce fall into the snare.—— Did a man, when first attacked by avarice, consider the eternal watchings, care, fear, heart-aches, all the pains and terrors which that passion must infallibly bring upon him, he would be safe from its dominion; but his passions have dazzled his reason, with showing the beautiful objects near and in a full blaze, while the other ideas are kept at a distance, and out of his sight. Revenge, which Dr. South calls, "The most delicious morsel that the devil ever dropped into the mouth of a sinner," works strongly in this way. If a man once dare consider and make use of his reason, this passion, unless in very depraved natures, loses all its force. Pride, which is a subtle and

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humility thereupon, before 'tis taken off. Which being an instrument scarce heard of, much less seen, I have here presented it to the reader's view, Tab. 32. Fig. 9, as it was taken from the original one, made of iron, at Newcastle-under-Lyme. Wherein the letter *a*, shows the jointed collar that comes round the neck; *b*, *c*, the loops and staples, to let it out and in, according to the bigness and slenderness of the neck; *d*, the jointed semi-circle that comes over the head, made forked at one end to let through the nose; and *e*, the plate of iron that is put into the mouth, and keeps down the tongue. Which being put upon the offender by order of the magistrate, and fastened with a padlock behind, she is led round the town by an officer to her shame; nor is it taken off, until after the party begins to show all external signs imaginable of humiliation and amendment." I am very sorry I have not an opportunity to give my fair readers, and particularly my own wife, a representation of the figure referred to, in this paper, but shall advise all who may be any wise concerned to consult it in the doctor's book, as I apprehend it may tend very much to edification.

A certain ingenious and learned gentleman, some years since, published a very elaborate treatise on The Art of Altercation or Scolding, wherein he proved, much to its honour, that the gods, goddesses, and heroes of the ancients, were great proficients therein, and produced several passages from Homer and others, where Juno, Venus, Pallas, &c., fight (to express myself in a proper language on this occasion) very handsome bouts thereat.

For my own part, I cannot help thinking that several very good effects are produced from this practice. My wife Joan tells me, that, on going into any family, we may easily see, by the regularity and order of affairs, whether the mistress of the house be a scold or not; to which perhaps the old adage concerning the best mustard may allude.

A very ingenious clergyman of the Church of England hath assured me, that he found a very sensible alteration (for the better) in his parishioners, upon the settlement of a very excellent scold among them. Whatever vice or

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enormity any in the parish were guilty of, they were very sure of hearing it, as the proverb says, "On both sides of their ears," by this good woman; who, the doctor very pleasantly assured me, did more towards the preservation of good manners by these daily lectures which she exhibited gratis in the streets, than he could by all his sermons in the pulpit.

I believe, it hath been often found, that men, whom the preservation of their healths and fortunes, nay, even the very terror of the laws could not restrain from extravagancy, have owed their reformation to a curtain-lecture. I do remember, when I was a young fellow, to have heard a man excuse himself for retiring early from his debauched companions, by saying, "Gentlemen, you know I have a wife at home."

Nor is this practice as it hath been represented, confined within the precincts of Billingsgate, or the lower orb of people only. There are scolds of all ranks and degrees, and I have known a Right Honourable, who could be heard all over a large palace to her praise with great facility.

Notwithstanding what has been here said, it is very certain, that this, as well as other customs, however good in itself, hath sometimes been used to evil purposes, and that a too sonorous tongue hath often made a pretty face a very disagreeable companion. On such occasions, I have known several devices practised with good success, nor do I think I can sufficiently applaud the ingenuity of a certain gentleman, who used to accompany his wife's voice with a violin, thereby turning what another would have esteemed a harsh entertainment into a very agreeable concert.

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THURSDAY, *February* 7, 1739-40.

——— "*Veniunt a dote sagittæ.*"—JUVENAL.

TO MRS. JOAN VINEGAR.

MADAM,—I know not any one person to whom the unhappy and injured of your sex may more properly apply for relief, than to yourself. The interest you must be supposed to have in that invincible champion Captain Hercules Vinegar, who seems resolved, with his victorious pen, to lash mankind into humanity, hath thrown it happily into your power to contribute to the redressing all the injuries we suffer from mankind; whom nothing will so effectually reform, as that dread which they have of your husband, when he hath once declared himself our champion. I beg, therefore, madam, you would be so good as to represent to him my unfortunate case. About six years ago, I was left a widow in the thirtieth year of my age; and, as I think, the prime of my life, in the possession of a jointure of about 800*l.* a year, and a considerable sum of ready money in my pocket. This, after the shock which I really bore at the loss of none of the best of husbands, made my estate pretty comfortable, and I began to be esteemed in as happy condition as any woman in the country. The time being once past, wherein decency obliges us to distinguish ourselves by the outward dress of mourning, I soon received several offers from the neighbouring country gentlemen, who seemed to think the situation of my estates so convenient for them, that they were willing to purchase at the rate of maintaining a wife at a very moderate expense out of them. My fortune was too easy already to make me listen to any match, merely on the account of riches, and as these lovers did not attack me with any other baits, I found it no very great difficulty to withstand them. Besides, madam, I will own to you, I had that foolish desire which too frequently prevails among us, of making a blaze in the world, and

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enjoying the triumph of a crowd of well-dressed admirers, the certain portion of every young widow who is tolerably handsome, and can support any figure in the town. With this foolish ambition I came up to London, where I insensibly fell into the full possession of what I desired. I became the general mark of admiration among the men, and envy among the women. I received the bows, the sighs, the ogles of the beaus, as so much homage due to my beauty, which made me still more sensible of my own merit, but gave me no impression of theirs. My heart remained quite free and unengaged, Oh! that it had still done so! but alas! it was my fate to be acquainted with that too false, too artful, and too agreeable Bellarmine. He soon made me perceive that my heart had held out unhurt against many attacks, not so much from the invincible strength of the fortress, as from the weakness of the assailants. Bellarmine is possessed of a talent, against which few women can be secure, of making you pleased with him, by persuading you that he has a sincere passion for you; at the same time that he makes you more pleased with yourself, for possessing those many excellences, which he insinuates could only make an impression on a heart, hitherto so secure from the charms of the whole sex. To this, with a most agreeable person he joined the most vigilant assiduity. I could scarce cast my eyes any where but I saw him. At court, assembly, opera, play, park, still Bellarmine was before me, still entertaining me. In short, I was soon convinced that he was the most agreeable man in the world, and had the sincerest passion for me. This warmed my heart to a generous disregard of his circumstances; I considered only his merit, and thought of nothing more than how to reward it. I married him. To prevent the foolish ceremonies of visits on this occasion, and to enjoy one another's conversations undisturbed, we retired immediately into the country. Here his behaviour to me was so full of fondness, his conversation so full of tenderness, his looks, his words, his actions, so kind and so obliging, that I began to think myself the happiest woman upon earth. All ridiculous notions of power and triumph

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vanished from my mind, and my whole thoughts were bent on nothing but how to add continually to his happiness who was so entirely the cause of mine. But how many years do you think, madam, this scene continued? Truly no longer than three months. At the end of which, he told me a journey to London would be very requisite to settle some affairs there. As he said his stay would be short, I did not solicit to be taken with him, though I proposed to myself no other pleasure till his return, than what the daily expectation of it could afford me. The tender sentiments which he had so often expressed to me, while we were together, still survived in his letters; but alas! these grew less and less frequent, as the length of his absence made the uneasiness of my mind more and more require their consolation. When I pressed his return, he grew cool, and answered that business must be preferred to pleasure; with other invidious reflections of the same nature, which are the severest insults on a passionate affection. Six months had now past, when he returned; alas! who returned? Not the fond, the tender Bellarmine. No, a cold, peevish, cruel husband; nothing that I could say or do had power to please him. All the little efforts of fondness, which had once so many charms in his eye, were pished at and termed folly. He found fault with every thing. His dinners were always ill-contrived and ill-dressed; happy was the man who married a good housewife. When I had spent a whole morning at my toilet to please him, lord, I was the awkwardest creature; such a thing was ungenteel; I looked wretchedly; and a thousand other upbraidings, which ill-nature generally couches under the name of advice, though they are really said with no other design than of giving pain to the person they are spoken to. But alas! this lasted not long neither; for, in one fortnight, business called him away again, and he left me big with child, and in the company of an old aunt, who was every day throwing in my teeth, the folly I had committed in so disadvantageous a match. In vain I solicited him to suffer me to go to town. No, such journeys were expensive, we were young

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and likely to have a great family, and must take care not to starve our children.——It was now that my eyes began to be opened, that I looked with horror on my dreadful condition, that I repented that giddy fondness which had thrown myself and my fortune into the power of a man who now hated and despised me. It will be more easy than pleasant for a good-natured reader to guess how I passed my time till my lying-in was over. During which time, though near two months distance, I received no more than two letters from Bellarmine, one of which I shall here transcribe.

MADAM,—I received your letter, in which you say, the melancholy of your mind is no very good physic for your present unhappy condition.——Your condition is such as all wives must expect, and I think the trouble you bear of bringing children into the world is a slight balance of what we bear in providing for them. I am surprised you should want money again so soon, and wish you would lessen your expenses. I cannot help saying, that the keeping a mid-wife in the house is a monstrous extravagance. I laugh at your telling me, that some wives, in your case, would come to London without leave; you very wisely add, that nothing, but the last extremity, shall force you to such measures. As for my leaving this town; at present it is impossible, nor do I see of any service I can be to you.——I shall always do what I think my duty. But the foolish fondness of a wife shall never over-rule the reason of,

Madam,

Your affectionate husband,

And humble servant,

BELLARMINE.

Guess, dear madam, for pity's sake guess, the terrible effect this letter had on me, written from a man for whom I had done all in my power; to whom I had given my person, fortune, all; sent to me at such a time, in such circumstances; but I will not try to aggravate them.——I

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recovered from that danger, to which nature has rendered our sex only liable; but alas! to what did I recover, but to experience greater scenes of misery, continual fresh instances of Bellarmine's cruelty and ingratitude: for I have certain information, that, while I am supporting here a miserable life without company, without conveniences, nay, almost without the necessaries of life, my husband is wasting my fortune in the arms of a strumpet. My aunt, who has the Captain's papers constantly sent to her, has advised me to this application to you. For heaven's sake try if you can prevail on the Captain, with whom you have such visible power, to attempt something in my favour. A word or two of his may do much, and since the publishing this letter in his paper may have some effect, I hope that will not be denied to

Madam,

Your most obedient,

And humble servant,

AMANDA.

SATURDAY, *February* 9, 1739-40.

——"*Quæcunque viris, vobis quoque dicta, puellæ, Credite.*"—OVID. REM. AMOR.

MRS. JOAN VINEGAR GREETING.

OUR whole family was highly alarmed this morning by the Captain having, with a very angry voice, commanded the cudgel to be taken down. As I am the only one who dare look him in the face on these occasions, I, in a very humble manner, and with tears in my eyes, begged him to tell me the cause of all that passion with which he appeared to be so inflamed; or why he had ordered the cudgel to be unchained. At first, his eyes seemed to chide me for being so inquisitive, but, having taken two or three turns, and cooled himself, as is his custom, with a huge dram of brandy,

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he took me tenderly by the hand, and spoke thus: "Will you wonder, my dear, at the cause of my ordering down the cudgel, when you hear that I have read the letter you had so just a reason to desire to publish? Can you imagine that I am insensible of poor Amanda's wrongs, or that I will suffer such a villain as her husband to pass unpunished? It was, Mrs. Vinegar, for the correction of such offences as these, which our imperfect laws have provided no remedy against, that I entered upon that office, with which I have honoured myself, and which I have hitherto, with such glory, executed. Besides, when I first declared myself a Champion, I had an especial regard to the defence of the beautiful part of our species, whose weakness is too often injured by the usurped power of our sex. Believe me, they shall never be oppressed with impunity while Captain Vinegar lives.—Bring me the cudgel."—At that word, I threw myself at his feet, and entreated him to suspend, at least, the execution of his wrath. I told him, I was far from trying to excuse the crimes of Amanda's husband, but that I feared the zeal which he had always shown for our sex might hurry him too far, that we ourselves were often highly deficient in matrimonial duties; and lastly, I begged him, before he took that terrible weapon in his hand, to read the following letter, which I delivered to him, and, at last, prevailed with him to run through.

TO MRS. JOAN VINEGAR.

MADAM,—I am a young woman, very few months more than five and twenty, and am married to a man several years older than myself. This, madam, you must know, I consented to contrary to my inclinations; I cannot say I was forced, having been entirely mistress of myself; but can affirm, that I was over-persuaded by my acquaintance, who all urged the vast advantage which would accrue to me by his infinitely superior fortune. Now, madam, as I married him entirely on that account, I think it is very reasonable I should enjoy it; but alas! I might as well have been tied to the poorest wretch on earth, for any benefit which arises

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to me from his riches. He confines me, almost nine months in the year, in the country, where, at least two whole days in the week, I have not one human creature, besides himself, to converse with. We have been miserable these six years, and in all that time would you believe it, dear Mrs. Vinegar, I have been but twice at Tunbridge, and three times at the Bath, though it is very well known, that he has an estate of 1,200*l.* a year, and there is a widow lady, whose seat is in our neighbourhood, who, with a jointure of half that sum, goes regularly every season from London to Tunbridge, from Tunbridge to Bath, and from thence to London again. In short, she has not spent three months at her seat since I have been her neighbour. Not long ago, on my complaining to him of the dull, stupid life we led, he had the assurance to tell me, he thought a woman might spend some part of her time amongst her children (for I have had four by the odious creature); and yet, notwithstanding, I think it very plain by this ill usage, that he hates me entirely, and I assure you, I am not one bit behind-hand with him; such are our laws, that it is impossible for me to obtain a divorce. What shall I do? Dear Mrs. Vinegar, order the Captain to cudgel him soundly, and I assure you, any favour in my power shall be granted him in return, by

His and your humble servant,

FLANTINELLA.

P.S.—He need not bring his cudgel with him, for I can supply him with one.

Having read this letter, he stood for some time silent, but, at last, recovering his former countenance, "Well, child," says he, "I own you have here a convincing proof, that wives have their faults as well as husbands; but sure, you will not say, that the foibles of Flantinella excuse the crimes of Bellarmine."—"No, my dear," replied I, "but I may be allowed to think, that the foibles, as you gently term them, of Flantinella, reach very near to those of Bellarmine, and perhaps that they do not exceed them is not her fault. I find her every way a libertine to the utmost of her power; or, am I

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certain that Bellarmine is not in some light the less culpable? From the confession of Amanda we may conclude, that her husband had at her marriage a real passion for her, though it afterwards changed to another object; whereas, Flantinella never appears to have had any liking to her husband either before or after their marriage; she frankly owns that his riches were the only incitements to her consent. Indeed, they are in the end both equally criminal, both ungrateful to their benefactors, both working the misery of those to whom they owe all their happiness. And, I think, it were to be wished, that there were some law to punish the fortune hunters of both sexes, who seek to advance themselves by marriage without any regard to the happiness of the person through whom they effect it. I would inform Bellarmine, that when the charming Amanda preferred him to her crowd of admirers, and threw herself and fortune, all into his power, without any other view, than what I think a very reasonable one in any who confers a benefit, of meeting a return of her affection for him, I say, I would inform Mr. Bellarmine, that he received at that time at her hands, almost the greatest obligation which it is in the power of human nature to bestow. What then must his ingratitude be, who is the cause of making this creature, to whom he is so infinitely obliged, the most miserable of her species? But then you will own, my dear, that the pretty Flantinella has been no less obliged, nor is she less guilty of ingratitude. Wherefore, I humbly beseech you, that if you are resolved to cudgel Bellarmine, I may apply the same to Flantinella. Though if I might be permitted to advise, as all severe proceedings only leave wider these wounds: (for when love must be the remedy, harsh methods must be in the highest degree hurtful:) leave them a while to ponder on what has been here said; which, with your permission, I will to-morrow give the public. Perhaps, a review of their vices, together with the terror of your arm, may reclaim them; at least, it will not be too late, should these methods fail, to apply force at last; for severity loses not its strength by delay." The Captain, upon this,

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smiled, and embracing me affectionately, said, "My dearest Joan, who art an instance of the truth of that excellent proverb of the wise Solomon, 'Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour from the Lord.' Heaven was industrious for my happiness, when, to allay the vast impetuosity of my temper, it gave me the prudent coolness of thine; I will suffer myself to be over-ruled by your reasons;" and immediately he gave orders to have the cudgel chained up again.

TUESDAY, *February* 12, 1739-40.

"*Tu, quid ego et mecum populus desideret, audi.*"—HORACE.

TO CAPTAIN HERCULES VINEGAR.

SIR,—Nothing is a greater proof of the general fondness in mankind for scandal, than their readiness to extend any censure which may be justly incurred by a particular member of a profession to the profession itself. Hence it is, that we so often hear general invectives thrown out against three learned bodies, to whom the care of our property, and of our wealth, both spiritual and temporal, is committed; for amongst such numbers of men, it will be impossible to prevent the intervening of some of depraved inclinations, even amongst those who are more especially set apart for the service of the Divine Being, who are indeed called to that holy office, and consequently are endowed with a double portion of His spirit, by whatsoever names or titles they may be dignified or distinguished.

For this reason, good men have sometimes rather chosen to conceal the crimes of individuals, than to be the innocent occasion of bringing aspersions on a whole society of men; and, as, amongst those three professions, the law hath more especially experienced this love of calumny, I thought it necessary to premise somewhat before the following

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accusation of an unworthy brother of that class, for which I have so unfeigned and so well-merited an esteem, whose name however I shall yet conceal; in hopes, if possible, of his amendment.

Without farther preface, I am a freeholder of a manor, in that part of Great Britain called England, the lord of which is a man of an unexceptionable good character, and heartily desirous of protecting his tenants in all their immunities; but, as he hath so large an estate, that it is impossible for him personally to inspect all parts of it, he is obliged to retain a steward, and, unhappily for his poor tenants, hath fixed on an attorney for that purpose, who, as it hath since turned out, proves not only deficient in the knowledge of his business, but also labours under a suspicion of too familiar a correspondence with some neighbouring lords.

In one of the adjacent manors there stands a coppice, by the side of which our lord's tenants have an undoubted right to pass, and, for time out of mind, have passed and repassed to and from market with waggons and other convenient carriages. It hath been reported, that some idle fellows of our parish have taken an opportunity, as they returned home late, to cut and carry away certain logs of wood out of this coppice; whether this be true or no I will not determine, but, be that as it will, I will venture to say nothing was ever more unjustifiable than the measures which that lord took to defend himself, by seizing our waggons, under a pretence that they were made of his wood; and impounding our horses, as taken *damage-faisant* in his own manor, where they were very barbarously used, and had their ears cropped.

Upon these outrages, wherein I was a very particular sufferer, I applied to the steward, and desired him to bring an action against the lord of the manor: his answer was, that the lord was his intimate acquaintance, and that he doubted not but he should procure me ample reparation without having recourse to law, which he said was a very precarious and expensive remedy, that he would negotiate

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matters with his steward, and did not fear success; especially as he had a good correspondence with the lord's wife, who governed her husband. This satisfied me for some time, till, hearing nothing from him, and the like violences being daily repeated on me, I renewed my application. He now altered his tone, and shaking his head, told me, he was afraid I was one of the fellows who cut the wood; and, for bringing a replevin, he added with a sneer, that, since my horses' ears were cut off, it would be impracticable for me to recover them, since they were now no longer horses in the eye of the law; for that one, Littleton (I think that was the man's name), says, That a horse is an entire thing, and not capable of being severed.

He added more to the same purpose, till I lost all patience, and, after having asserted my innocence, I positively insisted that he should follow my instructions, or I would employ another attorney; this startled him, when, changing his voice a little, he said: If I would go to law, I should go to law, and bidding me take notice, it was no law-suit of his, which he hoped I would remember when his bill of costs come to be paid, he promised to send for a writ.

Several months past before I could hear of any arrest being made, or any writ served on the defendant, who still persisted in his injurious behaviour with additional insolence, while I was laughed at by all the neighbouring parishes, as one who did not dare to do himself justice. Upon this, I made such vigorous applications to the attorney, that he thought proper to delay the affair no longer; indeed, he now set about it like a man who was in earnest: I am not well versed in law proceedings, but, soon after he had taken out a writ, he made a thing, which they call, I think, a declaration, in which there was a set of words sufficient to frighten a man, not over-timorous, out of his wits, swords, staves, and knives, were, I remember, therein mentioned: to this the defendant, as my attorney informed me, put in what he called a special plea, justifying all his insults, and making me the aggressor, pretending that he had a right

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to seize all waggons which passed too near the hedges of his coppice, to which my said attorney advised me to demur; but, on consulting the Dictionary of Law put forth by Mr. Giles Jacob, I conceived this was only intended to delay my cause: I therefore insisted on having it brought to a speedy trial; on which my attorney, being resolved to put me to as much expense as possible, fell to work like a madman, and subpœned half the parish, at the same time distributing fees to all manner of council, and to some, who, as I have heard, would never have been employed by any other. I now thought my affairs would have been decided, and I should have obtained some satisfaction of the defendant, to whom he had given notice of trial; but, to my great surprise, meeting several of my evidence, whom he had to my great cost, brought up to town, walking idly about St. James's Park, and acquainting them that my cause would certainly come on in a day or two, one of them told me, that my said attorney talked of bringing matters to a reference. This incensed me to such a degree, that I went directly to him, and, after a severe reprimand, told him that I was resolved to rely on the merits of my cause, the strength of my evidence, and the verdict of an English jury: he then whispered in my ear, that if I proceeded, I should certainly bring the Lord Paramount on my back, who had been heard to say, that the defendant was in the right, and that I had better be quiet; I hastily answered, a f——t for my Lord Paramount, if my cause be just, we have a good lord of our own, who will stand by his tenants, and I am determined to go to trial. Well, says he, you shall go to trial then, and the next day down he sent a new set of subpœnas, which method he repeated as often as I insisted on bringing the matter to a decision. In short, he has now subpœned almost the whole parish, who are all in town at my expense, scarce people enough being left behind to carry on the daily labours of husbandry: notwithstanding which, I see no likelihood of any trial, though, at the same time, the defendant is playing the devil with me, and laughs at my law-suit, while my attorney says, it is all of my own

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seeking, that I would not be advised by him, that he was always against my going to law, that the Lord Paramount is going to fall upon me, for all which I may thank myself; nay I am told, he shakes his sides among his clerks, and asks in derision, if I have had enough of law already, which I was so very eager to enter into? and that if I have not, he'll give me enough of it, with other sarcasms of this kind.

But what vexes me more than all is, that if I, or the other tenants offer to complain, he says we fly in the face of the lord, for whom we have all of us the most perfect love and respect; and I am certain, if he did but know how his steward has used us, he would discard him; and, indeed, it would be very much his interest so to do, for, when his tenants are ruined, his manor will be little worth, but alas! the steward has his ear, and we have not: however, I am now assured, that my cause will be brought on soon, and that I shall recover damages: if the contrary should happen, I hope the attorney will not take it ill, when I move the court to have my papers taken out of his hands; for I have been lately told, that though he manage matters well enough at the sessions, and hath an admirable knack at settling rates, his knowledge in the law is very superficial, and he is no ways equal to the conducting an action.

I shall conclude as I begun, by desiring you or your readers not to apply what I have here said to all attorneys in general, several of whom undoubtedly behave with great honour to their clients, nay, I myself know some, into whose hands if I had put my affairs, they would have long since brought the defendant to reason; but, at present, my affairs are in such confusion, that I am afraid I shall get no one to undertake them.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.

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THURSDAY, *February* 14, 1739-40.

——— "*Tractant fabrilia fabri.*"—HORACE.

MR. NEHEMIAH VINEGAR GREETING.

I HAVE lately received several hints from my correspondents, earnestly entreating me to apply myself to politics, though they assign different reasons. One part of them telling me, that if I had any love for my country, I should not be still at this season, when poverty like a deluge seems breaking in on the whole nation, when trade is almost at a stand, and our manufactures at an end; when the poor are a greater burthen than the land tax was last year on our estates, and yet are but scantily provided for. When luxury hath insinuated itself amongst all ranks of people, and introduced her daughter corruption along with her. When the poor, slavish, racked tenant, with all industry and success, can scarce pay his rent, and waits but a year of general plenty or dearth to be undone, when his landlord languishes for quarter-day, to pay his hungry tradesman, who is as impatiently solicited by his merchant; the two last of which live as much beyond their gains, as the gentleman beyond his estate, when a prodigious debt, a useless army, an immense fleet, and dreadful taxes to support them, when a dilatory war, formidable enemies, and suspicious allies hover over us. When[1] * * * * * * * * when * * * and when * * * * * * * * * at this time these writers tell me, if I had any public spirit, I should call it forth, and not amuse the town with essays of virtue and vice, words which have lost their ideas a great while.

Another set of my correspondents assert, that a more favourable opportunity was never given for panegyric than the present, that we have as strong fleets as heart could

[1] This part of the letter was writ so eagerly, and with such zeal, that it was not legible.

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wish, and as fine an army as a man would desire to see on a summer's day, which we shortly are to see encamped, without going a great way for the sight, that every thing is in the most flourishing condition, and never greater plenty of all kinds of provision, both for man and beast, and all owing to those who have been abused by a set of infamous, base, false,[1] * * * * fellows, who only want to be what they are not, cannot, shall not, will not, ever be.

As these two parties assign different reasons, so they offer different rewards; one of them reputation, honour, fame, and the like; the other ask me, if I have no love for my family, and talk of vacancies, good things, snug places, &c. One Mr. Forage, particularly says, Do, do, do, Mr. Vinegar, write, write, write, and I'll warrant you[2] * * as soon as it happens * * let me see but * * ay that will do * * depend * * but then * * through thick and thin * * my interest; by which last word I imagine him a man of consequence: there are likewise some instructions to abuse certain persons whose names I dare not insert even the first letters of, for fear of having my paper sentenced by the common voice, to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

Though I have as great contempt for the promises of Mr. Forage as any man living can have, and have therefore, instead of abusing any person according to his desire, absolutely concealed the least hint of their names; yet, on the other side, I have some regard likewise for the advice of a very sensible writer as he seems, who signs himself *Cavendum est;* for, I do not know many parts of my body, for which I have a greater respect than my ears; nor is there, I apprehend, any reason for writing more on politics at this time, when matters seem perfectly to be settled and concluded; besides, there are such a vast number of able heads employed in that excellent political paper, called the Gazetteer, which is published every day, and distributed

[1] This part savoured too much of Billingsgate to be inserted.

[2] All these hiatuses are illegible.

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gratis over the kingdom, at the expense, as some imagine, of the authors, who are not content to club their wits, but club their purses also, for the good and instruction of their country; besides which, I have heard it whispered as a secret, that there hath been published for these three or four years, a certain piece of paper, entitled the Hyp-doctor, treating, as the newspapers inform us, on political subjects, so that there is really no room, not to say occasion, for any other writer; nay, some have asserted, that a great deal of that excellent doctrine in the Gazetteers themselves, passes directly to a certain part of the human body, which was never understood to be the seat of politics, without being first perused in common with other fundamental treatises.

Lastly, which is indeed a very satisfactory answer of itself, I find I am no politician. It is true, I have read most of the ancient and modern historians, as well as the most celebrated writers on government, but alas, *non omnia possumus omnes.* I find this is a study beyond my reach. A man must be born a politician as well as a poet, or else *omnis effusus labor.* Mr. Bayle tells us that some of the rabbis, who agree that Adam, at his creation, contained all the other learning and knowledge of the world, assert that he was no politician. I know some have thought that Eve was the first versed in this art, which she is thought to have learnt of the devil; an opinion confirmed by Dr. South, who deduces it from the same fountain, and affirms the devil to be a very eminent politician. Others derive politics from Pandora's box; but I think the most probable opinion is, that it came first into the world at the building of Babel; the attempting to build a tower up to heaven, bearing an exact resemblance to most political schemes; the builders of this tower have by the best critics been thought no other than a set of ministers, which I suppose to have been collected from their confounding one another by their language, a circumstance in which all their successors have imitated them, it being the chief excellence, and earnest endeavour of a minister to avoid being understood by any of his fraternity. And though some few of them have been

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such wretched bunglers in their art, that all their schemes have been seen through and defeated by their contemporary ministers, yet have these very bunglers been able to confound and amuse all others, and oftentimes many of their countrymen, who have been infinitely wiser than themselves.

Nor indeed can it happen otherwise, for whatever was the original of politics, it must certainly be allowed to be a mystery; *i.e.*, according to the learned Mr. Bailey, a thing concealed, a secret not easy to be apprehended: which etymology is so true, that all arts, sciences, and professions, have laid hold on this word to signify those arcana in their several professions, &c., which are reserved only for the adepts in them; thus divinity, law, and physic, contain mysteries which are understood by divines, lawyers, and physicians, though they have no manner of idea to any who have not been initiated into them; on which account it may not be improper to observe, that the Greek word for initiating is immediately derived from that which signifies mystery in that language. Why then should politics, which is certainly as mysterious as any of these, be imagined to require less initiating into it than the rest? And, since no one expects of me that I should answer queries in any of the three above-mentioned professions, I hope they will not solicit me hereafter to satisfy their political doubts, when I assure them I know nothing of the matter.

I hope I shall not be troubled to open any more letters, inquiring, what our fleets are doing in the Mediterranean, the ocean, and the channel? Since I answer once for all, that I cannot tell; nor vexed with any more questions concerning our army, what is the intention of keeping up so large land-forces? What is the design of our encampments? When and where our marines are going? In what ships? Whom do we apprehend an invasion from? Where are the ships which are to bring our invaders over? How long we shall maintain all these forces by sea and land? What we shall do with them? How we shall pay them? To all which I answer, I don't know, I can't tell; I leave all these things to my betters.

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I desire the citizens would trouble me with no more of their letters concerning trade, nor any of the following questions, viz., what will become of the customs when we have no trade? How will that branch of the revenue be supplied? How shall we breed our sailors for the future without trade? How shall we keep the dominions of the seas without sailors? Will not those sailors, who cannot find employment at home, seek it elsewhere? Will trade, if once turned out of our channel, be easily brought back? Is it not to trade that we owed the figure which we have supported in Europe? Our affluence at home? The provision for great part of our people? How will we provide for them without it? Is not this declined? Why is it declined? Is it recoverable? Why not recovered? What will become of us if it is not recovered? With many others of this kind: to all which I answer, I cannot tell.

I desire likewise to receive no more inquiries out of the country, why methods are not taken to re-establish our woollen manufacture? What methods we can invent to maintain our poor without it? Why gentlemen have of late years converted their whole estates into tillage? What hath preserved our tenants of late years, besides the exportation of corn? What must become of them in a year of plenty or dearth, without any exportation? What is the bottom of all this evil? If universal luxury, why is not some stop put to it? Why gentlemen forsake the country, whence they draw all their money to town? What do they come up for? What becomes of their money here? What will be the consequence of it in the country? With many others of this kind, to all which I answer, as I have done before, I cannot tell.

I therefore, once for all, desire my correspondents for the future to look on this as a miscellanous, not a merely political paper; to ask me questions concerning virtue, wit, gallantry, love, poetry, and such like, and to consult others in politics; since I declare for my part, I am so far from knowing, I cannot even guess what we are about, what we intend to do, or what we shall be able to do.

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SATURDAY, *February* 16, 1739-40.

——"*Mentem mortalia tangunt.*"—VIRGIL.

DIFFERENT ages, as well as nations, distinguish themselves by certain characteristics from each other. Fashions are as peculiar to a particular age, as customs are to a particular country. The coarsest observer must take notice of the differences in building, furniture, dress, equipage, and others of this kind; but a more delicate eye may carry the speculation much farther, may perceive on a very short consideration, somewhat of this characteristic in our minds, and will, I believe, see sufficient reason to conclude, that we think, as well as act by fashion.

This I apprehend to be meant by historians and critics, when they distinguish several ages by certain characteristical epithets, as learned age, devout age, martial age, inquisitive age, dark age, &c., to which likewise seems to allude, that expression which frequently occurs in polemical writers, viz., this was a way of thinking in fashion at that time. Indeed it is known, that particular systems have been admired at one time, and decried at another, or, in other words, have been sometimes in and sometimes out of fashion. I have heard, that an author having writ a play, in which there was a ghost, a friend whose advice he asked, having observed the little respect shown by the present audiences to those unsubstantial characters, desired him to cut it out, alleging that ghosts were out of fashion.

No nation under the sun can give more pregnant instances of this force of fashion on the mind, than our own. Our ancestors make as various a figure in their ways of thinking to a curious reader of our history, as their persons do in a gallery of family pictures. Particular virtues and vices have been as generally in vogue at certain seasons as the farthingale, the ruff, the hoop, the broad brim, the narrow brim, or any other singularities of dress have been among us.

I shall not descend to particulars in former ages, writers

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who lived in former times have recorded them: I shall therefore perform my part to my own time, which I hasten to the more eagerly, as I have the pleasure to observe, that the amiable characteristic of the present age is charity.

The numberless and I believe unequalled[1] instances of charity, which we have carefully collected, as far as they have come to our knowledge, do (as we have often observed) a real honour to our age and nation, and this is a truly Christian virtue, nay, I will venture to say, the most Christian virtue: it is this, which, in the Scripture language, "covers a multitude of sins"; without which, to speak with the tongues of men and angels, is but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; without which, prophecy, knowledge and faith are represented as nothing. This virtue hath shone forth brighter in our time, than at any period which I remember in our annals. Since, therefore, so noble a spirit is raised among us, every man must wish to see it conducted in a manner which may render it as extensively beneficial as possible, to which purpose I shall likewise throw in my mite of charity, and give a little of my ink (which is all that I have to give) on this occasion; by the help of which, I shall endeavour to point out the properest objects, as they appear to me, of this virtue.

But first I shall observe a fault which some persons have been guilty of, in the exercise of their charity, who, to avoid ostentation, while they have bestowed with great liberality, have carefully concealed their names; an error which the whole body almost of the clergy have unwarily fallen into on this occasion, contrary to that express precept, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works": but whoever considers the force of example or of fashion, as I have said above, must think that he who is publicly charitable, is doubly charitable, and that a great man, by giving examples of goodness, may, in some measure, draw to himself the merit of that of others; besides, considering the little honour which is, at

[1] Alluding to the distributions made to the poor during last year's severe winter.

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present, paid to virtue, it may be questioned whether a man does not conceal his virtue rather from fear of shame than of glory.

Having premised this little, I shall proceed to show what persons I apprehend to be the greatest objects of charity among us; which are certainly not to be met with in our streets; whose begging inhabitants deserve punishment more than relief, and are a shame not to the legislative but the executive power of our laws. However, as I may possibly dedicate a whole paper to the provision of the poor, I shall say no more of them here.

There are so few things absolutely necessary to the sustenance of life, that very few labour under a want of them: distressed circumstances are, not being able to support the character in which men have been bred, and the want of conveniences to which they have been accustomed, and therefore the first and chief objects of our charity are such persons as, having been educated in genteel life, with moderate fortunes, partly through want of resolution to quit the character in which they were bred, and partly for want of duly considering the consequences of their expenses, have, by following their superiors into luxury, in order to support, as they call it, the figure of gentlemen, reduced themselves to distress and poverty.

Secondly, such younger brothers, sons, collateral relations and persons unhappily of the same name with those who have wickedly and foolishly opposed the measures of a minister, and very unjustifiably stood up in defence of a certain seditious word, called liberty, by which means such younger brothers, &c., have with great abilities been refused those provisions civil and military, which seem to have been intended only for them.

Thirdly, persons in all professions and occupations, who have, by misfortunes and unavoidable accidents, been reduced from an affluency to want, and, having long tasted the sweets, are, without any faults of their own, obliged to experience the bitterest potions of life, and this often with that great curse of thinking they have educated children in a

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condition of life far beyond what they will afterwards be able to support, and must consequently foresee them obliged to struggle with the greatest difficulties and misfortunes incident to human nature.

A fourth object of charity may be those who, for want of reputation, friends or money, may apply themselves in vain with great industry and ability to any art or science, of which we have had numberless instances through the envy, pride, ill-nature, and ill-judgment of mankind, which four qualities make up that which we generally call ill-fortune.

Lastly, and perhaps chiefly, such as sometimes by inadvertency, sometimes by misfortunes, and sometimes by the noblest acts of friendship, and through the rapaciousness, impatience, and unmercifulness of creditors, more savage than wolves, and the impious severity of our laws, are snatched away from their poor families, from the little comforts of the conversation of their relations and acquaintance, from a possibility of employing their faculties for the service of themselves, their wives or their children, from the benefit of wholesome air in common with the brute creation; stript of all the poor, little supports of wretchedness, and even that last and greatest, hope itself, and carried to dungeons where no conveniency of life is to be had, where even the necessaries of it are dearer than the conveniences elsewhere, where they are confined together with the vilest of criminals, who are indeed much happier, as a judge is shortly to deliver them either to liberty, or, what is better than their dungeon, to the gallows.

These I think are the chief objects of our compassion, on account of their circumstances, amongst whom great regard is to be had to the several merits of the sufferer, and the occasion of his sufferings. I own I am one of those who think there is some merit in misfortunes, especially when they are not balanced with guilt, I look on indiscretion with pity, not abhorrence, and on no indiscretion with so much pity as that of extravagance, which as it may bring men into the greatest calamities of this life; so may it arise from the goodness, the openness, and the

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generosity of the heart; qualities which naturally enlarge in every man's eye the idea of his possessions, as avarice lessens it.

But perhaps it will be asked me, whether I would raise a fund large enough to pay off the debt of the nation, or whether I would impoverish all the rich to enrich the poor? I own (to speak in the language of a certain gentleman, whom I have in my eye) I have a fund in view for that purpose, and could heartily wish to see a law, by which all ill-gotten estates should be applied to so good an end; and indeed, this would be no more than *lex talionis*, to make these estates repair, in their dissolution, the mischiefs they had occasioned in their creation; and to convert a fund, which hath been amassed by preying on the miseries of mankind to the relief of those miseries. In short, all estates which have been gotten by plunder, cheating, or extortion, which would include most prime ministers, scriveners, pawnbrokers, stockjobbers and petty attorneys, should be applied to this use.

But however desirable such a law would be, as it will scarce pass this sessions, or perhaps the next, and as (being coercive) it doth not fall under the head of charity, I shall say no more of it, it being my present purpose by charity only to apply a balm to those wounds which I have above opened: but as I have not room here for all which I intend to say on that head, I must defer it to my next Champion.

TUESDAY, *February* 19, 1739-40.

"*Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*"—VIRGIL.

IN my last paper I traced the several objects of charity from the first distress in their circumstances to a gaol, the last and most miserable of all human calamities. I there attempted to show that the chief source of our distresses

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was the attempt to preserve appearances beyond our circumstances, and that this was chiefly occasioned by the irruption which luxury hath made of late years into this island. I shall therefore in this, wherein I intend to propose to all well-inclined persons, the most effectual, best, and cheapest methods of exerting their charity, set out from the same beginning.

It were heartily to be wished, that those few among us who have vast, overgrown estates, would, for the good of their country, put a stop to the reigning luxury in building, furniture, equipage, tables, dress, &c.

But if they cannot bring themselves to so much public spirit, it might be expected that, instead of decoying such as are not able to support them, into these expenses, they would, to their utmost, discountenance their entering into them; that, whenever they condescend to visit men of equal or superior birth, but infinitely their inferiors in fortune, they would not throw out certain hints, that particular parts of the town (where rents are cheap) lie too distant, that old houses are cold and inconvenient, that they did not know there was any such place in town. I likewise insist that they never mention the word pictures, nor even (during the frost) insinuate that carpets make a room warm, that one cannot set his wig without a glass, or that small grates waste coals. I likewise earnestly recommend to all grandees, never, in the company of their inferiors, to wonder how people can walk the streets; and do positively forbid any person, of what quality soever, unless he be a professed wit, to condemn port wine. I desire, moreover, that no man with a mourning sword on, may be asked who he is in mourning for? and do declare, that henceforth, a hole in a man's stocking shall make no flaw in his reputation, unless the stocking be a very fine one, or the wearer rides in a chair. I do, likewise, in the humblest manner, address myself to all ladies of quality, entreating them that their ladyships would be pleased never in the presence of any of their sex, who are not of quality, to admire at the rustic constitutions of persons who can get up early in the morning, nor ever to

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mention such words as clerks of the kitchen, bills of fare, pyramids of desserts, rich wines, or any of the necessaries of great tables, nor condemn the beastliness of hackney-chairs, rose-diamonds, paste necklaces, coarse lace, thin edgings, coloured stockings, frippery lustrings, or any other plain ornaments of beauty. I do farther entreat them, that they would maintain a proper regard for their quality, and not submit to game with their inferiors.

I should be likewise obliged to that eloquent orator, Mr. Cock, in his next auction of old china, or any other useless and expensive furniture, if he would prevent common gentlewomen from sitting before their betters, and if he would handle his hammer with proper respect to the quality and riches of the person who bids.

Mr. Heydegger is also desired to insert at the bottom of his next masquerade bill, that there is nothing more to be seen there than a set of figures in strange and ridiculous dresses, most of them dressed out of character, but without any humour; that the few women of fashion, who go thither, herd only among themselves, and know one another as well as if their masks were off, and that the greatest part of the beautiful shepherdesses, nuns, and innocent country lasses, are to be seen every other day in the week in the balconies at the theatres, and the chocolate houses near Covent Garden. I should be farther obliged to him, for informing the town in the advertisement of his ridottos, that all the best part of the company may be seen for a very little at the playhouses, and at court or in the park for nothing; and that all women who are not particularly distinguished by beauty, fashion, or fortune, are of no more consequence at a ridotto than, according to the elegant author of Hurlothrumbo, a cow in an opera. Lastly, that a pretty creature, neatly and plainly dressed, walking in the park in the morning, and giving an instance of the bloom and health of her constitution in the face of the sun, will be apter to make a useful impression on a sensible young fellow, than any town complexion at a midnight assembly, with the assistance of paint, candles, or any other aid.

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Having thus slightly passed over the principal heads of extravagance, I follow the method of my last paper, which brings me to the second evil; namely, the leaving the younger brothers, &c., of families, unprovided for, for the reasons there mentioned.

Though it must be confessed, that all men in power will naturally first provide for their own relations, yet it might be expected that this preference should not extend itself to the most distant affinity by marriage of those relations; nay, even to their very menial dependants, that it would be sufficient to provide for a brother, a son, or at farthest a cousin, in places they were not fit for, without carrying it to almost as ridiculous a degree as the Roman emperor, who made his horse a consul, by conferring genteel places, those of profit and even of trust on the lowest of servants, without any regard to birth, education, or capacity; as this is a second source to public distress, so it is the business of public charity to remove it. I therefore hope shortly to see all employments whatever, bestowed with regard to the three qualities I just now mentioned, whatever political principles (as long as they are consistent with our constitution) the relations of such persons, or even they themselves, may be remarked for. I hope, particularly, that it will be no objection to any one of merit that his family is poor, and has no interest, circumstances which should rather produce charity than restrain it; and any person or persons, who, by a contrary proceeding, are the cause of innumerable distresses in gentlemen's families, make a very bad amends for their behaviour by scattering a few pieces among the mob.

As to third and fourth branches of distress, namely, the ruin of persons who have succeeded either in trade or the professions, and the inability of others to procure it; as they are occasioned often by the same causes, so I shall join the cure of them in one article; and here I recommend it to all persons, when they are to employ any one in their business, not to be blindly led by fashion, and absolutely persuaded that none can do it for them, but those who have so much business that in reality they do none at all

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well. This false opinion prevails so universally in law and physic, that there is scarce a medium in either, between starving in the professions, or being a slave to them. Wycherly, in his Plain Dealer, says of a lawyer in vogue, "that by being in everybody's cause he is really in none." I know not whether I shall be allowed to say that a physician, by feeling everybody's pulse feels none; but this I will affirm, that twenty patients would have more advantage of their physician's skill than two hundred can; it may be asked, shall not every man employ the most skilful in his affairs? Doubtless; but I am afraid there is less of preference in judgment than of whim, fancy, fashion, pride, &c., in the case; all which, I hope, will for the future be charitably laid aside.

In the case of trade, this partiality and the pride which occasions it are more apparent. Do we not every day confess that we give advanced prices for the names of particular tradesmen who have the assurance to exact larger prices for their commodities than their brethren, only because they are richer, and might consequently afford to sell cheaper? (I know one in particular in this kingdom, who, if he does not mend his manners, will hear more of us, that has sold his name for infinitely more than his head is worth, and who, by his familiarity with them, seems to have bought the names of several persons of great fashion in return.) This refusal to lay out our money with any others than those who don't want it, as if we carefully avoided doing good, even when it costs us nothing, nay, when it is to our advantage, betrays want of sense as well as want of charity, nay, and want of spirit too. For what can be meaner than to support the insolent, and shun the submissive? I, therefore hope, that, for the future, no one will pass by a shop because it does not stand in such a particular place, because it is not Mr. Such-a-one's, because the owner is a young beginner, or, in the polite phrase, because no body buys there. Seeing that such a behaviour very plainly tends to the discouragement of all industry among us.

I come now to consider men in the last and greatest of

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distresses, which can arise from circumstances, or which it is in the power of charity to relieve, I mean those wretches who are in gaol for debts which they cannot pay. There is not, perhaps, a more shocking reflection than that of the numbers who are confined on this account, in all manner of misery in the several gaols of this kingdom; and more, I believe, than are to be found on the same occasion in all the prisons in Europe. How agreeable the making such numbers of subjects not only useless to, but a burden on the community, may be to a wise or a polite nation, or the inflicting such misery on so many for sometimes no offence, may be to a humane or a Christian people, I will not determine. The wisdom and goodness of our common law suffered this only in cases of violent trespasses, or for debts due to the king, till the devil found means by slow degrees, and by several [1] statutes, which gave this satisfaction, as it is called, first in account, afterwards in debt, &c., to introduce this prototype of hell more generally: and it is the same infernal spirit, who, in one of our law-books,[2] speaks through the mouth of a good servant of his, a judge in Queen Elizabeth's reign, who compares a man in gaol to a beast in a pound; and says, "That the sheriff or the plaintiff are no more obliged to give victuals or drink to the prisoner, than the distrainer is to the cattle impounded; for that he is to live upon his own goods, if he hath any; if not, on the charity of others; and if others will give him nothing, let him starve," says he, "in God's name, (or rather the devil's), and thank himself for it."

However, it is certain, that the laws, at present (how wisely, or justly, or righteously I won't say), do put in the power of every proud, ill-natured, cruel, rapacious creditor to satisfy his revenge, his malice, or his avarice this way on any person who owes him a few shillings more than he can pay him; but let a Christian take care how he uses it, and remember that as surely as he forgives not his neighbour his trespasses, so surely will his Father in heaven deny to forgive him his; nor do I know any crime in this world

[1] Marib. cap. 23. Westm. 2 cap. 11. 25 Ed. 3 cap. 17.
[2] Plowd. Com.

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which can appear to a finite understanding to deserve infinite punishment, so much as that cursed and rancorous disposition which could bring a man to cause the destruction of a family, or the confinement of a human creature in misery during his life, for any debt whatever, unless the contracting it be attended with great circumstances of villainy.

I shall conclude with recommending to a particular person who may have some interest to endeavour the reformation of the law on this head, such an act may gain him some real friends while alive, and some admirers after his death. Sure I am, that no age ever called so loudly for it as the present, when we must shortly either make an alteration in our law herein, or a very large one in our gaols.

THURSDAY, *February* 21, 1739-40.

——"*Quisnam igitur sanus? Qui non stultus.*"—HORACE.

AMONGST other species of charity, for which this age is justly celebrated, there is one which shines forth in a very particular manner, I mean that of founding hospitals; a most commendable and useful branch of this virtue, and in which we have so well distinguished ourselves of late, that within these three years, or thereabouts, we have seen the rise of three hospitals, one at Hyde Park Corner, another at the Bath, and lastly that (for foundlings) which does honour not only to the noble propagators of it, but to our very age and nation, and leaves us only to wonder, how it was possible, through stupidity or barbarity, to have been delayed so long.

An ingenious gentleman this last winter, having, I suppose, observed this present bent of our genius, and that most of the calamities with which our minds or bodies were visited, had cures provided for them in this way, thought proper to give us a useful hint of erecting an hospital, without which

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I own I have often thought that noble structure in Moorfields deficient, namely, an hospital for fools. This hint was conveyed into the world from the theatre, by a dramatic composition under that name.

Most persons imagined this piece would not be licensed; and some, who, I am sure, knew nothing more of it than the title, asserted that there must certainly be reflections in it on some people; however, contrary to their expectation, it came on the stage, where to their no less surprise it met with an ill reception.

I was myself present on the first night of its representation, and do scarce remember to have seen any thing equal to the horror which appeared in the faces of the whole pit; nor can any of my readers have an idea of it, unless such as have observed the countenances of a set of children at a story of raw-head and bloody-bones: for really (to imitate the language used on such occasions), they seemed to think the poet was come for them all. Nay, so terribly were they frightened, that I have been told they all got up in a cluster together, and did not dare stir out of the house till twelve o'clock at night, when one of the actors came on the stage, and told them there was no danger, and that they might be assured they should never hear any more of it.

For my part I was dissatisfied with the treatment of this piece, in which I thought there was merit, though an old gentleman who sat by me, and did not join in the tumult, was of a different opinion: he often shook his head, and said it was ill-timed, that there was very few of those sort of people at present, with many criticisms of the like kind, and at last concluded that he was glad the farce was damned; for that he was sure the author was an ill-natured fellow, by his wanting to confine such inoffensive people as fools were.

But, notwithstanding this old gentleman's censure, I am still of the author's side; not only from the performance, but the intention of his piece, being visibly to recommend such an hospital as I have mentioned.

I cannot help imagining the ancient custom of keeping

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fools to have had something of this provision for them in view. By this custom every man of fashion was in a manner obliged to have at least one fool in his family. This was equal, if not superior, to a general hospital for them, and would have continued to this day, had not the fools become ungrateful to their benefactors, and made so ill a use of their goodness, as at last to take upon them to be wits: for which reason, they were all soon turned out of doors; but since that time, to show the revolution of human affairs, wit hath been in fashion, and several fools have found means to introduce themselves into great families under the disguise of wits, and have never been discovered by their masters.

But though great numbers of persons, and some whom I could name, have kept fools for this reason; yet this practice is not so general as formerly, and numberless fools are daily to be seen in all the parts of this town, without any body to take care of them; or, as it appears by some late moving instances, without knowing where to go: for to omit the great numbers who have been seen dancing, &c., on the Thames, and who ran about the town last Monday night in antic dresses, such hath been lately the distress of these poor creatures, that I am credibly informed, several fools, not knowing where to thrust their heads, publicly offered the other night crowns a-piece, beyond the already advanced price, for seats in the first gallery at Covent Garden Theatre; when Orpheus and Eurydice was first represented.

After these instances, I am sure no one can think it other than an act of charity to the fools themselves to confine them; besides they are far from being such inoffensive creatures as the old gentleman hath represented them; nay, I could almost venture to assert, that there is scarce any mischief done, in which fools are not concerned.

Is any mischief ever made among friends and relations without a fool concerned in it? Should we ever hear of a separation, or even a quarrel between a husband and wife, unless one or both of them were fools? How comes it that

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servants get at the secrets of families? How do lawyers get possession of men's writings? Priests of their minds, and physicians of their bodies, and by these means all four of their purses? How happens it that horses are killed, wheels worn out, and time thrown away to spread little, paltry, dirty, mean, malicious scandal? Why doth one man attempt to frustrate the schemes, or one woman to hinder the amours of another, which do not interfere with their own? In a word, how comes it that any one suffers an injury by which the person who does it reaps no advantage, but that fools walk abroad?

Or, to make use of higher instances, Why have a whole people often lost their liberties, or indeed why have kings desired to take them away (since the greater and nobler, and braver a people are, so much the greater is the monarch who reigns over them) but for the above reason?——And to bring it home, how can we account for the tame sufferance of some invasions on our rights in former times, but by saying, *that fools were then in the land?*

It would be needless, since, though I am writing for the sake of fools, I am not writing to them, to enumerate any more instances to prove so plain an assertion, as that fools ought to be shut up as well as madmen.

And where is the ill-nature of this proposal? What inconvenience, nay, even what loss of amusement would arise to them from hence, supposing they were confined in a large and wholesome hospital? Could not the beau dress himself, the coquette play before the glass, or the prude screw up her face as well here as any where? For since they only admire themselves, cannot they do it by themselves? Cannot a poet here wonder at his own bad verses, or a critic abuse good ones? Cannot a projector lay his schemes, and all the different sorts of fools, play over their different sorts of follies? Nay, we will allow them all the amusements they have at present, and fling them, in a heap, all their music-masters, dancing-masters, fiddlers, operas, puppet-shows, raree-shows, pantomimes, dexterity of hand, and a complete set gratis of Gazetteers; in short, all they have or that

Swift

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they desire to have; nor do I know any thing they will be debarred from, but the conversation of men of sense, which can be no misfortune to them, as these are a particular sort of odd people, for whom the said fools have always had a most uninterrupted contempt: so that in reality this will be not so properly the hospital as the paradise of fools.

Indeed, I am aware but of two objections which can be possibly made to this charity: the first is that trite one which hath been so often objected, viz., the great expense of so large a build ıg; but this may be easily obviated by only a change of places, that is, by our bringing the fools all together into one; for which purpose, to avoid the greater confusion, it may be convenient to assign that situation for the hospital where the greatest part and the most eminent already reside: but, for particular reasons, the public will excuse my pointing out the quarter, till the scheme is farther advanced, and some of the most powerful fools secured.

The second, which seems indeed at first sight of greater weight, is that a very large and useful body of the community, who are vulgarly called knaves, may be injured thereby. This scheme being little less than to take from them the means of subsisting on those creatures, who are, by some learned men, thought to have been created for no other purpose, than for the food and convenience of the said knaves. This would, I own, have great force, if it was absolutely true, or at least if without remedy: for I am neither so romantic a writer, nor one of so little public spirit, as to conceive that any reparation could be made for so great a loss to society: but I am very confident, that by this means no knaves would be deprived of subsistence, but such as would be entitled to a provision in the hospital. Honest and undesigning men of very good understanding would be always liable to the attacks of cunning and artful knaves, into whose snares we are as often seduced by the openness and goodness of the heart, as by the weakness of the head. True wisdom is commonly attended with a simplicity of manners, which betrays a worthy man to a tricking shuffler, of a much inferior capacity. Besides, knaves have

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the quality with pikes, when they can find no other game, of preying on one another; and a great, subtle knave, and such it is the main business of a well-ordered commonwealth to support, will no more fail of his prey while any little ones are within his reach, than an overgrown pike will want food while there are any smaller pikes in the same pond.

TUESDAY, *February* 26, 1739-40.

"*Auream quisquis Mediocritatem*
Diligit tutus, caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius Aula."—HORACE.

THE unequal distribution of the good things of this world hath been represented as one excellent argument of a future state. The disparity between the lots of men hath been thought no otherwise reconcilable with the goodness of the Almighty Being, than by considering this world as a short state of probation only, and our happiness here of very little account in the divine eye: for, as the best parents, during the infancy of their children, give sometimes the finest toys to this or that child, and think it sufficient to provide equally for them in their main settlement in life; so this our great Parent, regardless of the different shares which we possess of the toys of this world, is only careful to provide an equality of bliss for such as do not forfeit it in our lasting settlement hereafter.

But though health of body and strength of mind, being possessed by some in a very superior degree to that which falls to the lot of others, do really introduce the greatest disparity of worldly happiness; this is not so certainly the consequence of the unequal distribution of power and riches, and notwithstanding the disdain with which the great and fine world look down on a middle state, notwithstanding contemptuous phrases, as low people; fellows that nobody

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knows; strange creatures; mean company; nobodies; what-dyecallums; dirt; scroff,[1] &c.; notwithstanding all this, I am convinced that happiness does not always sit on the pinnacle of power, or lie in a bed of state; but is rather to be found in that golden mean which Horace prescribes in the motto of my paper, where it is seldom missed, unless by such as, through too great humility, dare not invite happiness to their humble dwellings, but foolishly put off the hopes of entertaining this guest, till they can make themselves masters of stately rooms and splendid furniture to receive it.

Philosophers and moralists have already filled so many thousand pages with their declamations on this head, that I shall add no more to them, especially since examples convince us more speedily than precepts; and the two following pictures, which are taken from life, and the latter without the least embellishment, must satisfy the reader, that there are such things as splendid misery and humble happiness.

The first of these pictures I shall present the reader with as it was drawn by my son Jack, who, as I have said in my first paper, wears fine clothes, and keeps the best company.

Jack was invited to dinner at the house of a certain person of great distinction, whither he repaired at the fashionable hour of four. As soon as the door was opened, he entered into a large hall, at the end of which was a magnificent staircase, adorned with most beautiful paintings. Here were several persons with disconsolate countenances, amongst whom he knew one to be a jeweller and another a lacceman; whilst he was rubbing his shoes on the mat, he heard several repetitions of the words very hard, long time due, make up a sum, &c. He was conducted hence through several fine apartments into the eating-room, where was a noble side-board set off with a profusion of carved plate: as the company was not yet come, Jack desired leave to wait on the lady, who admitted him to her toilette. She had been risen about half an hour, and was at breakfast

[1] A word in great use, but in no dictionary; perhaps it should be written scruff, but we have here followed the general pronunciation.

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when my son entered her dressing-room. On a table lay the bills of several mantua-makers, milliners, mercers, and others, without any receipts to them. "Mr. Vinegar," says she, "I never was more rejoiced to see you; for I am horribly in the spleen, I had the most terrible run at cards last night——would you think it? I lost nine rubbers following." Jack had scarce time to answer her, when her husband came in; after a short conversation and a whisper or two, she told him in a louder voice, and with much eagerness: "It is never the near, for I must positively have it:" her husband replied, "You cannot, for it is impossible." My son, who is perfectly well-bred, seeing a dispute arising, immediately withdrew and returned to the eating-room, where four or five gentlemen were now assembled. In about a quarter of an hour, the master of the house came to them, with great dejection in his countenance, which was not at all lessened during an hour's conversation while we waited for the lady, which turned on the miseries of matrimony, with frequent exclamations about the dinner: at last the lady came as pale as death, with the tears not so well wiped off from her eyes, but that very visible marks remained. Dinner was now served, which consisted of dishes so disguised, that nothing more was to be known of them, but that they were spoiled with waiting too long. The husband and wife ate little, and employed themselves only in casting malevolent glances on each other, with now and then some sighs and secret hints which seemed not only understood at the table, but by the gentlemen who stood behind our chairs. Several rich wines were reckoned up, most of which were far from being excellent in their kind; nor indeed did they infuse any air of cheerfulness into the conversation, which was ceremonial, and mostly turned on cookery. With the dessert were introduced three children, or rather skeletons, with very sickly complexions, whose wit and beauty were much admired by all the company. At length, a servant informing the lady that her chair was at the door, every thing was removed, and the bottles put on the table, which the master of the house took care should not go round too fast. In

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about an hour afterwards, Jack retired with one of the gentlemen through a row of servants, who seemed to look on their vails as a surer subsistence than their wages; his companion, as they went, abused the master of the house, his wife, his entertainment, his economy, and informed my son that he kept an extravagant and disagreeable mistress, hinting at the same time something of the lady, which he was tender of repeating.

Instead of making any reflections, I shall oppose to this scene, one, of which I was really a spectator.

Some time since I went with my wife to pay a visit to a country clergyman, who had a living of somewhat above 100*l.* a year. In his youth he had sacrificed a fellowship in one of the universities, to marry a very agreeable woman, who with a small fortune had had a very good education. Soon after his marriage he was presented to the living, of which he is now incumbent. Since his coming hither, he hath improved the parsonage-house and garden, both which are now in the neatest order. At our arrival we were met at the gate by the clergyman and two of his sons. After telling us with the most cheerful voice and countenance that he was extremely glad to see us, he took my wife down in his arms, and committing our two horses to the care of his sons he conducted us into a little neat parlour, where a table was spread for our entertainment. Here the good woman and her eldest daughter received us with many hearty expressions of kindness, and very earnest desires that we would take something to refresh ourselves before dinner. Upon this a bottle of mead was produced, which was of their own making, and very good in its kind. Dinner soon followed, being a gammon of bacon and some chickens, with a most excellent apple pie. (My friend excused himself from not treating me with a roasted pig (a dish I am particularly fond of) by telling us that as times were hard, he had relinquished those tithes to his parishioners.) Our liquors were the aforesaid mead, elder wine, with strong beer, ale, &c., all perfectly good, and which our friends exprest great pleasure at our drinking and liking. After a meal spent with the

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utmost cheerfulness, we walked into a little, neat garden, where we passed the afternoon with the gayest and most innocent mirth, the good man and good woman, their sons and daughters, all vying with one another, who should show us the greatest signs of respect, and of their forwardness to help us to any thing they had.

The economy of these good people may be instructive to some, as well as entertaining to all my readers.

The clergyman, who is an excellent scholar, is himself the schoolmaster to his boys (which are three in number). As soon as the hours appointed for their studies are over, the master and all the scholars employ themselves at work either in the garden, or some other labour about the house, while the little woman is no less industrious in her sphere with her two daughters within. Thus the furniture of their house, their garden, their table, and their cellar, are almost all the work of their own hands; and the sons grow at once robust and learned, while the daughters become housewives, at the same time that they learn of their mother several of the genteeler accomplishments.

Love and friendship were never in greater purity than between this good couple, and as they both have the utmost tenderness for their children, so they meet with the greatest returns of gratitude and respect from them. Nay the whole parish is by their example the family of love, of which they daily receive instances from their spiritual guide, and which hath such an effect on them, that I believe—*communibus annis*, he receives voluntarily from his parishioners more than his due, though not half so much as he deserves.

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SATURDAY, *March* 1, 1739-40.

—"*Heu plebes scelerata et prava favoris?*"—SILIUS ITALICUS.

I HAVE, in a former paper, remarked the partiality by which we are governed in our dealings with trades and professions, and showed that we are led entirely by fashion to prefer this or that individual member to all the rest of his calling. This hath given rise to a common expression of getting a name, and to the common custom of hanging out names on a sign, by which we are sometimes not only informed where Mr. A. B. now lives, but likewise of the place from whence he came. There is one of these names in Fleet Street, which seems to be hung out as the rival of St. Dunstan's clock.

This partiality arises from one or both of these amiable originals, viz., pride and ignorance; for as there are several wise people who are vain of being the bubbles of eminent men, so there are others, who, though they are very pretty gentlemen and very fine ladies, are unluckily so ignorant, that they do not know when they are imposed on.

As pride and ignorance reign the most absolute in the learned world, so this prejudice is felt more severely by us authors than by any other set of men. I believe of the present encouragers and advancers of wit and learning not one in twenty hath ever been at school, and of those who have, very few have brought away any other marks but those of the rod with them. So that what Horace says of writers, "that the learned and unlearned become such indifferently," may be more properly applied to readers of whom, according to Mr. Pope,

"Ten censure wrong to one who writes amiss."

But pride hath at least an equal share with ignorance in the matter. Writing seems to be understood as an arrogating to yourself a superiority (which of all others will be granted with the greatest reluctance) of the understanding. In which,

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as the pre-eminence is not so apparent as in beauty or riches, pride is often able in our own minds a long while to maintain the weaker side of the argument. The understanding, like the eye (says Mr. Locke), whilst it makes us see and perceive all other things, takes no notice of itself; and it requires art and pains to set it at a distance and make it its own object. This comparison, fine as it is, is inadequate: for the eye can contemplate itself in a glass, but no Narcissus hath hitherto discovered any mirror for the understanding, no knowledge of which is to be obtained but by the means Mr. Locke prescribes, which as it requires art and pains, or in other words, a very good understanding to execute, it generally happens that the superiority in it is a cause tried on very dark and presumptive evidence, and a verdict commonly found by self love for ourselves.

But, to pursue this philosophical inquiry no farther, it is certain that a man nowhere meets with such opposition as in an attempt to acquire reputation by writing, which the world always withholds from him as long as it is able, and seldom allows him till he is past the enjoyment of it. The laurel, like the cypress, being generally thrown into the grave.

This malignancy hath given rise to several inventions among authors, to get themselves and their works a name. And has introduced that famous art called puffing, which, as it is brought to great perfection in this age, affords us a constant article in one column of our paper.

It would be endless to run through the several branches of this art, by which we are informed that certain works have been very much admired by persons of great distinction and judgment, or at other times of their great usefulness, and often that they are prohibited at certain places, the author run away, or banished, or hanged, all which are thought to give an additional value to his works.

But the chief art of book-puffing is that which may be very properly called getting a name to a book, I mean that method which hath flourished much of late of borrowing a name for its author.

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Numberless are the arts which the street-walking-muses make use of to lay their bastards at the doors of their betters, or in other words, by which booksellers and their bad authors endeavour to steal the names of good ones. This stratagem hath been long practised on the dead, and since the restoration of learning, and the invention of printing, most of the celebrated authors of antiquity have been forced to adopt as their own, the offspring not only of several ages beyond them, but even of such as have not had the least affinity to them. I remember about twelve years ago, upon the success of a new play of Shakespeare's, said to have been found somewhere by somebody, the craft set themselves to searching, and soon after I heard that several more plays of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson were found, and the town to be entertained with them; but the players, for I know not what reason, discouraging this practice, it hath since ceased.

But the great improvement of this art is said to be the growth of the present age; namely, the borrowing the name of an author while he is alive, which is done several ways.

One bookseller is reported to have maintained certain writers in his garret, because they had the same names with some of their eminent contemporaries. Others have contented themselves with concealing the name of the author in the title-page, and only spreading whispers through the coffee-houses, that he is a very considerable person, my lord, or Mr. Such-a-one, which the whisperer hath discovered by his style, or been credibly informed of by some who have seen the manuscript. But the most usual way is to throw out certain hints in the advertisements, such as by a lady of quality. By a celebrated physician. By D——r S——t. By a certain Dean, &c. By all which means a very spurious issue are propagated in the learned world. Thus Gay becomes Dull, Addison publishes B——y Poems, and D——n S——t hath writ more nonsense than C——y C——r.

But the most remarkable piece of ingenuity, if it had been done by design, was exhibited this winter, in which a

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poem was published with the following title-page, printed in the same manner as it is here inserted.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED THIRTY NINE,

BEING THE SEQUEL OF

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED THIRTY EIGHT,

WRITTEN BY MR. POPE.

If this had been published by any other bookseller but Mr. C——l, we should have believed that it was intended to impose the year nine on the world as a work of Mr. Pope's, who is I think avowedly the author of the year eight; but the said Mr. C——l is too well known to have any such attempt suspected, both from the nicety of his conscience and his judgment, which could not suffer him to hope that he should be able to exhibit the pop of a pistol for the fire of a cannon.

I have been often desired by my bookseller to give a name (as he calls it) to this paper: for which purpose, he hath drawn up several advertisements. One signifying, that the late Mr. Addison left a large quantity of papers behind him, some of which were entitled Essays on Several Subjects. Another importing that the author of this paper was in Wales at the time that Sir Richard Steele died. Or suppose (says he) it should be insinuated that you was lately come from Ireland. Ah! you might have thrown in a hint about Lais's Wash. Or else if you should say you had a lodging near Twickenham last summer. Any of these things would do. Nay, he hath carried it so far as to desire me to go to several coffee-houses where I am little known, and assert roundly that my Lord B——ke was the author of the Champion, assuring me that he would whisper it to every one who came into his shop; and he was sure it would do: for that the same scheme had been successfully tried by another.

In short, it would be tedious to run through the several

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persons which by hints, tokens, and initial letters, he would have intimated to be the authors of the Champion, indeed almost every one that the present age hath ever read with admiration. Nor did he confine himself to single persons, he was desirous to insinuate that some papers were composed by the C——ge of Ph——ns, others by the R——al Soc—ty, and others by that admired body the Soc—ty for Advancement of L——.

I answered him, that I scorned to impose false colours on the world, that if my paper could not succeed by the merit, it should not owe its success to the roguery of the author. In short, that, like some tender parents, I had such a fondness for my offspring, that I would not part with them to another even for their own advantage.

However, to pacify him, I was forced to condescend to agree, that in order to make my paper appear like a Spectator, it should for the future be adorned with a capital letter at the end, as well as a motto at the beginning.

TUESDAY, *March* 4, 1739-40.

"*Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbrâ.*"—HORACE.

THERE can be nothing so discouraging from the pursuit of reputation as a reflection, which we too often see occasion to make, that it is the prize of the undeserving. Men are apt, and with some seeming justice, to despise a reward which they observe to be promiscuously bestowed on vice and virtue, wisdom and folly. Reputation, which, were she always constant to merit, would engage all mankind to be rivals for obtaining her, becomes a common harlot; and by being often possessed by those who do not deserve her, is the contempt of those that do.

Shakespeare says in his Othello, "That reputation is an

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idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deserving."

Human life everywhere abounds with instances of the justness of this observation; nothing is commoner than to hear men applauded and extolled for virtues and perfections, which they are sometimes utterly devoid of.

But though men have been sometimes known to purchase false praise at the expense of their treasure; and have, for particular reasons, found methods to bestow it as unworthily on their creatures, yet are we more rarely bribed than deceived into our wrong applauses.

Though virtue and wisdom be in reality the opposites to folly and vice, they are not so in appearance. Indeed, it requires a nicer eye to distinguish them, than is commonly believed. The two latter are continually industrious to disguise themselves, and wear the habits of the former. They know their native deformity and endeavour to conceal it; which the world, always judging by the outside, easily suffers them to accomplish. Actions of the worst nature have, by the assistance of false glosses, been accompanied with honour, and men have often arrived at the highest fame by deserving the highest infamy; which, when we consider the general incapacity of mankind, we shall be so far from being astonished at, that we shall rather think it matter of wonder, that they have ever judged right. True virtue is of a retired and quiet nature, content with herself, not at all busied in courting the acclamations of the crowd; she is plain and sober in her habit, sure of her innate worth, and therefore neglects to adorn herself with those gaudy colours, which catch the eyes of the giddy multitude. Vice, on the contrary, is of a noisy and boisterous disposition, despising herself, and jealous of the contempt of others, always meditating how she may acquire the applause of the world, gay and fluttering in her appearance, certain of her own ill features, and therefore careful by all the tricks of art to impose on and engage the affections of her beholders.—— Thus accomplished, how can the latter fail to please, and the former to be slighted!

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It hath been observed, that a lover will find it more difficult to succeed in a real than a counterfeit passion. The true lover, conscious of his affection, will neglect a thousand little methods, which the counterfeit is eternally seeking after to persuade his mistress of his sincerity. In like manner, it happens to the candidates for reputation. There is a consciousness in true merit, which renders a man careless of the reception it meets with. He disdains to fly to little arts to inform the world of what it wants only judgment to discover of itself. He is rather studious to deserve than acquire praise. Whereas, the man of a contrary character is always forward to acquaint others with his deserts. He is not desirous of virtue itself, but only the reputation of it, therefore is more solicitous to carry virtue in his countenance than in his heart; whence it often comes to pass, that the worst of men have imposed on the world, and enjoyed the highest degree of reputation, while those of the greatest worth have been slighted and despised.

It is with virtue and vice, as with nature and art. The works of nature are in themselves infinitely superior to all the little quackery and impotent imitation of art: but as the latter ever applies herself to the humours and tempers of men, as she is ever employed in tricking and decking herself out, with a view of catching the eyes of her beholder, we often see her meanest performances preferred by the generality of mankind, to the noblest productions of nature.

But reputation is not always the fruit of design; chance hath in this, as in all other worldly affairs, a very considerable dominion. Reputation often courts those most who regard her the least. Actions have sometimes been attended with fame, which were undertaken in defiance of it. Jonathan Wild himself had for many years no small share of it in this kingdom.

Reputation is ever the companion of success; had Tyler or Straw succeeded in their attempts, they might have probably rivalled the fame of Martel or Cromwell. Had Alexander been entirely defeated in his first battle in Asia, he would have been called only a robber by posterity.

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Had Solon, Lycurgus, Numa, Mahomet, or any other lawgivers been successless in their attempts, they had been universally contemned as fools, madmen, or impostors.

Besides all these reasons, there are, as Horace observes in the motto of this paper, so narrow bounds between some virtues and vices, that it is very difficult to distinguish between them. Covetousness and thrift, profuseness and liberality, cowardice and caution, rashness and bravery, praise and adulation have been all very often mistaken for one another. To which imposition, not only the deceit of the person himself contributes; every man, who labours under the same vice, is, for his own sake, willing to give it the gentlest appellation in another. The covetous man will call his covetous brother thrifty, and so of the rest.

These, I think, are the chief springs from which false praise hath arisen; and these are certainly great discouragements from the pursuit of it, in the road of virtue. Notwithstanding all which we shall find, to consider the argument in another light, sufficient incentives to all our endeavours after this most invaluable blessing.

First, the real value of the thing itself. Upon the possession of which all joys, all happiness and comfort depend. Loss of reputation, says the Cit in the comedy, may tend to loss of money. In short, we can arrive at no one valuable acquisition in life without it.

Secondly, though reputation may be purchased without merit, yet is that essentially different from what we attain worthily. It is attended with continual fears of losing it, seldom waits a man to his grave, and hardly ever outlives him, whereas the man who really deserves this reward, hugs himself securely in the possession of it. This not only sticks to him while he lives, but is scarce ever known to forsake his name.

A third, and indeed a glorious consideration to the virtuous man, is that he may rejoice even in the never attaining that which he so well deserves, since it furnishes him with a noble argument for the certainty of a future state. As it is inconsistent with the justice of a supremely wise and

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good being, to suffer his honest and worthy endeavours to go unrewarded, can the heart of man be warmed with a more ecstatic imagination, than that the most excellent attribute of the great Creator of the universe is concerned in rewarding him? Such a consideration as this may well make him despise the false, short-lived honours, he sees unjustly bestowed on others, and keep him constant and steady in the ways of virtue, at the same time that he thoroughly despises all the rewards within the power of man.

THURSDAY, *March* 6, 1739-40.

"Ut bene loquatur sentiatque mamercus
Efficere nullis, aule, moribus possis."—MARTIAL.

THE wisest legislators seem to have imagined that mankind in general set no greater value on any human reward than on reputation, nor fear any punishment equal with infamy: for which reason, as honours have been constituted for the rewards of the noblest actions, so infamy hath been added as the last and greatest increase of punishment which can be inflicted on villainy.

In my last paper I considered the unjust bestowing of praise as a perversion of this reward, and a means which might remove this incentive to virtue. I shall therefore, in my present, animadvert on those methods which may work the like effect on infamy, and tend as visibly to withdraw from us all horror of that word, as the former do to lessen our value for reputation. I mean slander or calumny.

The reader may, perhaps, be surprised at seeing this represented in so new a light, nor would I insinuate that slanders are often (if ever) spread with this view, which have indeed generally no other than the immediate satisfaction of private malice or revenge: but that the consequence I have mentioned may be hereby produced, will be easily granted on

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reflection; nay, nothing is commoner than for good men, who have been oppressed in this manner, to comfort themselves, that they only share a fate to which virtue is the most liable. In which opinion, the moral writers have endeavoured to support them.

Plato recommends a law for the punishment of this vice, and the Romans had very severe ones for that purpose; "Which stood them (says Machiavel) in good stead, and which the Florentines have considerably suffered by neglecting." The same author, in another place, comparing calumny with accusation, goes on, "Men are legally accused no where but before the magistrate or the people, but they are calumniated every where, within doors and without, in the streets and in the market-place."

The laws of England are little severe against slander, unless it be against the great: for as to that action which may be brought for words, as it is founded on the supposal of a trespass, or real injury committed, so juries have so little consideration of any other injury besides what is done to the pocket; that since the statute of 21 James I. cap. 16, which limits costs, it is rarely worth any man's while to bring an action for words, unless he can prove special damages. Besides, there are several words which cruelly injure a character for which the law gives no remedy.

Slander arises from several evil passions or dispositions in the mind. The chief of which are, first, revenge; and which it is a manner of exerting as inconsistent with honour as Christianity: for as the latter teaches us to forgive an enemy, so the former restrains us to an open and generous manner of punishing him; whereas, slander may be properly compared to a poisoned weapon, or a stab in the back, and is indeed never used but by such base persons as would use these also. Dr. South expresses himself warmly, but not improperly on the subject. "It is," says he, "that killing poisonous arrow drawn out of the devil's quiver, which is always flying about, and doing execution in the dark, against which no virtue is a defence, no innocence a security. It is a weapon forged in hell, and invented by that prime artificer

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and engineer the devil; and none but that great God who knows all things and can do all things can protect the best of men against it."

A second spring from whence this vice flows is malice. A passion which the Greeks and Latins seem to have an adequate idea of, by assigning it a name immediately derived from those words which signify evil, intimating that this disposition, as the principal species thereof, is the most worthy to borrow the name of the genus itself. Nay, one of the Platonists expressly affirms, that it is the token of the very worst of men, and of a mind thoroughly polluted with all manner of vice. And as (malice is the basest of all passions,) so slander is the meanest of all the manners in which it displays itself. But, as it would be absurd to represent the baseness of an action, with a view of dissuading such corrupted minds from its pursuit; I shall therefore address myself only to those who, from less criminal principles, assist these persons in spreading their calumnies, and, being moved perhaps by a little envy or spleen, or wantonness, content themselves that they were not the original authors of the slander, which they use their utmost diligence in promoting. To such, as they are not totally abandoned, though very far from being innocent, it may not be improper to represent this vice in its natural, odious colours, and of which the reporter is guilty, though not in so detestable a degree as the first inventor.

As this vice, except from the malignity of our natures, allures us with no temptation, so it is softened by no excuse. Other robbers, while they do less mischief, if they cannot plead necessity, may at least allege the desire of profit, or of pleasure, in their favour; whereas, this pitiful thief, who steals away our reputation, can say nothing in his defence; his motive, which is a delight in mischief, is even more odious than the act he commits; and while he doth the most sensible and barbarous injury to another, he is so far from acquiring any benefit by it, that he often endangers his own reputation in endeavouring to take away his neighbour's. This is finely expressed in the following lines of

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Shakespeare, which at the same time assert the inestimable value of the possessing, and consequently the injury of being deprived of a good character:

> "Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
> Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
> Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been slave to thousands;
> But he that filches from me my good name
> Robs me of that which not enriches him
> And makes me poor indeed."

Let him who finds a libel, says a great lawyer, immediately burn it. My advice to him who hears a scandalous story is to suppress it, at least until he is certain of its truth; and even then he would do well to weigh the guilt of it with candour, and to examine whether any good consequences to others will attend the discovery. A scandalous story should be heard with reluctance, believed with difficulty, and published with deliberation: for in this particular, that of Horace is most true, *nescit vox missa reverti.* When we have once set forth the calumny, we can recall it no more, nor can we ever make any amends to the injured party, if we are mistaken; the tongue of the slanderer being like the sword of the murderer, and the loss of reputation almost as irretrievable as that of life.

So far from hastily publishing a slander, a Christian ought not hastily to believe it. We are well advised to take care in judging him with whom we have nothing to do; for that we judge one way, and God and truth another; how then shall we appear before that dreadful tribunal, where it will not be enough to say that I thought this, or I heard that, and where no man's mistake will warrant an unjust surmise, and much less justify a false censure?

But if every private scandal be of so flagitious a kind, how much more heinous must be that which is thrown on a whole body of men, especially that body, which as it ought to be the most secure from, is the most exposed to scandal? And this is a vice into which we could not fall

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if we considered first, that they are ambassadors from above, and that an affront to them is an affront to their Principal. Secondly, that it is very unlikely, if not incredible, that a body gifted with a double portion of the divine spirit, should be more frail than others, who pretend to no such inspiration. Thirdly, if we considered what a prejudice we, by these means, give to religion in the minds of the vulgar, who never regard precept when it is opposed by example. Let us therefore take care how we represent these as a body of men industriously separating themselves and their interests from the laity, ambitious of power, and covetous of wealth; sparing no means, and refusing no conditions to come at either; who have nothing of a scholar, but the pedantry; of a gentleman, but the pride; and of a Christian, but the pretence: who are ever slow to commend or reward, but have as great an alacrity in censure or punishment, and who are so little the followers of their blessed Master, that as He bore the contempt of all, and despised none; so these, while they are the most impatient of it themselves, are of all men the pronest to the contempt of others. Lastly, whose care of our souls appears only in this candid interpretation of their actions; that, to recommend us to apply our thoughts to another world, they attempt, by impoverishing and enslaving us, to make this not worth our care.

Such suggestions as these have been too industriously spread, but to what purpose? if they were true, they would be greatly to be lamented; but if false (as undoubtedly they are) what can the inventors and spreaders of them expect less than that punishment which is allotted to the devil, the father of lies, and his children?

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TUESDAY, *March* 11, 1739-40.

——"*Stultus honores*
Sæpe dat indignis, et famæ servit ineptus;
Qui stupet in titulis et imaginibus ——."—HORACE.

MY proposal for erecting an hospital for fools hath brought me a great number of letters in very different styles. This, like all other new projects, meets with a various reception, some of my correspondents seem so delighted with it that they do not scruple to assure me, in a kind of rapture, that if I can bring my scheme to perfection, I shall merit more of mankind than all the discoverers of arts and sciences, none of which will be of so universal benefit, being equally calculated for the good of wise men and fools.

On the other hand, this project is treated by some as wild and romantic. I am asked, whether the whole world are to be shut up for the sake of a few odd fellows? One asserts that government being made for the sake of fools, a politic people should employ no other in their administration. My Lord Shaftesbury[1] is cited, where that noble author says, "It was formerly the wisdom of wise governments to let men be fools as much as they pleased." And the example of one Crates[2] is produced; who left his money in the hands of a banker with this condition: "That if his children were fools, he should then give it them; if witty, he should then distribute it amongst the greatest fools of the people." I am farther reminded that Erasmus writ in the praise of folly, and that no one, but myself, had ever been fool enough to write against it. Several wits hint that I have myself a very good title to be admitted into the hospital; and B. T. advises me, if I can get in any subscriptions, to do at least one wise thing in my life, and run away with the money.

I have been likewise solicited to be more explicit, and to fix the degrees of folly, which may be necessary to admit men, on which point there is much dissension. A gentle-

[1] Characterist. vol. i. p. 13.

[2] Montaigne, book 3, chap. 9.

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man, who signs Dapperwit, and dates from St. James's, advises me to shut up all but persons of a fine understanding and polite taste; whilst another, calling himself Timidus, hopes that it will be sufficient to avoid any danger of the hospital, that he knows his right hand from his left; and adds, in a postscript, that he had but one ticket in the last lottery.

There are some in a threatening strain, particularly from one Mr. Ca-sa, who often repeats that there are very good laws against false imprisonment; and my former correspondent, Mr. Forage, advises me not to call him a fool; and concludes, with asking me, if he should be so, what I must think of the whole nation? I am also complimented by a patriot, with having contrived a method of accomplishing what the whole body of patriots have so long endeavoured in vain; and at the same time am thanked, by one Philo-Forage, for providing a proper recess for the men only.

Beside all these, great interest is made for offices in the hospital, particularly for that of physician. Indeed, by the vast number of candidates, it seems they think very little business will be left for the faculty without doors. Several tell me, that, as I shall certainly shut up all their patients, they hope at least that they may be allowed to attend them; and one hath the assurance to say, that he is qualified to be physician in chief, as he is a very silly fellow, and though he hath much business doth not know any thing of the matter; but I must observe, this gentleman hath mistaken my design, and seems to look on my hospital as intended for rogues and not fools.

The following letter, which I shall give the reader at large, proposes another way to be taken with them:—

SIR,—Your project of providing for fools in an hospital is laughed at by grave men, as very wild and ridiculous. For who can hear of shutting up so vast a number of your people? Or, who shall be appointed to keep them up against their will? And to what purpose, since I do not find you propose any cure for their folly? Beside, is it

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imagined that persons are of no use without any understanding? Surely they are, though in an inferior degree, capable of bodily labour as well as the four-footed part of the creation.

The source of all the evil which is done by these sort of people, and perhaps of the greatest mischiefs attending society, is that mistake which is sometimes made of wise men for fools, or (what more frequently happens) of fools for wise men; and this may be prevented in a much easier and clearer way; namely, by setting some outward badge or mark on folly, by which we may be cautioned not to trust our own affairs, or those of the public in improper hands.

The late Czar of Muscovy, who is known to have greatly laboured in civilising a set of human animals, very little superior to the brutes, seems to have hit on this distinction; the author of his memoirs hath inserted the following observation: "The czar's fools are of a different kind from those whom we find in other courts, who are commonly persons of no consequence: whereas, the czar hath several persons of distinction among them, whom his majesty hath condemned for some crime to be fools their whole lives, degrading them thus from humanity whose portion is reason. By this new kind of punishment, very sensibly felt by men of spirit, he kept his nobles in great awe."

There is perhaps something very ridiculous in condemning a man to be a fool, and I am aware that one of the objections which I have made to the hospital will be retorted on me; and I shall be asked where I intend to find persons to execute such judgment, and oblige so many to put on the badge.

To obviate which, I propose that, instead of condemning men, they may be preferred to be fools. That they may be allured to put on the badge, as children are by a sugar-plum to take a potion. In order to which, I would have the badge itself made of a very glittering tinsel, with an honorary motto, as, *In Laudem Stultitiæ*, or *Stultorum Gloria*, or *Stultitia Possidebimus Astra*, or something of that kind. That it should be said to be bestowed on them for their

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merit, not inflicted on them as a punishment: for if there was a long catalogue of titles or honours fixed to it, while the word *Stultitia* or folly is visible, there is no danger of imposing on any man of sense; nor will it be of the least ill consequence to those, nor cause any mistake or confusion among them, that the person who is so adorned hath been eagerly solicitous of the ridiculous ornament, that it is called an honour, and given him as a reward: for let him strut never so proudly in his tinsel-glory, the badge to every man of sense will discover the folly of the wearer.

Solomon, who is the first champion who had ever the boldness to enter the list with fools, is by some thought to have meant nothing more than this badge by that rod which he recommends for their back; in defence of which opinion they allege that it is unlikely so wise a man should ordain any punishment for those who are unfortunate rather than guilty; but others, who have less tenderness for persons of this denomination, assert that Solomon by the word fool, means every where a wicked man or a rogue; nay, they insist that the words rogue and fool are convertible terms; and they argue thus: what can be greater symptom of folly than for a man to attempt any thing by means which directly tend to destroy his aim; now, as ambition, which is nothing more than a desire of fame or esteem in the minds of men, is the chief motive to all great villainy (for avarice itself hath ambition in view) and as villainy is the certain road to infamy, how does a great rogue differ from the folly of a child who is industrious to destroy its own plaything? And can any one deny but that the greatest rogue is the greatest fool in the kingdom? A truth which, however strange it may be to our ears, I hope will shortly be acknowledged by all among us who have no badge on.

Those who have travelled in the west of England, know that there are certain extraordinary edifices, which though they do indeed discover the excellent taste of the architects, are by the ignorant vulgar distinguished by the name of Mr. Such-a-one's Folly; in like manner, when we see a

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stately house, or fine pictures, or a splendid equipage, which we know to have been the purchase of any base and scandalous measures, and for which the owner hath either sold his conscience or his country, instead of gratifying him with our admiration, let us only cry with contempt, that is Mr. Such-a-one's Folly. Thus the wages of iniquity, if not death, would at least be shame.

This will be easily brought about when we have once established the badge, but as that may take some time, so that the fools may perhaps carry on their affairs in triumph a year or two longer: I recommend it to you, Mr. Champion, in the mean time to find out some figurative badge (a province in which you are pretty eminent) to distinguish them by; at least, those of most consequence, and who are most capable of doing mischief. Believe me, you will in this do a very great and very seasonable service to your country; (in which all who are not candidates for the badge must approve and encourage your labours) for I will tell a great rogue this, however he may affect a contempt for men of wit and parts, there is nothing so repugnant to his roguery, or so dangerous to himself, as to have it universally known that he is a fool.

THURSDAY, *March* 13, 1739-40.

——"*Torrere parant*——."—VIRGIL.

THERE is a certain diversion called roasting, which, notwithstanding it is in some vogue with the polite part of the world, I have no notion of. This term is well known to be taken from cookery, from whence those who are great adepts in the art, borrow also several others; such as putting the person to be roasted on the spit, turning him round till he is done enough, &c.

But though this, as I have said before, is thought a very

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delicate entertainment by some people of good taste, yet, as it is attended with great pain and torment to the poor wretch who is thus roasted alive, I have always thought it too barbarous a sacrifice to luxury. Nor have I ever more willingly given in to it, than in to those cruelties which are executed on particular animals in order to heighten their flavour; I am an utter enemy to all roasting alive, from this which is performed on one of our own species to that which is practised on a lobster.

It hath been thought, that this custom of man-roasting was originally introduced among us from some nation of cannibals: it is indeed more than probable that our savage ancestors used to eat the flesh of their enemies roasted in this manner; though this latter custom hath been so long left off, that we find no traces thereof in our annals.

A learned antiquarian of my acquaintance does not carry the original of this custom so high: he derives it only from the roasting of heretics, in use among the Roman Church, and fancies it an unextirpated remain of that barbarous execution. He brings, as a strengthener of this his opinion, the choice which we make of an odd creature, or in his own words, a heretic to the common forms of behaviour to perform it on. He is a great enemy to this practice, being as he thinks, more consistent with the principles of Jesuitism than true Christianity.

But, for my part, I imagine this term of roasting to have been given to this diversion, from the torments which the person spitted is supposed to endure in his mind, even equal to those bodily pains which he would undergo, was he to be roasted alive.

Now the pleasure which we take in such amusements as this, must arise either from a great depravity of nature, which delights in the miseries and misfortunes of mankind, or from a pride which we take in comparing the blemishes of others with our own perfections.

As for the first, my Lord Shaftesbury says, "There is an affection nearly related to inhumanity, which is a gay and frolicsome delight in what is injurious to others, a sort of

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wanton mischievousness and pleasure in what is destructive, a passion, which, instead of being restrained, is encouraged in children, so that it is indeed no wonder if the effects of it are very unfortunately felt in the world: for it will be hard, perhaps, for any one to give a reason, why that temper, which was used to delight in disorder, and ravage when in a nursery, should not afterwards find delight in other disturbances, and be the occasion of equal mischiefs in families among friends, and in the public." I advise all parents to whip this spirit out of their children, the doing which may be truly called a wholesome severity.

And, surely, if we thoroughly searched the bottom of our own minds, few of us would have frequent cause of triumph in these comparisons. Perhaps, indeed, we are without that particular blemish which we ridicule in another; but at the same time, let us carefully consider whether we have not as great imperfections of another kind. I have often observed in life, the person roasted to be infinitely superior to those who (to use a word of their own) have enjoyed him. To say the truth, the least oddity in behaviour, the most inoffensive peculiarity often exposes a man of sense and virtue, to the ridicule of those who are in every degree his inferiors. These seem to lie in wait for, and catch at every opportunity to pull down a man, whom nature hath placed so far above them.

But, though the generality of roasters be of this kind, and the buffoons they use such as may be very aptly called turnspits, the lowest and most despicable of their kind, yet I have known some of sense and good-nature too forwardly give in to this diversion. Men, who would by no means have consented to do any other injury, reputing this innocent and harmless. These, did they consider the nature and consequence of their pursuing this amusement, would, I believe, soon condemn it.

If a man be wholly insensible of his being the jest and scorn of the company, if he be so unaffected with it, as to be quite easy and contented, and satisfied with himself this while, such a person can be little more than a direct idiot,

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and is a melancholy, not a pleasant spectacle: for my part, I have always shunned the sight of a monster, an abortion or imperfection in nature. I consider myself as a son of this great and general mother, I feel a kind of filial pity, and can by no means be delighted with any of her monstrous births. And surely a human creature without understanding, is a more horrible object than one born without arms, legs, or any other of its members. Such a one is the object of pity, not of scoff and merriment; nor should I entertain a good opinion of him, who could go to Bedlam, and divert himself with the dreadful frenzies, and monstrous absurdities, of the wretches there.

But, if we conceive the subject of our ridicule to be of a more sensible composition, that he sees in himself the deformity, or, perhaps, incurable oddity which renders him the object of contempt; it will be difficult to illustrate his misery by any lively comparison. Contempt is, I believe, of all things the most uneasily to be endured by the generality of men. It gnaws and preys on our very vitals, and by how much less the person so affected discovers it, by so much he often feels it the more acutely. I have seen a man in the highest agony, and even in a cold sweat, from being displayed by some ridiculous buffoon, who hath at the same time, as they call it, played him off with such nicety, that it was impossible for the other to take hold of any thing for which he might call him to an account. I am always apt, at such times, to pity the person who is thus turned into ridicule, and seldom or never join the laugh against him. Nay, it is not unusual with me, to attack the turnspit himself, in which I have been often so successful, that I have turned the whole current of laughter that way. I cannot but observe, with great pleasure, the double delight of the company on these occasions: for nothing ever roasts so kindly as a turnspit.

Some persons have fallen into this way, in order to establish a reputation of wit, though with great absurdity: for nothing is so sure a sign of wanting it, as flying to these mean resources to appear to have it. A roaster gives me as

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low an idea of his wit, as a bully does of his courage. These beautiful qualities, where they are, will always appear. They are the fool and the coward, who are continually searching out weak objects on whom to display their mock talents with safety. And it is generally in the dullest company that this most abounds.

If we consider this diversion in the worst light, it will appear to be no other than a delight in seeing the miseries, misfortunes, and frailties of mankind displayed; and a pleasure and joy conceived in their sufferings therein. A pleasure, perhaps, as inhuman, and which must arise from a nature as thoroughly corrupt and diabolical, as can possibly pollute the mind of man.

SATURDAY, *March* 15, 1739-40.

"*Excessit medicina modum.*"—LUCAN.

IT will be found, I believe, a pretty just observation, that many more vices and follies arrive in the world through excess than neglect. Passion hurries ten beyond the mark, for one whom indolence holds short of it. As there never was a better rule for the conduct of human life than what is conveyed in that excellent short sentence—*Ne quid nimis*—so there is none so seldom observed. No character is oftener represented on the stage of the world than that of Justice Overdo in the nest of fools; men often become ridiculous or odious by overacting even a laudable part: for Virtue itself, by growing too exuberant, and (if I may be allowed a metaphor) by running to seed changes its very nature, and becomes a most pernicious weed of a most beautiful flower.

Nothing can be more becoming than modesty in women. Indeed, she who wants it is a kind of monster in nature, a sort of frightful prodigy; yet even this amiable quality may be carried too far, may be distorted into affectation and

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prudery, and make a woman what Sir Richard Steele calls *outrageously virtuous.*

Civility or complacence is a quality entirely necessary to the humanising mankind, without which they would degenerate into brutes and savages; yet this, when too extravagant, renders the possessor ridiculous in himself and troublesome to others. I have known two men catch cold, by contending which should go last out of the rain; and have seen an elegant dish spoiled at an entertainment, while the well bred guests have been shifting it from one to t'other. This troublesome overdoing in civility proceeds generally from a well-inclined temper, encouraged by a narrow education, and is entirely abandoned by all the well-bred people of our age.

Friendship and love, in persons who want delicacy, become often nauseous and distasteful. We have a vulgar phrase, by which we express our contempt for excess in the latter, by saying, such a man pins himself to his wife's girdle. I have known some couples so extravagantly fond of each other, that their whole acquaintance have been witnesses of their tenderest endearments: but I must remark here, that as this excess is not very common, so it seldom lasts long.

Most professions lose their merit, and become useless or hurtful to mankind by this talent in their professors.

Physicians have dosed more people out of the world than have ever died for want of medicines. The apothecary in Garth, tells the doctor,

> "Your ink descends in such excessive show'rs,
> 'Tis plain you can regard no health but ours."

Molière, who was the severest enemy to this faculty, hath levelled his sharpest satire against this part of their character.

Religion and laws have been adulterated with so many needless and impertinent ceremonies, that they have been too often drawn into doubt and obscurity. Some divines and lawyers have by one faculty of overdoing contributed as

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much as in them lay to deprive mankind of the benefit arising from those invaluable blessings. The liberal arts have suffered from the same cause.

Cicero tells us, that Apelles imputed the faults of most of the painters of his time to their overdoing. *Pictores eos errare dicebat qui non sentirent quid esset satis.*

Few have deserved that praise which Pliny gives to a certain painter named Timai. In all whose works (says he) there is more to be understood than is expressed.

Homer, who hath been styled the prince of poets, is too often inclined to overdoing. He is too prolix in his narrations, and much too frequent in his repetitions; insomuch, that a very excellent critic accuses him of an intemperance of words. This was a fault from which Virgil was entirely clear, and yet Augustus, in his orders to Tucca and Varius concerning the edition of his works, gives them full leave to retrench any superfluities therein, but by no means to insert any addition. Such an esteem had that polite prince of conciseness, and such a detestation of all redundancy in writing.

Ovid hath been justly censured for his exuberance of fancy, he hath been guilty of the same multiplication of ideas which Homer hath of words. In his Metamorphoses he is always unwilling to quit his subject. His description of the flood of Deucalion is a perfect chaos of images. It is the glaring blemish in that admirable work, wherein there is scarce a page but what abounds with instances of this nature.

Young authors, and all those who have more imagination than judgment, are continually guilty of this vice. They think they have never said enough on a subject, and are apt to heap idea on idea till they have tired and confused their readers.

That laborious tribe the commentators, are to a man full of this overdoing quality. They ever

> "Explain a thing till all men doubt it,
> And write about it, goddess, and about it,"

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which is so just an observation that the mind of a reader, who should examine the commentaries on Virgil or Horace, would be in as perplexed a condition as that of Judge Gripus, who very humorously complains that every new evidence only tends to darken and embarrass a case which was plain enough before.

It hath been the tenet of some philosophers, that the original matter of the whole universe might be reduced within the compass of a nutshell. I shall not assert into what narrow bounds all that is truly excellent in authors might be reduced, but I am confident the very best might be retrenched within much fewer pages than they at present consist of. We may, I believe, notwithstanding what I have observed before of the Æneid, conclude, that had Virgil lived to the completing it, it would have been not a little shorter than it now is. It was well answered by Archbishop Tillotson to King William, when he complained of the shortness of his sermon: "Sir," said the bishop, "could I have bestowed more time on it, it would not have been so long."

Horace, in his Art of Poetry, particularly recommends an exact and severe defalcation of all superfluous members in poetry. He himself practises this rule every where with the greatest exactness; so much dreading the contrary, that in one of his epistles, when he apprehends himself in danger of running into too great a length, he stops short, and ends in almost an abrupt manner,

> ——"*Ne me verbosi scrinia lippi*
> *Compilasse putes—verbum non amplius addam.*"

Juvenal reprehends this vice as the very first in his Codrus ———

> "*Impune diem consumpserit ingens*
> *Scriptus et in tergo nec dum finitus Orestes.*"

This will be eternally found in all bad authors.

That I may not be guilty of the vice I am declaiming against, I shall end this torrent of quotations, into which I

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have been unavoidably drawn, by recommending this golden rule of conciseness, or as it is somewhere called the golden mean, to all my readers. Since it is certain, that by the contrary method, whatever is truly excellent loses half its praise, and whatever is ridiculous or odious receives double the aggravation.

THURSDAY, *March* 20, 1739-40.

——"*Mores hominum multorum vidit.*"—HORACE.

THERE are a sort of men so sceptical in their opinions, that they are unwilling to believe any thing which they do not see. I know a gentleman of good sense in the country, who hath never been farther than to the assizes which are held in his own country, who does not believe that there are any such diversions as masquerades or Italian Operas; he gives very little faith likewise to the accounts of entertainments at the play-houses, the custom of visiting, and several others; nay, upon my once telling him it was usual for lusty young fellows to give two men a shilling for carrying them in a thing called a chair, from one street to the other, he shook his head with a disdainful sneer, and cried, "Ay, persuade me to that if you can."

This infidelity hath been much complained of by travellers, who, if they advance any thing foreign to the habits and customs of our own country, have often the lie secretly given them by their home-bred hearers; which want of faith is so general, that it hath given rise to a proverb; and when a man would give you gently to understand that your story meets with no credit from the company, it is usual to desire you, *not to put the traveller upon them.*

Those who have obliged the world with written accounts of their voyages have very severely experienced this temper, more especially those who have treated of remoter countries, and such as few people know any thing of besides themselves.

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Several excellent accounts of Asia and Africa have been looked on as little better than fabulous romances. But, if a traveller hath the good fortune to satisfy his curiosity by the discovery of any new countries, any islands never before known, his reader allows him no more credit than is given to the adventures of Cassandra, or the celebrated Countess Danois's fairy tales. To omit Robinson Crusoe, and other grave writers, the facetious Captain Gulliver is more admired, I believe, for his wit than his truth; and I have been informed, that several ignorant people doubt at this day whether there be really any such places as Lilliput, Laputa, &c.

Notwithstanding this discouragement, I shall venture to give the reader some extracts from the voyages of one of my ancestors, and if I find they are well received by the public, may very probably, some time or other, present them with the whole collection. I shall communicate them in the words of my ancestor.

SOME EXTRACTS OUT OF THE VOYAGES OF MR. JOB VINEGAR.

BOOK V. CHAPTER III.

Of the Government, Manners, Habits, &c., of the PTFGHSIUMGSKI, *or the* INCONSTANTS.

EVERY town in this country hath an independent government, nor doth any appeal lie from one court to another. As the history of the known world doth not produce any thing resembling their polity, it will be impossible for me to reduce it to any of those general heads under which our several species of government have been defined by political writers. One of their learned men, after I had informed him of those which we commonly know, told me he could give no better name to theirs, than that of Stlto-Frtocy, a word very difficult to translate. These wise people have two methods of electing their magistrates, which are by weight and

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measure; for which purpose every town hath a large chair erected, and near it a pair of scales. No man can be admitted to the magistracy till he is of such an exact weight, and likewise fills the chair: for which reason, they have two phrases to express their highest opinion of their countrymen, viz: *He fills his post with great ability*, or, *He is a man of great weight in his country.* By this method they preserve an exact symmetry among their magistrates, who are called a Crpus, or one body, which rule being likewise observed in their dress, by them called Ick-Pddng, strikes a very great awe into the eyes of the beholders of their processions.

The magistrates frequently summon certain councils, the better to maintain good order and sobriety. These the natives call Drnkn-Bts, and they sometimes continue fourteen hours together.

Every one of these towns keeps a calf's skin in a box, which they preserve with the utmost care and veneration. This inspired some of our sailors with an imagination that these people drew their religion from the worship of the golden calf: but, besides that, there is no reason to believe that the Bible, or indeed any part of either the Jewish or Christian religion, was ever heard of in this country; so it is certain that what the sailors, who never learnt a word of their language, looked on as religion and law were nothing more than the public shows or diversions of these people.

For the representation of those shows, which our crew fancied to have something of religious worship in them, there are in every town one or more large edifices or theatres, which are maintained at the public expense: in the largest of these they generally perform their operas; for which, besides a large number of voices, they maintain likewise several grave persons at a more considerable stipend, only to beat time. Their other theatrical representations are confined to so few characters, that they are rather like lectures than comedies. And I have been told by several of the natives, that some of them contain very excellent

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lessons of morality. The magistrates go to them in form, where, as it is often the only vacations they have from the above-mentioned councils, they all go to sleep; which, together with the behaviour of most of the other spectators, assures me there is nothing religious in their meetings; for, indeed, the behaviour of the performers would otherwise incline me to the contrary opinion.

As to that part of their public diversions which our men mistook for law, it is a game unlike any thing practised in Europe, and may be played by one or two, or sometimes ten of a side. There are two balls, one of which they call Plt, and the other Dft. The gamesters are furnished with rackets called Brfs, with which they beat the two balls from one to the other; young, robust gamesters sometimes strike them away immediately, but those who are more experienced will keep them up till they are beaten to pieces. As this is the most consummate perfection in the game, so they are reckoned the most dexterous gamesters who strike the ball in such a manner to the adversary, as he may be capable of returning it. There is sometimes one, and sometimes four umpires of this game; and if well played, it affords excellent sport to the spectators.

The reader will not wonder that the sailors, who, as I have said before, did not understand their language, should mistake those pompous exhibitions above-mentioned for their religion, since indeed they are the only signs which they discover of any; for these good people invert hypocrisy, and deny their deity with their tongues, whilst they worship him in their hearts. They are, perhaps, the only people in the world who pretend to less religion than they really have, in which particularity they are so eminent, that I never met with one who would confess he had any, though I was afterwards well assured from the nicest observation, that a general zeal ran through the whole country.

The name of their deity is Mney, which our chaplain, who had formerly heard something of Greek, would have derived from *μνῆσις*, memory: but besides that it is unlikely that this language should have ever come to their ears, those

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learned men whom I conversed with (some of whom were members of their Ryl Scty) not understanding one word of it, and expressing, at the same time, a very great contempt for it, there is not any reason for that conjecture.

This deity they all worship in the most private manner imaginable, concealing their respect to him from each other, with the utmost caution; which is done by them, as I at last discovered, to gain the ascendant in his favour, every one being desirous, if possible, to have him all to themselves, which indeed, they stick at no pains nor labour to accomplish.

They imagine that all things are in the power of Mney. (I mean all things in this world; for as to the immortality of the soul, they believe nothing of it; nay, the greatest uneasiness some of them have at death, is that they must part with their dear Mney.) To Mney they attribute all honour and respect, and value those most, who (to use their country idiom) have most Mney. I have sometimes expressed a surprise at seeing the great adoration they have shown to some who appeared to me in every particular inferior to the rest of their countrymen; on which occasion, instead of removing my objection, ah! sir, said they, such-a-one hath a great deal of Mney; nor can I omit, that being once very much amazed at observing the neglect which was generally shown to one of the best and wisest among them, they told me he was an Extrvgnt fellow, and had not taken sufficient care of his Mney: for as they all love their deity well enough to eat him, so they always speak of him as their own, mine, his, &c.

Nothing can more show the true piety and goodness of these people, than the great care they take of educating their youth.

Their children are very early nourished in the principles of their religion. They are instructed by their parents, to keep Mney in their pocket. That if they have Mney there, they will have credit in the world, &c. As some nations have proposed to instruct children in virtue, honour, love of their country; so these people take all possible care to instil into

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tender minds a violent zeal for Mney; in which they succeed so well, that I have seen a child of twelve years old very plainly discover that he was capable of doing as much for Mney as his parents; who, though they were very good people, would have cut the throats of half their countrymen if they could have gained Mney by it.

While I resided among them there prevailed a very violent schism in their Church. A small number, about three hundred, I think, with Hum Clum their high priest, at their head, pretended to keep Mney entirely to themselves, and that nobody should have any Mney, but those who pleased Hum Clum. But as my paper is growing into length my reader must suspend his further curiosity till another time.

SATURDAY, *March* 22, 1739-40.

"*Gaudet equis.*"—HORACE.

STANDING the other day, in Fleet Street, with my son the Templar, and being prevented from crossing the way by what they call a stop of coaches, I observed, with great indignation, an ill-looking fellow most cruelly lashing a pair of starved horses, who laboured to the utmost of their power to drag on a heavy burthen. And, as they were prevented from making greater haste, even had they been able, by the coaches which were before them, this gentleman must have exercised his arm thus for nothing more than his own innocent diversion, at the expense of the skins of these poor unhappy beasts.

As I look on myself to have been sent into the world as a general blessing, that I am endowed with so much strength and resolution to redress all grievances whatsoever, and to defend and protect the brute creation, as well as my own species from all manner of insult and barbarity, which,

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however exercised, is, after the several severe edicts I have published, no less than a most impudent opposition to my authority, I had certainly pulled the fellow from his box, and laid my little finger on him, had not my son interposed, and begged me not to raise a disturbance, by punishing him there: for that he had marked his number, and that I might find him at my leisure. Whether the fellow saw my brows knit at him, a sight very few people are able to endure, I can't tell, but he began to withhold his whipping, and suffered me to be persuaded by my son, especially as there were some ladies in his coach, whom I would by no means have ventured to frighten by such an execution.

My son Tom told me, as we pursued our walk, that he had a facetious acquaintance in the Temple, who professed the Pythagorean principles, and affirms that he believes the transmigration of souls. This gentleman, as Tom informed me, comforts himself on all such occasions with a persuasion that the beasts he sees thus abused have formerly been themselves hackney coachmen; and that the soul of the then driver will in his turn pass into the horse, and suffer the same punishment which he so barbarously inflicts on others.

But to pass by such whimsical opinions, I have often thought that the wisdom of the legislature would not have been unworthily employed in contriving some law to prevent those barbarities which we so often see practised on these domestic creatures. A boy should, in my opinion, be more severely punished for exercising cruelty on a dog or a cat, or any other animal, than for stealing a few pence or shillings, or any of those lesser crimes which our courts of justice take notice of.

The Bannians, a people of East India, carry their friendship to all manner of animals to the highest degree of excess. Some of these dedicate their whole lives and fortunes to the care and service of particular creatures, even the lowest and most despicable. They will hire men to be tied down in certain places, in order to give a repast to fleas, lice, and other vermin that prey on human blood;

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and buy the liberty of a captive sparrow at a great price from our young factors, who turn this temper of theirs to a considerable advantage. How ridiculous soever this superstition may appear, it hath nothing odious in it, and is highly preferable to that cruelty which the Europeans practise without incurring any blame or censure for it.

But I shall confine myself, at present, to that animal which gave rise to this essay; and which, though it seems to deserve our most especial regard, is often treated by us with the most detestable cruelty.

I have been often pleased with the opinion which the poor wretches, whom the Spaniards conquered in America, entertained of this noble animal, to which they offered great part of the treasure they brought to the Spaniards at their petitioning for peace. Looking on them, says my author, to be of a nature superior to themselves, and fancying their neighing to be tokens of concord and goodwill, in a language not understood by them.

Several writers, who have undertaken to degrade human understanding to the level of brutes, have insisted much on the great wisdom and sagacity of a horse; and though I would by no means enlist myself in the number of these writers, I must confess I have often made comparisons between a man and his horse, not much to the advantage of the rider.

The history of a hero hath been scarce thought complete without some description of his horse; the horses of Alexander and Cæsar are consecrated to fame with their riders. It is reported of the latter, that he would stoop to take up his master, though he would condescend to admit no other on his back. Indeed, I have known a horse, who hath not belonged to a hero, who would be rid by none but his own master.

Romance generally acquaints us with the name and virtues of the horse as well as the hero. Thus the famous Cid's horse was called Balieca, and that great and renowned knight Don Quixote thus expresses himself in favour of Rozinante:—"Thou wise enchanter, whoever thou art, who

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shall chronicle these my achievements, I desire thee not to forget my good horse Rozinante, mine eternal and inseparable companion in all my travels and adventures." Nor do I think it possible to read that excellent history without conceiving a very great affection for that renowned beast.

The honours which Caligula conferred on his horse, are too well known to need any expatiating on here; and I think it may be observed to their reputation, that all great personages ancient and modern, have chose to communicate their graces to posterity by equestrian statues.

There have not been wanting some generous spirits among us, who have exerted themselves in defence of this noble animal. A celebrated Recorder of London is reported in his condemnation of a highwayman to have taken notice of a slain horse, whose innocent blood called for vengeance on its murtherer. Nor is it a little to the honour of a horse, that he is, till very lately, the only animal which it was felony without benefit of clergy to steal.

It may likewise show some respect to this creature, that the continuation of his health is thought of that superior importance, that several professors of medicine, to whom we give the degree or title of doctor, get a livelihood by it. Nay, I have heard it asserted, that greater learning and capacity is required in these horse-doctors than in any others. Inasmuch, as a horse is unable to tell his distemper to his physician, which other patients can; and though he can put out his tongue, it is very difficult to feel his pulse.

Moreover, there are some of our own countrymen, who may seem to rival even the Bannians, in their fondness for this creature, and make no scruple of spending great part of their fortunes upon them. And we have, likewise, several country gentlemen, who are so amused with the conversation of their horses, that they spend great part of their time in the stable.

The affection which our ladies bear to this noble brute, is not less remarkable. It is common for a woman to prefer one lover to another, for keeping four horses more than his rival. Indeed, some good women in this town are so fond

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of them, that they are never easy but when they have them before their eyes.

And whether we observe the great beauty of this animal, its swiftness, its strength, the obedience which it pays to man, with its great usefulness on all occasions, how much it contributes to health, to business, to diversion; and lastly, how often the lives of men have been preserved by the remedies which the swiftness of the horse hath timely conveyed to them, we shall see great reason for the utmost affection we can show them in return.

THURSDAY, *March* 27, 1740.

"*Naturâ propensi sumus ad diligendos homines.*"—CICERO DE LEG.

WHATEVER sour ideas may be annexed to the name of Vinegar, no family hath been more remarked for sweetness of temper than ours; and as for myself, those who know me thoroughly, agree in calling me the best natured man in the world.

It hath been remarked by some learned men that this word can be expressed in no other language than the English, by which I suppose they mean that the Latins never used *bona natura*, or the Greeks *φύσις ἀγαθή*, for surely they do not intend that they had no such idea as we convey by that word: for besides *φιλανθρωπία* and the verbs *φιλανθρωπέω* and *φιλανθρωπεύομαι* which we have no single verb to answer, what are *εὐμένεια* and many others, besides *φιλόφρων*, *φιλοφροσύνη* and *ξιλοφρονέομαι*, words which require a long periphrasis in our language to express them? Or what idea do we conceive from *comitas*, *benignitas*, *benevolentia*, *humanitas*, &c.? Indeed, the ancients seem to have looked on what we call good-nature as a quality almost inseparable from nature itself, as appears in the motto of this paper, and several

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other passages of the same and other authors, particularly in that famous Stoic rant (as a modern writer calls it) wherein ill-nature is represented *magis contrà naturam quam mors quam paupertas quam cætera omnia*, &c. And whoever reads the works of Plato will be very little inclined to imagine that the ancients either wanted the idea of good nature, or words to express it.

No virtue or quality in the mind of man hath met with so various a reception as this. Whilst some few have held it in the most sacred esteem, several wise men have considered it as a mark of folly and weakness, and several brave men have despised it as a certain indication of cowardice or pusillanimity.

I am apt to suspect, when I see sensible men totally differ in opinion concerning any general word, that the complex idea in their several minds which this word represents is compounded of very different simples. "Those gross and confused conceptions (says Mr. Locke) which men ordinarily have, and to which they apply the common words of their language may serve them well enough in their ordinary discourses and affairs; but this is not sufficient for philosophical inquirers." And a little lower in the same page this great man declares, that the most he "can find in all the volumes and varieties of controversies with which the world is distracted, is, that the contending learned men of different parties do, in their arguings with one another, speak different languages." I will venture to illustrate this by a familiar instance: suppose an apothecary (as perhaps they often do) after mixing up a most pleasant cordial, and a most nauseous potion for different patients, should write the same hard word (*Haustipotiferous Draught*, for example,) on each of the bottles, would not these two patients ever after conceive very different ideas of *Haustipotiferous*, and would not they stare equally at each other, when the one commended the pleasantness, and the other exclaimed against the nauseousness of the draught?

This I apprehend may be the case in good-nature; for the common use of the words, without certain and fixed ideas annexed to them, will not at all mend the matter. I shall

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therefore endeavour to ascertain the idea of a good-natured man, for which purpose, I shall take these different ideas to pieces, and reduce them according to Aristotle's method into the ἐλάχιστα μόρια, or their simple parts: for, as Cicero hints in the same treatise from whence I have taken my motto, error generally arises *cum non bene provisa nec satis diligenter explorata* Principia *ponuntur.*

And this is really no more than to show first what good-nature really is, and secondly, what it is not.

Good-nature is a delight in the happiness of mankind, and a concern at their misery, with a desire, as much as possible, to procure the former, and avert the latter; and this, with a constant regard to desert.

Good-nature is not that weakness which, without distinction, affects both the virtuous and the base, and equally laments the punishment of villainy, with the disappointment of merit; for as this amiable quality respects the whole, so it must give up the particular, to the good of the general.

It is not that cowardice which prevents us from repelling or resenting an injury; for it doth not divest us of humanity, and like charity, though it doth not end, may at least begin at home.

From these propositions, the truth of which will not, I believe, be denied, unless, for the sake of argument, I draw the following conclusions:

That those who include folly and cowardice, as the certain ingredients of good-nature, compound their idea of good-nature of very different simples from those who exclude them.

That as good-nature requires a distinguishing faculty, which is another word for judgment, and is perhaps the sole boundary between wisdom and folly; it is impossible for a fool, who hath no distinguishing faculty, to be good-natured.

That as good-nature, which is the chief if not only quality in the mind of man in the least tending that way, doth not forbid the avenging an injury, Christianity hath taught us

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something beyond what the religion of nature and philosophy could arrive at; and consequently, that it is not as old as the creation, nor is revelation useless with regard to morality, if it had taught us no more than this excellent doctrine, which, if generally followed, would make mankind much happier, as well as better than they are.

That to be averse to, and repine at the punishment of vice and villainy, is not the mark of good-nature but folly; on the contrary, to bring a real and great criminal to justice, is, perhaps, the best natured office we can perform to society, and the prosecutor, the juryman, the judge, and the hangman himself may do their duty without injuring this character; nay, the last office, if properly employed, may be in truth the best natured, as well as the highest post of honour in the kingdom.

That there is no paradox or repugnancy in that character given of the excellent Earl of Dorset: that he was the best good man with the worst natured muse. For satire on vice or vicious men, though never so pointed, is no more a sign of ill-nature than it would be to crush a serpent, or destroy a wild beast. If the mind be only tainted with one particular vice, this is but a potion given to our disease; and though it may be attended with some pain in the operation, the satirist is to be regarded as our physician, not our enemy; but if the mind be totally corrupted, if it subsists a nuisance and infection only to others, such a man, I am sure, hath little reason to complain that the satirist attacks him instead of the executioner, and while he lives the pest and curse of his country, may very easily and quietly sit down contented with being laughed at.

Lastly, that as good-nature is a delight in the happiness of mankind, every good-natured man will do his utmost to contribute to the happiness of each individual; and consequently that every man who is not a villain, if he loves not the good-natured man, is guilty of ingratitude.

This is that amiable quality, which, like the sun, gilds over all our other virtues; this it is, which enables us to pass through all the offices and stations of life with real merit.

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This only makes the dutiful son, the affectionate brother, the tender husband, the indulgent father, the kind master, the faithful friend, and the firm patriot. This makes us gentle without fear, humble without hopes, and charitable without ostentation, and extends the power, knowledge, strength, and riches of individuals to the good of the whole. It is (as Shakespeare calls it) the milk, or rather the cream of human nature, and whoever is possessed of this perfection should be pitied, not hated for the want of any other. Whereas all other virtues without some tincture of this, may be well called *splendida peccata;* for the richer, stronger, more powerful, or more knowing an ill-natured man is, the greater mischiefs he will perpetrate; it is ill-nature, with these qualities, which hath fettered and harassed mankind; hath erected the tyrant's throne, hath let loose the conqueror's two-edged sword, and the priest's two-edged tongue; hath imposed severe laws, invented cruel punishments, hath sent abroad fire and sword and faggot, to ravage, burn, depopulate and enslave nations. Lastly, hath injuriously bowed the conquered father down to, and bred up the slavish son in an estimation and honour of those men and those actions, which are the just objects of contempt, abhorrence, and detestation.

I know not so great, so glorious, so lovely an idea of the benevolent Creator of the universe, as that which is affixed to Him by the noble author whom we have so often quoted, and shall quote. He is (says he) the best-natured being in the universe; the more therefore we cultivate the sweet disposition in our minds, the nearer we draw to divine perfection; to which we should be the more strongly incited, as it is that which we may approach the nearest to. All his other attributes throw us immediately out of sight, but this virtue lies in will, and not at all in power.

Nor can the selfish man want incentives to this virtue; for as it is more easily and safely satisfied than ambition, revenge, or any of those pernicious passions, so are its joys more exquisite, and less interrupted. Ambition is seldom satisfied without fear, or revenge without remorse; but the

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good-natured man can never carry his enjoyments too far, this being the only affection of the human mind which can never be sated.

SATURDAY, *March* 29, 1740.

Apology for Clergy -I ——"ἠτίμησ' ἀρητῆρα."—HOMER.

THERE is nothing so unjustifiable as the general abuse of any nation or body of men: for which reason, I have always disliked those sarcasms we are too apt to cast on a particular part of His Majesty's dominions, whose natives have been commonly censured by the English mob for blundering and assurance, though it is notorious that several of our greatest wits and best-bred men have come to us from that quarter.

In like manner, I have already condemned the custom of throwing scandal on a whole profession for the vices of some particular members. Can any thing be more unreasonable than to cast an odium on the professions of divinity, law, and physic, because there have been absurd or wicked divines, lawyers, and physicians?

But there is an error directly opposite to this, which may likewise deserve correction. I mean that protection which some persons would draw from their professions, who, when they are justly censured for their actions, retreat (if I may so say) behind the walls of their order, and endeavour to represent our attacks on the individual to be levelled at the whole body. Whereas, the profession should give no more security to the man than the man should bring a disgrace on his profession.

The awe which the wiser and better part of mankind have of the supreme Being, and consequently of every thing which seems more immediately to belong to His service, hath encouraged some clergymen to apply to the dignity or divinity

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of their office, as a security against all accusation: it is well known, that a few years since, if you had given a hint that any particular person in holy orders had misbehaved himself, a cry would have been immediately raised that the Church was in danger, and you would have been arraigned for spreading such invectives, with a malicious design of bringing the whole body of the clergy into contempt.

Now it seems to me a most apparent truth that the greater honour which we entertain for our Creator, the greater abomination we shall have for those who pervert His holy institutions, and have the impudence to wear the livery of His more immediate service, whilst they act against it. In what manner would a good subject of Great Britain behave to one of his profligate countrymen abroad, who should betray the interest of his king, and at the same time presume to call himself his ambassador?

I have heard of a pamphlet, called Reasons of the Contempt of the Clergy. If by the clergy, the author means the order, I hope there is no such contempt; nay, I will venture to say, there is not among sensible and sober men, the only persons whose ill opinion is to be valued, or by any argument to be removed. This contempt, therefore, must be meant of particular clergymen, and even this I should be unwilling to allow justifiable, or to assign any reason for it. Human frailty is indeed such, that it is very difficult, if not impossible, to preserve any body (especially so large a one) from some rotten members, but the utmost care is here taken on that regard. Numberless public schools are instituted for the instruction of our youth, the masters of which are preferred with proper respect to their morals as well as learning. Hence the scholars are removed to one or other of two excellent universities, alike remarked for their erudition, sobriety, and good order. After which the strictest and most impartial examination must be undergone before the candidate will be admitted into holy orders, in which the young divine can afterwards expect no promotion, but from his merit, no ecclesiastical preferments being by any means whatever to be purchased; and as for the mitre, it is always

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inscribed (or at least of late hath been so) with these words, *Detur Magis Pio.*

If, notwithstanding all this care, a few unworthy members creep in, it is certainly doing a serviceable office to the body to detect and expose them; nay, it is what the sound and uncorrupt part should not only be pleased with, but themselves endeavour to execute, especially if they are suspicious of, or offended at contempt or ridicule, which can never fall with any weight on the order itself, or on any clergyman, who is not really a scandal to it.

Though I am, as I have before said, very far from acknowledging that sensible or sober minds are tainted with any such general contempt, as hath been intimated, yet as perhaps some idle and unthinking young men may express too little respect (to use a common phrase) for the cloth, I shall here attempt to set a clergyman in a just and true light, which will, I believe, be sufficient to guard him from any danger of a treatment which such a person can never suffer, but through the ignorance of those who are guilty of it. Such ignorance I shall therefore attempt to remove, since I do not recollect any modern writings tending this way, and it may require some reflection and parts to collect a true idea of so amiable a character from nice observations on the general behaviour of the clergy.

I shall therefore consider the clergy in a twofold light, first, as they appear to us in the Gospel; and, secondly, as they are regarded in the law.

As to the first, we are to look on them as the successors of those disciples, whom Christ, as we are told in Mark iii. 14, ordained, "That they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach;" or, as the Greek properly signifies, "to proclaim their master;" which they, and their successors, were "to perform in all the world, for a witness to all nations, till the end come," Matt. xxiv. 14, and Mark xiii. 10. In which sense, Simon was figuratively told he should be made a fisher of men. And in the 9th of Luke, the disciples are sent abroad to "proclaim the kingdom of God." And we read in the 10th chapter of the same Gospel,

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"That the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face into every city, saying to them, Go your ways, behold I send you forth as lambs among wolves."

The office, therefore, of the disciples, and their successors, was to proclaim, or according to the most usual and truest sense of the word, (as *κηρύσσειν ἀγορήνδε* or *πόλεμόνδε*,) to call or summon men into the kingdom of God, and by spreading the excellence of His doctrine to induce men to become followers of Christ, and by that means partakers of His salvation.

As the souls of men are therefore of infinitely more consequence and dignity than their bodies, as eternal and perfect is infinitely more valuable than imperfect and finite happiness; this office which concerns the eternal happiness of the souls of men, must be of greatly superior dignity, and honour to any of those whose business is at most the regulation or well-being of the body only.

But here I would not be understood to mean what we vulgarly call honour and dignity in a worldly sense, such as pomp or pride, or flattery, or any of this kind, to which indeed nothing can be so opposite, as will appear from examining into the qualities which are laid down as absolutely necessary to form this character, and indeed must be understood so, as they are no other than the copies of their great Master's. And in which, whoever is deficient, can never be esteemed a true disciple or minister of Christ.

The first I shall name is humility; a virtue of which He himself was so perfect a pattern, and which He so earnestly recommended to His disciples, that He rebuked them when they contended who should be reckoned the greatest; and in another place, exhorted them "to beware of the scribes which desire to walk in long robes, and love greetings in the markets, and the highest seats in the synagogues, and the chief rooms at feasts, which devour widows' houses, and for show make long prayers," &c. Luke xx. 46, 47. And St. Paul is frequent in the same advice, forbidding any to think high of himself, for which he gives them this reason, that very few wise, or mighty, or noble, in a worldly sense, were

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called to the ministry, but such as were reputed to be the filth of the world and the offscouring of all things. Our blessed Saviour Himself, instead of introducing Himself into the world in the houses or families of what we call the great, chose to be born of the wife of a carpenter, His disciples were poor fishermen, and Paul himself no more than a tent-maker; He everywhere practised and taught contempt of worldly grandeur and honours, often inculcating in His excellent discourses that His kingdom was not of this world, nor His rewards to be bestowed in it, intending to lay the foundation of a truly noble, refined, and divine philosophy, and not of any pomp or palaces, any of the show, splendour, or luxury of the heathenish religions, for His disciples, or their successors to enjoy.

As we have not room for half the virtues of a clergyman in this paper, we shall defer the further prosecution of this subject till next Saturday; on which day, weekly, we shall endeavour to communicate something good to our readers, for the instruction of such as frequent coffee-houses on a Sunday.

TUESDAY, *April* 1, 1740.

———"*Poscunt ursum.*"—HORACE.

SIR,—Among the many accounts you have given us of this island and its inhabitants, among the curious and surprising observations wherewith you so often entertain us, in a manner infinitely superior to any of your cotemporaries, in whose writings there is seldom a word of common sense (save only in the paper which bears that name and the Craftsman), I must blame you for taking so little notice of our diversions and amusements; though these may perhaps be called the best characteristics of a people. They are, indeed, the truest mirrors of former ages, and reflect their characters

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with the greatest exactness to future times; from a stricter attention to these we form opinions of the politer periods of the Roman empire, of the delicacy of Athens, the virtue of Lacedemon, and of that bewitching luxury that overspread and enervated the whole Eastern world. You will perhaps give this very reason for declining it, and will tell us that you are unwilling to transmit such a character of us to posterity, as must be gathered from a true representation of the present state of our public diversions. That our theatres which have employed the pens of your predecessors, are sunk beneath your notice. The actors (except two or three) very bad, the managers worse, critics worse still, and the entertainments exhibited and most followed very little better than raree-shows, and which a sensible lad of eighteen would be ashamed to frequent. And that you have for this reason entirely relinquished the theatres to the most inimitable Laureat, in order that he may be furnished with materials against he shall be disposed to oblige the world with a second volume of the history of his own times, or his life; it being generally thought that, however that illustrious person may wind up as a man, he will certainly end as an author with a very bad life. But though this should be the case with the dramatic world, yet, methinks, those gymnastic encounters, those ruder exercises which so particularly distinguish the martial genius of this kingdom, the care of which formerly belonged to you, should still engage your attention, and come under your notice; for, though you have changed your lodging, I presume you still frequent the arena at Tottenham, and your once celebrated retirement at Hockley in the Hole, where I do not doubt but proper deference is yet paid to you by the combatants: without any farther preface, I must beg the favour of you, sir, to recommend me to the public, which a man of your humanity will not refuse to one, who, though born and bred to better expectations, as I hope you conceive from the former part of my letter, am at length reduced to get my livelihood by a show.

In short, sir, I have at present by me two very fine

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he-bears, both brothers of the same litter, which I shall shortly have baited at your Theatre Royal, otherwise called His Majesty's bear-garden in Hockley in the Hole. They have been already baited very often in another place, and have never failed to give great sport to the spectators. One of them is the greatest beast of his kind, and the other bear enough of all conscience, though not licked by his dam so much as he should have been; besides which he is a little too blunt, and so short about the muzzle, that he cannot pinch, or show so good pastime as if he had better use of his mouth. I have one particular, which I think an improvement of this sport, viz. several curs who have been bred up with the bears, while they are baiting (for they are generally played off both at once) stand in a row behind them, and bark at the mastiffs. One of these, who is a very little cur, and admired by the spectators for a stripe of red down his back, is so very fond of the great bear, that whenever the mastiffs are at him, he flies into agonies, and barks so long and so violently, that strangers apprehend he will fall on the mastiffs; but we, who know the cur, know he means nothing but to ingratiate himself with the bear, who, to give him his due, is grateful enough, and as ready to defend the curs in his turn.

Besides the expectation of an advanced price, I have another reason for removing to the bear-garden, which your predecessors and yourself have brought under such good order and regulation; for though the majority have hitherto been on the side of the bears, yet I have lately seen some reason to apprehend a conspiracy against them, especially my great bear; for when he is pinned down, as he often is, particularly by one large mastiff, I do not perceive that readiness to relieve him which hath been formerly shown; and not long ago, when he had (poor creature) great need of assistance, I heard one of the company, who hath sometimes rescued him, cry, "Damn him, let him be torn to pieces; we have had enough of him."

This is a behaviour, which I am sure all such true lovers of sport and encouragers of fair play as yourself must detest,

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and which no poor creatures ever merited less: for not to observe that the brothers have been more and better baited than any bears who ever yet were brought to stake, it must be acknowledged that the great bear hath discovered an expertness at defending himself scarce ever equalled, rearing himself often bolt upright on his hind legs, and turning himself with great agility to the right,—the left,—here,—there, to every corner from whence his friends show him the attack is coming. As for my other bear, I cannot much brag of his abilities, but he is very tame, and will suffer himself to be stroked; besides which, he often diverts company, when he is not at stake, with his tricks, and may be indeed not improperly called a dancing bear.

Methinks, gentlemen too should be unwilling, to spoil their own diversion by carrying the affair too far: for, notwithstanding that my great bear is old, and somewhat the worse for baiting, I do not doubt, but with fair play, he will live to show sport at least one season more, and I would recommend to their consideration, that there perhaps hath never been, nor perhaps ever will be such another bear as this in the universe. I wish these sparks, who may perhaps think they should gain honour by helping to pull him down, would read those excellent lines of Hudibras—

> "Let none presume to come so near,
> As forty foot of stake of bear;
> If any yet be so foolhardy
> T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy;
> If they come wounded off and lame,
> No honour's got by such a maim.
> Although the bear gain much, b'ing bound
> In honour to make good his ground.
> When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
> If any press upon him, who 'tis;
> But lets them know at their own cost,
> That he intends to keep his post."

But there will be no danger of such behaviour in an orderly bear-garden, where I hope you will acquaint the public, that I intend shortly to expose them to the populace.

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I wish that part of your family (for I suppose it can't be yourself, good captain) which is so well acquainted with antiquity, would give us a history of bears, in whose favour, I doubt not, but as much may be said as you have lately told us of horses, which, I think, have never been preferred to stars, an honour well known to have been conferred on bears, of which kind there are no less than two now in the sky, nor do I see any reason why my two bears should not have their places: for since the only merit for which I can find Calistho was exalted into the Ursa Major was a great belly, I apprehend my great bear hath as much of that merit as any. As for the Ursa Minor I do not pretend to say much of him, unless that they should go together, as Calistho and her son are prettily sent up in Ovid, where Jupiter is introduced withholding the hand of Arcas, who was attempting to kill the bear his mother without knowing her. The lines in which they ascend are

> "*Arcuit omnipotens, pariterque ipsosque nefasque*
> *Sustulit, et celeri raptos per inania vento,*
> *Imposuit cœlo, vicinaque sidera fecit.*"

But this must be hereafter, for they cannot yet be spared. And I hope old Bruin himself will stand many a good baiting in the aforesaid Theatre Royal, before he is exalted higher. To drop the fable, lest you should imagine I have been in jest throughout, I take this method to inform your readers that those who will see my bears this season must lose no time, for I shall shortly send them into the country, that they may refresh themselves against the next season.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

VANDER BRUIN.

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SATURDAY, *April* 5, 1740.

——"*Movet tantæ pietatis imago.*"—VIRGIL.

THE APOLOGY FOR THE CLERGY,—*continued.*

CHAPTER II.

THE next virtue which I shall mention is charity, a virtue not confined to munificence or giving alms, but that brotherly love and friendly disposition of mind which is everywhere taught in Scripture. Thus the word ἀγάπη, which some versions render charity, is better rendered by others love, in which sense it is described by the Apostle in the 13th chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. Rejoiceth not in iniquity; but rejoiceth in the truth. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

First, then, a minister of the Gospel must forgive his enemies; "charity suffereth long, is not easily provoked, beareth all things, endureth all things." Thus Christ Himself saith, "If you do not forgive, neither will your Father in Heaven forgive your trespasses." Indeed this is the characteristic of a Christian minister, and must distinguish him from the best of the heathens, who taught no such doctrine.

Secondly, "charity is kind;" or, as the Greek signifies, does good offices, behaves kindly; not confined to our wishes merely, but our actions, under which head I shall introduce liberality, a necessary qualification of any who would call himself a successor of Christ's disciples. By this virtue, which is generally called charity itself (and perhaps it is the chief part of it), is not meant the ostentatious giving a penny to a beggar in the street (an ostentation of which I do not accuse the clergy, having to my knowledge never seen one

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guilty of it), as if charity was change for sixpence, but the relieving the wants and sufferings of one another to the utmost of our abilities. It is to be limited by our power, I say, only. And this Christ Himself, in the 25th chapter of Matthew, finely illustrates by a parable: for it is not expected that he who hath received two talents only should render as much as he who hath received five; but, on the other hand, the man to whom no more than one is entrusted ought not to hide that one in the earth, for it is his Lord's money. I shall dwell no longer on this head, than to observe that this essential duty is not to be discharged at so easy a rate as some think, by a Christian, much less a Christian minister, and that it would be a shocking and dreadful consideration, if many hungry, should find no meat; many thirsty, no drink, many strangers, none to take them in, naked, none to clothe them, sick, and in prison, none to visit them, in a country where Christ hath upwards of ten thousand disciples, on whom He hath bestowed so many talents.

Thirdly, "charity envieth not." This is a negative, and consequently excludes all who are tainted with it; but as this cursed disposition was in as great abhorrence among the heathens as among the Christians, I shall say no more of it than that it is a quality which cannot belong to a true disciple of Christ.

Fourthly, "it vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly." By which we may be assured that all pride is inconsistent with this quality; but as I have treated of this already, under the head of its opposite virtue humility, which I placed first, as it is indeed the very introduction to Christianity, sufficiently signified, as I have there shown, by the birth of Christ, and by the election He made of His disciples, it is needless to repeat it again here.

Fifthly, "it seeketh not her own." By these words the Apostle plainly points out the forgiveness of debts, as before he hath done of injuries (for this is the plain meaning of the Greek, whatever forced construction may be put upon it). Thus in the tenth chapter of the same epistle, "Let no man

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seek his own wealth." I would not be righteous over-much, or extend this text too far; as it might perhaps unhinge society: but I cannot dismiss this branch without paying a compliment to the clergy, who are of all men the most backward to insist on a rigid payment with their creditors; and in regard to their tithes, which (whether of common right or no, a matter we may perhaps handle hereafter) are certainly by the present laws of England their own, are known to consider not only the straitness of men's circumstances, but likewise of their consciences as in the case of the Quakers; for the truth of which, I appeal to common experience.

Sixthly, "charity thinketh no evil." It is void of suspicion, not apt to censure the actions of men, much less to represent them in an evil light to others. Hence we may judge how inconsistent that odious malignity, which is the parent of slander, is with the character of a true Christian disciple; a cursed temper of mind fitter for the devil and his angels, than for a professor of that love which was taught by Christ, and which Solomon had long before told us covered all sins.

Seventhly, "rejoiceth not in iniquity." By this the Apostle doth not, I apprehend, point at that joy which sin may be supposed to give to an evil mind, in the same manner as virtue delights a good one: but rather to caution us against that feigned delight in sin, which we sometimes put on from a subserviency to great ones. By not rejoicing in iniquity is meant, not taking the wages of sinful men, nor partaking of their dainties at the expense of flattering them in their iniquity. This is a virtue, which as it becomes every Christian, so more particularly a minister of the Gospel, whose business it is to rebuke and reprove such men, not to fall in with, or flatter their vices, but,

Eighthly, "to rejoice with the truth." To rejoice in the company of good and virtuous men, without the recommendation of titles and wealth, or the assistance of dainties and fine wines. To give God thanks who hath revealed the truth to us, and to rejoice in all those who walk in it.

Ninthly, "charity believeth all things, hopeth all things." It

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is inclined to maintain good and kind thoughts of men. It is a stranger to all sourness and bitterness of mind, that moroseness of temper which seduces us to think evil of others; whereas, charity always turns the perspective, with a friendly care to magnify all good actions, and lessen evil. It weighs all mankind in the scales of friendship, and sees them with the eyes of love.

Charity is all this, and he who falls short of any of these, falls short of charity, without which, the Apostle tells us, "That the gift of prophecy, the understanding mysteries, all knowledge, all faith," nay, even martyrdom itself are nothing, profit nothing, nor will they make a man a Christian, much less a successor of Christ's disciples.

As this virtue of charity, which I have opened in so diffusive a manner, comprehends almost the whole particular duty of a Christian, I shall not dwell on those virtues which we have been taught by morality, such as patience, fortitude, temperance, chastity, &c., which, though all mankind are bound to the observance of, yet a minister of the Gospel is obliged to it in a more strict and exemplary manner.

The last qualification which I shall mention, and which is peculiar to the clergy, is poverty. Thus, when Jesus represented the mischiefs attending riches to his disciples, Peter, in the name of them all, answered him, "Lo, we have left all, and have followed Thee." And the terms on which the young man, whom St. Luke calls a ruler, and who had been a strict observer of the law, was to be admitted a follower of Jesus and inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven, were, that he should first sell all he had, and give it to the poor. I shall not quote more texts on this occasion, as they are almost numberless, and as this doctrine, I know, is not by some good men received in a strict, literal, practical sense: but, without being righteous over-much, we may, I think, conclude, that if the clergy are not to abandon all they have to their ministry, neither are they to get immense estates by it; and I would recommend it to the consideration of those who do, whether they do not make a trade of divinity? Whether they are not those buyers and sellers who should

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be drove out of the temple? Or lastly, whether they do not in the language of Peter to Simon, sell the gift of God for money?

SATURDAY, *April* 12, 1740.

"Illud in his rebus vereor, ne forte rearis
Impia me rationis inire elementa, viamque,
Endogredi sceleris. Quod contrd."—LUCRETIUS.

THE APOLOGY FOR THE CLERGY,—*continued.*

CHAPTER III.

HAVING already considered the clergy in that amiable character, which our blessed Saviour hath fixed on them in His Gospel, I come now to take a view of them in that light wherein they are regarded by the law, which hath, I apprehend, placed them infinitely beyond the reach of contempt.

They are esteemed in the law a body of men set apart for the immediate service of the Divine Being, not for their own sakes alone, but the universal good of the whole. Their duty is to offer up prayers and praises in the name, and for the use of us all, and to point out and lead men into the ways of virtue and holiness by the frequent admonition of their precepts, and the constant guide of their examples.

The care or cure of souls is therefore said to be committed to them, a trust, which, as it is of the most important concern, so the law, in which it is a maxim *quod summa ratio est quæ pro religione facit*, to remove all difficulties and discouragements from the due execution of this office, and to render its institution most perfect, and its influence most beneficial, hath wisely dignified it with the highest honours, indulged it with the freest immunities, rewarded it with the most plentiful revenues, and secured it by the most wholesome restraints.

To treat these four heads in their order, I begin with

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their honours, of which I shall say very little, as they are generally known; and as the name of clergyman itself, if it include an idea of all those virtues which I mentioned in my last paper, is a title of the highest honour; and, thirdly, as these temporal dignities do not bear an immediate analogy to the character given of the disciples in the Gospel.

First, then, there is one general title of reverend prefixed to the name of the whole clergy, by which they are distinguished in an honorary manner from the laity: for though I apprehend this is not of any great antiquity, and was formerly applied only to bishops, as may be seen in old writs, *rex venerabili*, &c., yet, in latter commissions and acts of Parliament, when the clergy are named, it is always by the title of reverend, a word of greater respect than that which we apply to the nobility. Besides this, there are a great variety of spiritual titles and honours gradually ascending till we come to the bishops, who are lords of Parliament, and hold of the king by barony,[1] in respect of which they take place of all those barons in the realm,[2] who have no superior dignity; the Archbishop of York takes place of all the dukes after the chancellor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury immediately next to the royal family; nay, in ancient times, my Lord Coke tells us at the end of the fourth institute, that the bishops took place of the king's brother; and this continued so late as the reign of Henry VI. when it was altered by an ordinance of Parliament. Thus the highest degree of temporal honour is ascribed to the clergy.

Secondly, the law indulges them in the greatest immunities. Indeed some of these have been very wisely abridged: for there is an old writ,[3] for its absurdity almost worth transcribing, by which a clergyman convicted of felony was at his own request to be delivered over to the ordinary, before whom he was to purge himself. "This privilege," says my Lord Coke, "took its root[4] from a constitution of Pope Gaius, that no man should accuse the priests of Holy Church before a secular judge." It extended to

[1] Inst. 97. [2] 4 Inst. 364. 31 H 8 cap. 10. [3] Reg. 69. [4] 2 Inst. 636.

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murder, and all crimes except high treason against the king's person: but as this was by ordinance *de gratia*, and not *de iure*,[1] the clergy never thought themselves sure of it, until it was confirmed by authority of Parliament, which it was with some little restriction by the statute of Westminster 1 cap. 2, and afterwards by the Articuli Cleri, chap. 15. This purgation was made so ill an use of, and found so contrary both to reason and justice, that (after the benefit of clergy had been taken away in murder, rapes, house-breaking, and other offences by several statutes in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.), at last, in the eighteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, this purgation was utterly abolished. A cursed privilege! for, though the accused person could not clear himself, the ordinary could only degrade him, which was all the punishment that he was to suffer for the most execrable crimes, an instance of which I shall here set down.

"In the reign of Edward I. Guinandus de Briland, parson of Snodiland, in the county of Kent (in which town Solomon de Rolfe, one of the king's justices in Eyre, and one that punished the extortions and other crimes of the clergy, dwelt), came to dine with Solomon de Rolfe, and brought poison with him of his malice propensed to murder by poison the said Solomon."[2] Which villainous intention he perpetrated in this base, inhuman, and treacherous manner; and was convicted of it, and being demanded by the Bishop of Rochester, was delivered to him to be purged, and thus escaped that sentence and punishment which were so notoriously his due; nor can I omit a complaint which the same author tells us, was made by the clergy in Parliament in the twenty-fifth of Edward III. viz., that one of the clergy was hanged for high treason, and another for murdering his master.

But though their privileges be taken away, as they certainly ought, in criminal cases (and yet not so entirely but that they are still discharged from being burnt in the hand[3] and may have their clergy twice for felony), the law still persists in allowing numberless immunities (indeed all that can be

[1] 2 Inst. 634. [2] Ib. [3] Hob. 288.

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reasonably required) to the Church, which it regards with the affectionate and tender care of a parent or guardian. Thus, the Church is said to be *infra ætatem et fungi vice minoris*, in consequence of which follows another maxim; namely, *meliorem reddere statum ecclesiæ potest persona, deteriorem nequaquam*, in which the state of the Church and infancy are put on the same foot; and in the ninth chapter of Articuli Cleri, the Church is said to be endowed with lands, on which words my Lord Coke tells us,[1] that the possessions of the Church are the endowments of it, and the beneficed clergy accounted tenants in dower. A tenure above all favoured in the eye of the law, and indulged with many privileges.

At common law spiritual persons alone were admitted to a tenure, to which even fealty was not incident; namely, that of frankalmoign, the reason of which is given by Littleton, viz., that those divine services performed by them were better for the Lord than any other.[2] If an ecclesiastical person had held in escuage (of old time) he should not be obliged to go in person with the king.[3] And my Lord Coke tells us, that the common law, to the intent ecclesiastical persons may the better execute their duties, and not be entangled with temporal business, hath discharged them from all temporal offices. A bishop after consecration shall do no homage,[4] nor shall other religious persons on account of their church-lands, for it appears in the feeoffments that such gift is principally to God. An ecclesiastic holding by knight's service shall pay no relief.[5] A parson of a church, or such parson as hath no benefice, shall not be distrained to come to the king's leet, nor that of any other lord. If any person, who by his lands ought to be chosen bailiff, or beadle, &c., be made a clerk, he shall not be chosen, and if he be, may discharge himself by writ.[6] And it is well known that no parson shall be put on a jury. Thus the privileges which are severally given to peers, infants and widows, unite in the clergy. And for what reasons? Why, in honour of

[1] 2 Inst. 627. [2] Sect. 135. [3] 1 Inst. 70 *a*.
[4] Fleta l. 3. c. 16. S. 11, 12, 13. [5] 1 Inst. 70 *b*.
[6] F. N. B. 160. C. 175 B.

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the excellence and usefulness of the office, and that they might have no avocation from it; *ut nemo militans Deo implicetur secularibus negotiis.*[1] Or according to St. Cyprian,[2] *Ut nullâ re avocarentur nec cogitare aut agere seculalaria cogerentur, sed die et nocte cœlestibus rebus et spiritualibus serviant.* That they should have no avocation, nor be obliged to trouble themselves in thought or deed with temporal affairs, but apply themselves entirely to spiritual. Indeed, some have formerly accepted temporal offices of great weight and care, and of later times have condescended to be justices of the peace; but this hath been matter of mere grace, and to which they could not be compelled.

Thirdly, as to their revenues, they are immense, as must appear when we consider the income of Church lands, cathedral, collegiate, and other ecclesiastical preferments; besides tithes of which, great tithes or the tithes of corn, if they are but the tenth in quantity, are at least (deducting the expenses of seed, fallowing, composting, ploughing, sowing, preserving from vermin, reaping, &c.), one fifth in value. Indeed some of these have been since Henry VIII.'s time in lay hands.

Lastly, the restraints which the law hath laid on the clergy show in what light it considers their ministry. "Incumbent is derived," says my Lord Coke, "of *incumbo*, to be diligently resident *obnixe operam dare*, and therefore the law doth intend him to be resident on his benefice;"[3] for which reason, if an action of debt be brought against John Rector of T—— in the county of B—— he cannot plead that he dwelt at another place;[4] for a parson shall be intended by law to be resident upon his benefice, for the cure of souls which he has there: for a parson who hath cure of souls, and is non-resident, *non est dispensator, sed dissipator, non speculator sed spiculator*, and therefore no such thing shall be presumed, these are the words of the book; nay, the law carries this presumption so far, that if he hath two benefices, he shall be supposed resident on

[1] 1 Inst. 70 *b*.
[2] Selden's Hist. of Tithes, 33.
[3] 1 Inst. 119.
[4] 11 Coke, 70 *b*.

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them both;[1] and our statute law[2] is so severe on this point, that a parson who is non-resident one month at a time, or two months in all in a year, shall forfeit ten shillings for every offence, and twenty shillings for purchasing a dispensation to the contrary, and the dispensation to be void. The intent of this statute is by the judges said to be that he should *pascere gregem cibo, exemplo et verbo*, feed his flock with meat, precept, and example.[3] Indeed chaplains to great men, who are entitled by statutes to hold pluralities, are excepted out of this penalty while they are in duty, that the nobility may not want their instructions and good examples. Nay, so careful is the law, that the clergy should not be any ways hindered or disturbed in their spiritual office, that they are forbid to take any lands to farm or to buy and sell in markets, &c., under very severe penalties,[4] that nothing might prevent them from discharging their duties to the souls of men.

Having thus considered the clergy as briefly as possible in a religious and legal sense, we shall in our next Saturday's paper attempt to draw some wholesome inferences, with which we shall conclude our apology.

TUESDAY, *April* 15, 1740.

"*In solo vivendi causa palato est.*"—JUVENAL.

NO passion hath so much the ascendant in the composition of human nature as vanity: indeed, I could almost venture to affirm, that there is no ingredient so equally distributed amongst us as this, not even fear, of which my Lord Rochester asserts; all men would show it if they durst; so I apprehended all men would show their vanity if they durst, and that we are not distinguished from one

[1] Doct. Plac. fol. 2.
[2] 21 H. 8. c. 13. f. 26, 27.
[3] Cró. Eliz. 591.
[4] 21 H. 8. c. 13. f. 1, 2, &c.

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another by the degrees of these passions, but by the power of subduing, or rather concealing them: for good sense will always teach us, that by betraying either fear or vanity, we expose both to the attacks of our enemies.

This observation, perhaps, gave rise to an opinion that men were a sort of puppets, formed to entertain the gods by their ridiculous gestures, or, as Mr. Pope terms it, "made the standing jest of Heaven:" for, as vanity is the true source of ridicule, it might possibly be imagined that so large and almost equal a proportion could be distributed among us for no other end. I have often thought that such wise men as conceal their vanity, make a large amends to themselves by feeding this passion with contemplation on the ridiculous appearance of it in others.

Vanity, or the desire of excelling, to cast it in a ridiculous light (for it may be seen in one very odious, being perhaps at the bottom of most villainy, and the cause of most human miseries) may be considered as exerting itself two ways; either as it pushes us on to attempt excelling in particulars, to which we are utterly unequal, or to display excellence in qualities which are in themselves very mean and trivial. As I have before touched on the former of these, I shall at present only animadvert on the latter, or that species of vanity, which exerts itself in mean, indifferent, and sometimes vicious habits.

Hence it is, that in the country many gentlemen become excellent fox-hunters, or great adepts in horse-racing and cock-fighting; and in the town an admirable taste is discovered in dress and equipage; and that several persons of distinction are remarked for putting on their clothes well, whilst others are not a little vain in showing that, though fortune hath destined them to ride in coaches, they are nevertheless as fit to drive, or ride behind them.

Nay, there is an excellence (if I may so call it) in badness. A certain great genius hath laid down rules for the art of sinking in writing, or in other words, of writing as ill as possible, in which perfection our greatest poet hath thought fit to celebrate such as have chiefly excelled, in an epic

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poem; nay, the numerous frequenters of Hurlothrumbo, all acknowledged their pleasure arose from the exquisite badness of the performance, and many persons have exprest an impatience to read the Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, Comedian; asserting, they are sure it must be the saddest stuff that ever was writ.

But, as my readers will easily suggest to themselves numberless instances of this consummate imperfection, at least every one will be able to furnish himself with the instance of one whose greatness they can account for only from his excellence in badness in every kind. I shall confine the rest of my paper to one set of heroes, whom I choose to call the Knights of the Trencher; an order which will confer as much honour as any other that gives no idea of any superior merit in the wearer; I mean those gentlemen who are proud of the voraciousness of their appetite, of being able to swallow several pounds of flesh more at a meal than their fellow creatures.

I have been often entertained by a worthy of this kind with his exploits: I have known him as vain of the entire demolition of a turkey, or a successful attack on a sirloin, as a general could have been of the storming a town, or the overthrow of an army.

Every reader must have heard of several engagements in this way. The battle of the eggs, which happened a few years since in Somersetshire, is very famous to this day. This was a drawn battle, the town wherein it was fought not being able to furnish a sufficient quantity of ammunition to try the prowess of either of the combatants.

A certain military gentleman, belonging to the trained-bands, was formerly known in this city by the name of the Scourge of Ordinaries. This brave officer had with great conduct and courage entirely routed all the Ordinaries from Charing Cross to the Exchange. He is imagined to have died by the wound of a poisoned goose, which he received while he was charging, with most voracious gallantry, at a city feast, where he served as a volunteer. He was reckoned to have been a better man, by at least a large shoulder of mutton,

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than any in the kingdom; and is said to have envied no hero in history so much as the Emperor Maximin, who is said to have eaten forty pounds of flesh at a meal.

I have heard of another hero, who was so excellent at his knife and fork, that he was frequently invited by several curious people, who took great delight in seeing him eat. This gentleman might have been said, in more senses than one, to have lived by eating.

Success in this, as in most contentions, hath as often been owing to conduct, as to courage or strength. I remember a famous prize-eater, who had by many laxative doses reduced his body to such a habit, that his belly was little more than a vehicle to convey his meat downwards. By which means, he had overcome all the celebrated eaters of his age, and his house was every where adorned with trophies of the conquests of his jaw. The weapon he chiefly delighted in was a sirloin of roast beef, at which he never was outdone but once; but this, he afterwards told me, gave him little pain, when he discovered that his antagonist was a Roman Catholic, and was just discharged from his Lent diet. "And to show you," said he, "that he was a pretty good man, he had in that forty days' abstinence fasted away two moderate fish-ponds."

One thing remarkable among these Knights of the Trencher is, that the truest heroes among them, are commonly the greatest boasters. They are continually entertaining company with their performances; I have however known some, who, to their great praise, have been pretty silent on that head; nay, I have heard a gentleman bewailing his lost appetite, and at the same time seen him devour as much as would have served half a dozen moderate people.

It is recorded of Vitellius, that he had near ten thousand dishes for supper, of each of which (says my friend), if he had tasted a moderate quantity only, he must have had a glorious stomach. Tacitus tells us of this Knight of the Trencher, that he spent upwards of seven millions in a few months, and Josephus adds, If he had reigned much longer, he would have eat up the empire. Notwithstanding which

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he very modestly set forth his temperance in an oration to the people.

Besides those who place all merit in the largeness of their stomach, there are others who may claim a just right of being mentioned here, and who are as vain of the nicety of their taste, men, whose whole business it is to consider what they shall eat. One of this sort never regards whom he is to dine with, but what he is to dine upon: he would at any time quit the better company, for the better dinner, and if he purchases any rarity at his own cost, he chooses to dine alone, rather than to admit any partaker therein. I have known a person so extravagantly devoted to the pleasing his palate, that he would not have scrupled going a long journey to have feasted on a favourite dish; and have seen the journal of a man's life, which consisted of no other articles than the several dishes which had composed his dinners and suppers.

Several writers have been very severe on these heroes. Dr. South particularly, who, in one of his sermons attempts to strip them of their pretensions to humanity, and very boldly declares, He can see no reason, why he should be reckoned less a beast who carries his burthen in his belly, than he who carries it at his back.

SATURDAY, *April* 19, 1740.

——"*Procul, O procul este, profani,*
Exclamat vates, totoque; absistite luco."—VIRGIL.

THE APOLOGY FOR THE CLERGY,—*concluded.*

HAVING explained the particulars which compose the true character of a Christian minister, I shall now draw them closer together, that the reader may at one view comprehend this amiable picture.

A clergyman is a successor of Christ's disciples: a character

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which not only includes an idea of all the moral virtues, such as temperance, charity, patience, &c. but he must be humble, charitable, benevolent, void of envy, void of pride, void of vanity, void of rapaciousness, gentle, candid, truly sorry for the sins and misfortunes of men, and rejoicing in their virtue and happiness. This good man is entrusted with the care of our souls, over which he is to watch as a shepherd for his sheep: to feed the rich with precept and example, and the poor with meat also. To live in daily communication with his flock, and chiefly with those who want him most (as the poor and distressed), nay, and after his blessed Master's example, to eat with publicans and sinners; but with a view of reclaiming them by his admonitions, not of fattening himself by their dainties.

Can such a man as this be the object of contempt? or can any be more entitled to respect and honour? perhaps indeed boys and beaus, and madmen, and rakes, and fools, and villains, may laugh at this sacred person; may shake those ridiculous heads at him which would have been flung in the face of a Socrates or a Plato. But can such contempt as this which would have been enjoyed by a heathen, be felt by a Christian philosopher, while all the good, the sober, the virtuous and the sensible parts of mankind concur in paying him honour and respect?

But perhaps this will be denied to be the case, and I shall be told that some of this latter kind have lately not only spoke but writ against the clergy. I answer, if there are any such, they are enemies to the men and not the order: nay, the order cannot be wounded through a bad man's sides, for he is really not of it. It is not a particular habit, nor mounting once a week into a pulpit, nor taking the revenues of the Church, can make a man a minister of Christ, but the fulfilling His precepts and following His example.

As I have already therefore shown what a clergyman is, I will now show what he is not; but to avoid prolixity, I will throw the several particular features into one general picture.

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Let us suppose then, a man of loose morals, proud, malevolent, vain, rapacious, and revengeful; not grieving at, but triumphing over the sins of men, and rejoicing, like the devil, that they will be punished for them; deaf to the cries of the poor; shunning the distressed; blind to merit; a magnifier and spreader of slander; not shunning the society of the wicked for fear of contamination, but from hypocrisy and vain glory; hating not vice but the vicious; resenting not only an injury, but the least affront with inveteracy. Let us suppose this man feasting himself luxuriously at the tables of the great, where he is suffered at the expense of flattering their vices, and often too, as meanly submitting to see himself and his order, nay often religion itself, ridiculed, whilst, that he may join in the Burgundy, he joins in the laugh, or rather is laughed at by the fools he flatters. Suppose him going hence (perhaps in his chariot), through the streets, and contemptuously overlooking a man of merit and learning in distress. *Proh Deum atque hominum fidem!* Is this a Christian?—Perhaps it will be said I have drawn a monster, and not a portrait taken from life. God forbid it should; but it is not sufficient that the whole does not resemble; for he who hath but an eye, a nose, a single feature in this deformed figure, can challenge none of the honours due to a minister of the Gospel.

But why shall a wicked clergyman be more an object of contempt than any other wicked man, who is equally obliged to the observance of all Christian duties?

Because a clergyman is immediately set apart for the service of his Creator. And therefore, if he be unequal to his office, cannot expect to avoid contempt in common with all other inadequate and unfit members of a profession. Cowardice is contemptible in all, but much more so in the soldier, who professes an office to which it is immediately necessary; and surely no one will insinuate that piety and Christian virtue are less necessary to the discharge of the Christian ministry.

But in fact, a bad clergyman is the worst of men: for it may happen that men whose educations have only imbibed

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the general principles of religion, may afterwards, in the avocations of business or pleasure, so far lose sight of that great guide, that they may be hurried into the commission of many sins, which reflection would have prevented; and thus may be true Christians in their theory, though they may deviate a little in their practice; but this cannot be the case with the clergy, who are instructed in all the secrets of, and have searched religion to the bottom, which they are afterwards, by the necessary duty of their calling, obliged to meditate so constantly upon, that they may in a manner be said to have Heaven and Hell continually before their eyes. It is therefore impossible that these (if they are endowed with a steady faith and a moderate understanding) should advisedly, knowingly, and deliberately, forfeit the former, and risk the latter. Is there a man on earth fool enough to prefer an entertainment or a feast to sixty years long, uninterrupted felicity? How weak is this comparison to illustrate the immense distance between the trifling, short enjoyments of this world and eternity; and can we believe that any man would be mad enough, would be fool enough, deliberately to prefer the former of these to the latter, unless he doubted, nay very greatly doubted, whether the offer in reversion depended on as much certainty as that in possession.

I argue therefore thus:

Eternal and infinite happiness is infinitely preferable to that which is very confined in its degree, and very short in duration.

By pursuing the delights of sin, the Gospel tells us, we not only forfeit eternal happiness, but shall suffer eternal misery.

The clergy not only know this, but have these promises and threats daily before their eyes.

What then can the most candid man conclude of a clergyman, whom he beholds pursuing the very measures which the Gospel shows him lead to the incurring eternal misery, and avoiding that road which would conduct him to infinite happiness, unless but that he is an idiot or an unbeliever?

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And as a clergyman cannot be supposed a Christian without being a good man; so if he be a Deist or an Atheist he is infinitely worse than all others of that kind; for he must be both a hypocrite and a cheat.

In what other light can such a wretch appear in the pulpit, than that of a quack doctor on the stage, who trumpets over the virtues of his pills only to pick the pockets of the multitude, whilst he believes the direct contrary of what he says, and begs to be excused from taking any of them himself?

Let such wretches therefore, if any such there be, assure themselves that it is as impossible for any order or dignity to wipe off contempt from their characters, as to strip jet of the idea of blackness; but suppose they should happen to be in the wrong, suppose (as they will most certainly find them) the threats as well as promises of the Gospel should be true, what an account are they then to make? How trifling is the contempt of the world to what they then will suffer?

——"*Qudm vellent æthere in alto,*
Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!"

When they will be forced to render up an account of their charge, and must suffer for the sins of all those whom their examples have led astray. They will then be taught that the duty of a shepherd is not fleecing only. And will find themselves obliged to account not only for the lost souls, but the lost tithes too, which they took of common right, or, in other words, without doing any thing for them.

I have thus finished what I intended, and what I begun with a good design; for as nothing can hurt religion so much as a contempt of the clergy, so nothing can justify or indeed cause any such contempt but their own bad lives. If there are any therefore among them who want reformation in this particular, it would be a truly episcopal office to attempt it. If I should awaken any such inquiry, I have had large amends for my labour, and shall be very indifferent whether avowed Deists abuse me for having religion, or hypocrites for having none.

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TUESDAY, *April* 22, 1740.

——"*Melius non tangere clamo.*"—HORACE.

IT may, I believe, be affirmed that the generality of mankind (I mean such as are at all acquainted with history) know much more of former times than their own. Most of us may be considered like the spectators of one of Mr. Rich's entertainments; we see things only in the light in which that truly ingenious and learned *entertainmatic* author is pleased to exhibit them, without perceiving the several strings, wires, clock-work, &c., which conduct the machine; and thus we are diverted with the sights of serpents, dragons and armies, whereas indeed those objects are no other than pieces of stuffed cloth, painted wood, and hobby horses, as such of his particular friends as are admitted behind the scenes, without any danger of interrupting his movements, very well know.

In the same manner we are deceived in the grand pantomimes played on the stage of life, where there is often no less difference between the appearances and reality of men and things, and where those who are utter strangers to the springs of the political motion, judging by habits, posts or titles, have actually mistaken men for heroes, patriots and politicians, who have been in fact as mere machines as any used by the aforesaid Mr. Rich: for when a man is absolutely void of capacity, it matters not whether his skin be stuffed with guts or straw, or whether his face be made of wood or brass.

As history cannot furnish any instance of political pantomime equal with the following, I shall set it down at length for the entertainment of my unlearned readers, as I have concisely translated it from Suetonius in his life of Caligula.

This hero (says my author) having sent a few of his guards over the Rhine, where they were to conceal themselves, ordered an alarm to be brought to him after dinner, of

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the enemy's approach in vast numbers. Upon which he presently hastened with his chief officers, and a party of the Pretorian horse into the next wood, whence he returned with the sham trophies of a victory, upbraiding the cowardice of those who stayed behind, and crowning the companions and partakers of his victory with chaplets of a new name and species. Another time, having privately sent forth some of his hostages, he arose hastily from his supper and brought them back in chains, boasting of his pantomime adventure in the most extravagant manner, desiring those who told him that all the troops were returned from the expedition, to sit down in their armour, and ridiculously repeating to them a celebrated verse of Virgil; in which Æneas encourages his followers to persevere in encountering all dangers and toils in hopes of their future happiness; inveighing bitterly at the same time against the Senate, and those Romans who were absent, and enjoyed the pleasures of Rome, whilst Cæsar exposed himself to such imminent dangers. Lastly, he drew out his army on the sea-shore, and disposed every thing as for a battle, no one knowing or even guessing what he intended, when suddenly he ordered all the soldiers to fill their helmets with cockles, which he called the spoils of the ocean, worthy of a place in the Roman temples. Here, after he had built a tower as a monument of his victory, the remains of which are still extant, according to Pitiscus, called by the English the Old Man, he rewarded his soldiers with one hundred *denarii* per man; and, not contented yet with all this pageantry, he writ to Rome to demand a triumph.

Ridiculous as this parade now appears, it is probable not a few of the more ignorant Romans were imposed on by it, and looked on Caligula as a real conqueror; a circumstance, which, if we consider the several tricks played since by ministers and statesmen, will not appear so strange or incredible. It is history which strips off the mask and shows things in their true light; but this is not written, or at least published until the ensuing age, and for the good of posterity. I often lament that, being an old

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man, I have but little hopes of seeing those histories of their own times, which two of our cotemporaries, of very great genius, are said to be compiling.

But, at the same time, I cannot help the felicitating myself and my countrymen that one learned man hath thought fit to indulge his own age with the history of his times: for though from a peculiar modesty which shines in all the actions of this great man, he calls it only an Apology for his own life, and though some imagined it would have been confined only to the theatre, yet certain it is that this valuable work hath much greater matters in view, and may as properly be styled an apology for the life of one who hath played a very comical part, which, though theatrical, hath been acted on a much larger stage than Drury Lane.

And here I cannot help mentioning some whimsical opinions which perhaps the novelty of the attempt may have occasioned; for though the offspring be of such a bulk as is generally thought a security from being soon buried in a band-box, and the good parent seems to imagine that he hath produced, as well as my Lord Clarendon, a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ; for he refuses to quote anything out of Pasquin, lest he should give it a chance of being remembered; yet some imagined there is great reason to apprehend with him in Horace, *ne sit superstes;* for Goody —— the midwife hath been seen to shake her head, and nurse Lewis complains that it lies in a heavy lump in the nursery, and cannot be carried abroad even this fine weather: nay, several grammatical physicians have not scrupled to say that the child is produced from *mala stamina*, and instead of being born with all its senses, hath indeed no sense in it. As for the vulgar, they are as incredulous with regard to this, as to some other births, and will not believe there was any offspring at all; to justify which suspicion, they allege that a guinea hath been insisted on for the sight of it, a price which it is improbable any one would give barely to satisfy his curiosity; they pretend that the vast difference between the pale countenances of those children, which at all resemble the father, such as Master Cæsar in Egypt, the Heroic Daughter,

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the Refusal, and Love in a Riddle, all dead long ago, and the stronger complexion of some others, have brought the chastity of his muse into question; nay, they aver that his muse herself hath been long incapable of bringing any thing to the least form; for that, of late years, she hath only miscarried of strange lumps called Odes and Gazetteers. Lastly, they affirm that the old gentleman hath been dead some time, and that the laurel (the heirloom of the family) hath fallen down on the head of his son.

But notwithstanding such malicious suggestions, I have the pleasure to assure the reader (to drop the allegory), that there is such a book to be had at Mr. Lewis's in Covent Garden, treating of all manner of matters promiscuously; that is to say, of ministers and actors, parliaments and play-houses, of liberty, operas, farces, C. C. R. W. and many other good things; amongst which there are several particulars which no one can know without reading it, and which very probably may not reach posterity in any other history. If therefore the opinion that this book will have but a short duration should be true, it may be attended with two remarkable circumstances; for the present age will not only equal, but exceed posterity in the knowledge of their own times, and the author may have a very singular fate; and, if he creeps into no other record, outlive the history of his own life.

I shall very shortly (for we must enjoy good things whilst we have them) give the reader some taste of this invaluable performance; I shall here only obviate a flying report, taken from a confident assertion of some persons, that whatever language it was writ in, it certainly could not be English; an opinion which may possibly, together with the price, have obstructed the sale and prevented any extracts from it in the Farthing Post, whose author may not be good at translation. Now I shall prove it to be English in the following manner. Whatever book is writ in no other language, is writ in English. This book is writ in no other language, ergo, it is writ in English: of which language the author hath shown himself a most absolute master; for surely he must be absolute master of that whose laws he can trample

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under feet, and which he can use as he pleases. This power he hath exerted, of which I shall give a barbarous instance in the case of the poor word adept;[1] a word which I apprehend no school boy hath ever wantonly employed, unless to signify the utmost perfection; for ignorance they cannot plead who have gone beyond the accidence, since they must then find that *adipiscor vult adeptus:* nay an Englishmen may learn from Hudibras,

> " In *Rosicrucian* lore, as learned
> As he that *verè adeptus* earned."

This word our great master hath tortured and wrested to signify a tyro or novice, being directly contrary to the sense in which it hath been hitherto used.

This spirit of absolute power is generally whipt out of boys at school, and I could heartily wish our adept had been in the way of such castigation. And perhaps it is on this account that one of our poets says " That he who never felt birch, should never wear bays," *i.e.* That no man should be trusted with a pen who will take this method to show us his great command of words.

[1] The author's words are these: " Mrs. Tofts, who first took her first grounds of music in her own country, was then but an adept in it: yet whatever defect the fashionable skilful might find in her manner, she had, in the general sense of her spectators, charms that few of the most learned singers ever arrive at. The beauty of her fine proportioned figure, and the exquisitely sweet silver tone of her voice, with that peculiar rapid swiftness of her throat, were perfections not to be imitated by art or labour." Thus I have transcribed the whole paragraph, which, I think, abounds with many flowers of that exquisitely sweet silver style called the profound, and with perfections purely the gifts of genius, not to be imitated by art or labour.—*Vide* Col. Cibb. Apol. fol. 226.

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TUESDAY, *April* 29, 1740.

"*Mandare quenquam literis cogitationes suas, qui eas nec disponere nec illustrare possit,—hominis est intemperanter abutentis et otio et literis.*"—CICERO, TUSC. QUÆST.

NOTWITHSTANDING the opinion of Cicero in my motto, That he who commits his thoughts to paper without being able methodically to range them, or properly to illustrate them, gives us an instance of the most intemperate abuse of his own time and of letters themselves; and though Quintilian hath asserted, that grammar is the foundation of all science; nay, Horace himself denies any thing to be in the power of genius without improvement, notwithstanding these authorities, I say, I have very often suspected whether learning be of such consequence to a writer as it is imagined. This, however, I have hitherto kept to myself, and, perhaps, though Horace hath, in another place, taken up the contrary side to what he declares above, and hath enumerated many advantages arising to a state from the custom of writing as well without, as with learning. I might perhaps have never ventured publicly to have declared my opinion, had I not found it supported by one of the greatest writers of our own age: I mean Mr. Colley Cibber, who, in the apology for his life, tells us, that "We have frequently great writers that cannot read."

But as by not reading, our author explains himself not to mean such as do not know their great A, but those who cannot read theatrically; so by not reading I mean such as we generally say can hardly write and read, or in other words, a man barely qualified to be a member of the R—— S——y.

Our author, who is a great writer every inch of him, hath, as well as Longinus, given us an example of what he asserts, for I am apprehensive that some persons who know him only by his book, may really doubt whether he can read or no. As this may possibly be a controverted

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point, I wish when he told us he had gone through a school, he had also told us what books they read in the upper form; since there are, I believe, some schools where the forms are numbered by the numbers of syllables which make one word more difficult to spell than another. However, though his history nowhere expressly declares his *ne plus ultra* in learning; there is a passage in it which though it may be overlooked by an ordinary reader, brings this point within a very narrow compass of certainty: wherever the verb out-do comes in (says our author), the *pleasant accusative case out-doing* is sure to follow. Now, as I have shown in a former paper that his learning could have gone very little beyond the accidence, I think it is plain from this instance that he must have learnt as far as the pleasant accusative case, and not quite so far as the participles. A part of speech which if he had known would certainly have made its appearance here.

Having settled this point, I proceed to show the little advantage of learning, or grammar, to an author, which I shall demonstrate two ways: First, I shall show that he is generally to be understood without, and secondly, That he is sometimes not to be understood with it. And of both these I shall (as it lies in my way) give instances from the great writer above mentioned. Thus, when he says (fol. 23) "Satire is angrily particular," every dunce of a reader knows he means angry with a particular person; or when he says (page 25) "A moral humanity," can't you strike moral out and let humanity stand by itself, or put virtue in its place? When in page 42 we read, "Beauty shines into equal warmth the peasant and the courtier," do we not know what he means though he hath made a verb active of shine, as in page 117, he hath of regret, nothing could more painfully regret a judicious spectator. So in page 43, "The people met us in acclamation." Page 55, "What pleasure is not languid to satiety?" Page 70, "Betterton excels himself." Page 71, "Was not equal to his former self." Page 78, "The trial of Lord Mohun printed among those of the state." Page 72, "An acute and piercing tone which struck every syllable of

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his words distinctly upon the ear." 109, "One side of the cause grew weary." 114, "A fair promise to my being in favour." 132, "The tragedians seemed to think their rank as much above the comedians as in the characters they severally acted." *Ibid*, "Dogget could not with patience look upon the costly trains and plumes of tragedy, in which knowing himself to be useless, he thought were all a vain extravagance." 134, "Never to pay their people when the money did not come in, nor then neither, but in such proportions," &c.—"This would induce the footmen to come all hands aloft in the crack of our applauses." 139, "Studying perfect." 154, "The *utile dulci* was of old equally the point." 157, "The flatness of many miserable prologues——seemed wholly unequal to the few good ones," &c. 175, "Public approbation is the warm weather of a theatrical plant." 176, "Mrs. Oldfield threw out such new proffers of a genius." 202, "Melts into pangs of humanity." 220, "So exotic a partner." 243, "Farinelli singing to an audience of five and thirty pounds." 261, "The decadence of Betterton's company." 288, "A man may be debtor to sense or morality." 297, "Our enemies made a push of a good round lie upon us." Now in all these instances, though a boldness of expression is made use of, which none but great masters dare attempt, and which a schoolboy would run a great hazard by imitating, yet we may with some little difficulty, without the least help of grammar, give a guess at his meaning. But there are other parts of this work so very sublime, that grammar offers you its aid in vain; the following style carries a Βίαν ἄμαχον, according to Longinus, along with it, and absolutely overpowers the reader, as the poets in Horace,

"*Animum quocunque; volunt auditoris agunto.*"

So can our author; this style comes upon you, says the former critic, like a thunderbolt, or, to use a word which may give a more familiar idea to my reader, like a blunderbuss, and carries all before it. I shall produce some instances of this sublime kind. Page 42, "So clear an

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emanation of beauty, &c. struck me into a regard that had something softer than the most profound respect in it." Page 62, "Some actors heavily drag the sentiment along with a long-toned voice and absent eye." Page 65, "Many a barren-brained author has streamed into a frothy flowing style, pompously rolling into sounding periods, signifying roundly nothing." 66, "The strong intelligence of his attitude and aspect, drew you into an impatient gaze." 67, "There is even a kind of language in agreeable sounds, which, like the aspect of beauty, without words, speaks and plays with the imagination." 69, "Let our conception of whatever we are to speak, be ever so just, our ear ever so true, yet, when we are to deliver it to an audience (I will leave fear out of the question), there must go along with the whole a natural freedom and becoming grace, which is easier to conceive than to describe: for without this inexpressible somewhat, the performance will come out oddly disguised, or somewhere defectively, unsurprising to the hearer." 76, "The wit of the poet seemed to come from him extempore, and sharpened into more wit by his delivery." 101, "In all the chief parts she acted, the desirable was so predominant, that no judge could be cold enough to consider from what other particular excellence she became delightful." 158, "His accents were frequently too sharp and violent, which sometimes occasioned his eagerly cutting off half the sound of syllables that ought to have been gently melted into the melody of metre." 176, "A forward and sudden step into nature." 185, "Not long before this time, the Italian opera began first to steal into England; but in as rude a disguise and unlike itself as possible; in a lame hobbling translation, into our own language, with false quantities or metre out of measure to its original notes sung by our own unskilful voices." 209, "The mind of man is naturally free, and when he is compelled or menaced into any opinion that he does not readily conceive, he is more apt to doubt the truth of it, than when his capacity is led by delight into evidence and reason." 210, "A spectacle for vacancy of thought to gaze at." 216, "Attention enough for any four

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persons." Lastly, "Out of his depth with his simple head above water." Which idea of our author that we may leave in our reader, we will quote no more from him, since I apprehend what was at first asserted is fully made out, viz. That it is needless for a great writer to understand his grammar: for as we can generally guess his meaning without it, so when his genius (to speak in our author's style) ascends into the elevated and nervously pompous elements of the sublime, the ladder of grammar offers itself in vain to the feet of the reader's understanding: for though the words, which may be called the brick and mortar of speech, are regularly conglutinated together, so as to erect the extraneous frontispiece of a delicate, excessively-sweet sugar-loaf of a pile; yet if there be no sentiment, no aspiring, animating, softly, sweetly tempered spirit, this pile is only a naked building, void of furniture, where the wearied understanding of the long travelled reader will find no feather bed to repose himself on.

As we have not room in this paper to enumerate all the particular beauties of this author, we shall be obliged to divert the reader once more with him, when we shall attempt, in his own style, which with vast industry we have made ourselves masters of, to draw his own character; seeing there are some parts of it which either through haste or inadvertency he hath himself omitted.

SATURDAY, *May* 3, 1740.

——"*Aget pennâ metuente solvi*
Fama superstes."—HORACE.

I HAVE often thought, as I have been walking in Westminster Abbey, or any other repository of the bones and fame of the dead, that the vanity of mankind was less ridiculously displayed in those long encomiums, which generally begin *In*

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sempiternam memoriam,—to the eternal remembrance, &c., of some person of consequence, who probably is heard of no more after his undertaker's bill is paid; than in that more simple and unaffected way (as it appears) of communicating only the name of the dead, supposing, often with great modesty, that no one can read the name, who is not before acquainted with the history, works, and merits of the person.

But to leave these heroes in full possession of the eternity of their reputation, which, if the world should last twenty or thirty thousand years longer, might possibly be disputed; we may perhaps wonder at the sagacity of those politicians who could foresee that they should be able to cheat mankind with so chimerical a reward; and that, whilst all the other passions must be taken with substantial baits, pride, like the dog in the water, was to be deceived and allured by a shadow.

As it is thought an ill office to expose any innocent superstition which tends to promote virtue, what I have here advanced may be too hastily censured; and it may be said, that as the promoters of this fallacy had no other view but to inspire men to great actions by these hopes of a chimerical good, in attempting to argue away their opinion of it, we are in reality enemies to her cause: for which we show no good inclination by blowing up or undermining one of her out-works, though perhaps not so defensible as some others: but to speak plain, I wish good men would leave virtue and truth to their own defence, without bringing fraud and falsehood to their assistance. It may become a skilful engineer to blow up a rotten redoubt, and draw all his forces to the defence of the sound and strong rampart: for every work which the enemy carries against opposition, raises his spirits and inspires him with contempt of the rest; whereas, by blowing up all the out-works, and standing at once to the defence of our bastions, we at least give the enemy an opinion of our confidence in their strength. The same happens in the defence of our systems. One honest, plain, substantial, evident argument, hath more weight with

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our adversary, more success in convincing or confuting him, than a hundred sophistical, fallacious syllogisms, which, whenever detected, make us suspect the weakness of the cause, and incline us to doubt whether those who fly to such resources, do not endeavour to persuade us of what they are by no means convinced themselves.

Nor am I certain that these chimerical expectations do in reality so much service to the cause of virtue as hath been apprehended: or indeed, that vice itself hath not been propagated by this means; for some men seem as eager to prolong their names, as others to prolong their lives, and would eternise their remembrance at any rate. To omit the trite story of the man who burnt the temple at Ephesus, or the less known instance of an English villain, who comforted himself in his way to the gallows, that his name would get into history, and he should live on record; what hath caused such desolation as this ridiculous vanity? To this the world owe their conquerors, from Cyrus down to Charles the XIIth of Sweden, the last hero, except the present Persian madman, who hath infested, or I hope, will infest the earth. It was this which encouraged a Turkish emperor to order it to be engraved on his tomb, "That he had been the occasion of the death of eight hundred thousand men;" thus resolving to perpetuate his name and his infamy together.

Good actions require no such rewards. A Christian expects those of infinitely greater value, and an ancient heathen would have told us, that virtue had in herself sufficient to reward her followers, and, like perfect beauty, did not require the allurements of a good fortune to make men desirous of her possession.

The following instance of contempt for this ridiculous vanity is expressed with a philosophical spirit worthy the wisest of men. It is in Dr. Sydenham's Treatise of the Gout. "What matter is it," says that amiable author, "if performing carefully the duty of a good citizen, and serving the public to my own prejudice, I have no thanks for my labour? For if the thing be rightly weighed, the providing for esteem, I being now an old man, will be in short the

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same, as to provide for that which is not: for what advantage will it be to me after I am dead, that eight alphabetical elements, reduced into that order that will compose my name, shall be pronounced by those who can no more frame an idea of me in their minds, than I can now conceive what those are to be who will not know such as were dead in the foregoing age," &c.

But as there cannot be a more foolish, so there is not a more general fondness than this of our names. The inventors of arts have many of them transmitted their discoveries to posterity, with their names tacked to them; nay, the world hath been sometimes favoured with an opportunity of remembering the first inventors of dances, dishes and fashions, and such like. In the same manner, where men have been the first movers of what the world has not had sense enough to admire, they generally set a mark on the name of the founder. Thus I question not, but through our labours, the *ultrà sublime* will in future ages be called the Cibberian style: nay, it hath been usual to celebrate (or if you please) stigmatise men very particularly eminent for what they did not themselves invent. And thus I question not but a vast blunder, an impudent, simple and fatal defiance of our superiors, and a malicious pitiful lie, will be hereafter styled——a name which it is not necessary to insert, since the chasm will be rightly filled up by the blackest and wickedest man in the kingdom, whoever he is.

And whoever thou art that deservest such a character, though thou mayst have an equal contempt with me for any honour which can be done thy name when thou art dead; yet consider, O wicked man, thy immortal soul; or, if infidelity guards thee from any terrors on this account, reflect on the shortness of thy time here. If thou art young, it cannot be long, if old, thy sins will soon overtake thee, or rather the punishment for them. Believe me, friend, thy days are drawing to an end, and those are coming on, when thou shalt say thou hast no pleasure in them. Impudence will not abash, nor lying deceive for ever. Whatever contempt thou mayst have of the powers above and below,

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thou wilt find thy confidence ill-grounded. If thou art seated high, consider there is but a minute's difference between the highest human eminence and the ground. Believe me, friend, it reflects less honour on thee, to have imposed on men hitherto, than disgrace on them to have been imposed on. The ass in the lion's skin is not less an ass when he is mistaken for a lion. But flatter not thyself too much with the retrospect of thy success; for lo in the theatre, where Rich, great machinist, presides over animate and inanimate machines, and the dexterous harlequin of sooty countenance, long time prevails, turns all things topsy-turvy, subverts the order of nature, and makes the human puppet man dance jigs upon his head; while from the lofty regions of the gallery superior, where the apprentice, the clerk, with all the viler riff-raff, the tag-rag, and bob-tail of the world, are mounted (perhaps by the noble Rich for this immediate purpose) above their superiors, issue forth loud acclamations; the silent pit is sullen and indignant at the farce; nor in the box (unless some beau, like cattle marked in the side to denote their owner, should there display his blaze), breaks forth a whispering applause. Mark thou the end, a set of solemn figures enter on the stage, the power of harlequin is at an end, aloft they lift the impious long-successful sorcerer, and thrust him down the throat of a tremendous dragon. The gallery rattles with applause, and those who were even now delighted with his tricks, seem no less pleased with his fate.—Rejoice then, O wicked man, in thy tricks, and let thy heart cheer thee in the success of thy tricks, but know that for all these tricks, we shall bring thee to judgment.

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THURSDAY, *May* 8, 1740.

"*Illi indignantes magno cum murmure, montis*
Circum claustra fremunt, celsâ sedet Æolus arce."—VIRGIL.

THE adepts in mechanics tell us, it is possible in theory to make a machine, with which, by a subordination of an infinite number of wheels, a child might move the whole globe; nay one of the ancients promises to show us this experiment, if we will only find a place for him to stand on while he performs it.

I have often thought our first politicians have framed their schemes of government from the idea of this engine; for what are the several officers and magistrates, from the king to the constable, but the several wheels of state, in a subordinate manner, making up one grand machine, which, like a piece of clock-work in right order, moves steadily and regularly by fixed and certain laws?

Now, as in the mechanical machine, if anybody intervenes, which hath no function assigned it by the maker, it must necessarily disorder the operation, and in proportion to the weight and power of this intervening body, will be the confusion and disorder occasioned by it; the same must happen in the political, whenever any person intrudes into a place, where, by the original constitution of the government, he ought not to be; for nothing can move by the laws assigned it at its creation, unless what preserves the same form it had when those laws were assigned.

But if the place to stand on be found out, if a man once discovers a method of governing and setting this grand machine in motion, when and as he pleases, he may then turn round the commonwealth at his will, and teach it, as Mr. Cibber says, to dance like an old lion, nay, may play tricks with it, like the master of a raree-show, who sets kings on their heads, makes the Czar of Muscovy, the King of France, and all other great personages dance at his command in whatever manner he pleases.

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The reader, I believe, already perceives that I point directly at a prime minister, a magistrate, who, though not consistent with our constitution, nor countenanced by our laws, hath often found means to insinuate himself into the political machine, and sometimes hath made a handle of the prerogative, by which he hath managed the whole according to his pleasure; and this, without any personal merit, or distinguished abilities, but, (as Dr. Fiddes says in his Life of Cardinal Wolsey,) "By a conflux of fortunate accidents, or in the Christian dialect, certain happy and favourable dispositions of Providence, which does even sometimes appear to lay a train for the advancement of particular persons; a train which they have nothing to do but to follow directly, towards the accomplishment of every thing they can propose to themselves in this world."

Thus, Wolsey, from the meanest extraction, with such dissolute and scandalous morals, that he was publicly set in the stocks, was, "by a conflux of fortunate accidents," advanced (if I may so say) above his sovereign; so that dukes and earls held his towel and basin for him when he washed: nay he was elated to such a height of arrogance that he was offended at the Archbishop of Canterbury for subscribing himself his brother, on which that prelate well remarked that "The man was inebriated with success." The Duke of Venice in one of his letters ascribes to him a participation of the royal power and majesty, and compliments him with the supreme authority of the kingdom. In consequence of which opinion, he received the pay of half the princes of Europe, for which he sold his master and his country, and this with so little temptation, that Fiddes tells us, (p. 351) his revenues were equal to the crown.

But do we think the long reign of this minister was with the consent and approbation of the people? So much on the contrary that his own historian confesses there was a great and general disgust entertained against him; and my Lord Herbert tells us (p. 162), "That the people took the commissions which he issued in the 17th of Henry VIII. so ill, that it was like to have grown to a rebellion. This

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proceeding," says he, "being afterwards disavowed by the king, got the cardinal many a curse and the king many blessings." The people plainly saw the royal power usurped, and the royal favour engrossed by a subject and a mean one too; their pockets drained to fill the public coffers, and those again emptied to supply the minister's vanity. They saw his avarice, his pride, his insolence, his corruption, they felt the effects of all those, and groaned under them, but laws, without a standing army, compelled them to submit. The cardinal had found the place to stand on, he held fast the handle of the prerogative, and turned the political machine round as he pleased, whilst all but those creatures who sought his favour and took his pay, (who if they were dukes were servants and the meanest servants, voluntarily so, servile in nature without the compulsion of fortune) hated and detested him.

Have you seen, reader, a team of those noble spirited animals we call horses pass by, whilst a little urchin wantonly displayed his dexterity with a whip? Hath it not raised your indignation to see those generous beasts submit to the correction of this contemptible brat? With such indignation I read over those periods of our annals, where this brave, this great, this powerful nation hath been insulted, betrayed, impoverished, and enslaved by some wicked minister, who hath often had neither birth, nor virtues, nor even abilities to recommend him, but hath owed his dignity only to a fortunate access to his prince, which he hath afterwards had the address to improve by accommodating himself to his temper or pleasures, or by persuading his master that he is useful and even necessary to his interest. A common falsehood, and yet so gross that I believe it will be difficult to find an English prince who hath been unhappy, without owing it to his ministers.

I own there is something very ridiculous in the image of several millions of people complaining bitterly against the insults and oppression of one man. What an idea must we conceive of this man, but that he is another Hercules, or rather a Captain Gulliver in a nation of Lilliputians! But

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suppose the fact so much on the contrary, that this man should be one of the meanest and every way most contemptible in his country; that, whilst every one plainly saw, and openly declared, he was endeavouring to enslave and undo us, most of us should entertain the greatest and justest contempt for him, should know him to have no more parts than are necessary to a very indifferent scrivener, and no more spirit than is included in the composition of spite and malice! If this ever should be the case, what could we conclude, but that men are harnessed as well as horses, and like them may be drove by the meanest urchin; or that Government is really in politics, what that imaginary machine would be in mechanics, and may be so contrived, that neither art nor strength may be necessary to direct it.

Hence it appears that it doth not require such mighty abilities, nor doth it redound so much to the honour of a minister to ruin his country as hath been apprehended. And hence it may likewise be inferred, that whenever a bad minister shall take it into his head to ruin us, we must be irretrievably lost.

But this latter is not so certain; for though it must be confessed we should be in great danger, yet not so absolutely overpowered, as to have no resource. Nay, indeed, we have three very great ones.

The first and most natural dependence is on our House of Commons, who are the bulwarks of our liberties; they are the weight of the people in the scale of power, and sufficient, at least, to keep the balance even. It is their duty to be watchful for our liberties and properties, and, if properly chosen, it is their interest: by properly chosen, I mean, proper persons to be entrusted with that care; for the faithful discharge of which, a great estate is always the best security to the electors.

But if our posterity should elect unfit representatives, should sell themselves to such as will sell them again for profit, and by these means a House of Commons should neglect the universal cries of the nation, and openly support a minister in barefaced iniquity, we have a second natural

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resource to our father and protector, to whom we have a right to apply for redress, and it is his own interest as well as duty to redress us; for the people can suffer no general injury which will not reach the throne. And if that man who deprives the King of one subject is to be executed at his suit, how much more would he deserve correction at his hands, who should impoverish and undo his whole people?

The last resource (and that to which, though the surest and strongest of all, I hope, as it is preternatural, we shall never be driven) is to our Father in Heaven. He hath more than once interposed His divine hand and saved His people; let us therefore show our posterity an example, and begin betimes to recommend ourselves to Him; let us show Him by our duty that we are His children, and He will demonstrate by His love that He is our Father. If our posterity be bred up by our precepts and example to honour Him, they may, with confidence, in the evil day, cry out, From the Prime Minister good Lord deliver us. Amen.

SATURDAY, *May* 10, 1740.

——"*Cœlo splendebat luna sereno.*"—HORACE.

THIS morning my wife gave me the following letter, which she says she found on her pillow; how it was laid there neither of us know, though I cannot carry my superstition so far as she does, who is firmly persuaded that it came from the place whence it is dated, and hath insisted on my giving it the public. I the rather comply with her, because my father, Mr. Nehemiah Vinegar, says there are several good things in it, that are beyond my comprehension.

Full Moon, April 30th, Three in the Afternoon.

SIR,—You have a vulgar proverb among you to express your ignorance of any thing, viz. I know no more of it than

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the man in the moon, whereas indeed the man in the moon knows more than any man in the world.

I am surprised that my high station did not prevent the birth or growth of this error, since it is a general opinion that ignorance is incompatible with a high station. I am certain it hath given me an opportunity of seeing and knowing several things in a light night, which I am too much a gentleman to disclose. It is well for the reputation of some virtuous ladies that there is no woman in the moon, if there was, I should at least advise them to take some care of their windows as well as their doors.

Or if I was inclined to discover secrets of another nature, I could entitle myself to hush money much better than some on the earth who have received it; unless my discoveries would be of such a strange nature that no one could possibly believe them. Were the intimacies which I have beheld between the dregs of the people and a certain great man to be disclosed; were the whispers, the kisses, the hugs, the squeezes by the hand, the dear Toms, the Jacks, dear Wills, and the dear Bobs, that I have seen pass to be exposed, it might become a question, whether the most hated men in public life, might not, in retirement, be the most contemptible. But I shall enjoy my speculations by myself: and have the pleasure to know you cannot even guess whom I mean.

How must a speculative man envy me, when he considers that I alone can see human nature stript of all its disguises. It is I that behold the hypocrite returning from the bare ostentatious worship of his Creator, to pay his real adoration to the golden idol of his soul. I see the ragged miser and the cheating bankrupt tell their gold, and the fine-drest gentleman alight from his gilt chariot, and go supperless to bed, by the light, or rather darkness of a farthing candle. No hero is henpecked, no truly worthy, very good sort of man is a tyrant in his family, no sober citizen sneaks out of his chair about eight o'clock in the regions of Covent Garden, no lewd or corrupt bargain whatever is made without my privity.

Alas! Mr. Hercules, men appear quite different to me

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from what they do in the face of the sun (when you know I have an opportunity of seeing them, though of not being seen by them), but perhaps you will say my pleasure is like that of a man behind the scenes at your play-houses (you find I know all things) who, though he may behold objects in the truest, sees them at the same time in the most odious light, and is not so agreeably deceived as those to whom the painted side of the canvas represents a beautiful grove or a palace. But as my curiosity is better satisfied by those objects which I have mentioned, so there are some where I have the advantage every way, by viewing them in the truest colours. What would a lover give to peep in with me at a window? But if this idea be unbecoming a man of my age, who am now almost six thousand years old; however I shall be allowed a pleasure from beholding virtue honoured in disgrace, and triumphing in distress. In the public applause of virtue there is nothing uncommon or extraordinary, very small degrees of her have often obtained the greatest honours; nay, vice herself hath triumphed in open sunshine in her stead. It is I that accompany the disgraced hero to his closet, when all his tinsel robes and borrowed ornaments are stript off, and where virtue like naked beauty shines with all her solemn, sober majesty. Here they are perfectly distinguished from vice and ugliness, which latter, in the face of the sun, by the assistance of titles, dignities, and outward ornaments, often impose on the multitude.

But to leave these high scenes of life, I have often great delight in the contemplation of humble virtue. And I do assure you, that it is with no moderate pleasure that I peep in at your window, where I behold yourself and Madam Joan, enjoying the humble comforts of a mutton chop and a pint of port, I often hear you recounting to each other the mistaken, idle pursuits of youth, before either of you had fully discovered the folly and vanity of the world. It is with rapture I observe you consulting the happiness of each other and of your children, and shunning, with contempt, even innocent amusements that have not a tendency that

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way. I believe I could, if I would indulge myself, draw a picture of happiness here from the life, which the world hath rarely seen; and this even in despite of fortune, but when I consider that you yourself must usher it into the world, I am silent.

If I find you publish this my first epistle, I may become a useful and entertaining correspondent to you, and your readers. I shall shine in at the windows of a coffee-house next Saturday, to see whether you do me the immediate honour which is my due; and am,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

Humble servant,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

CAPTAIN VINEGAR,—I am much pleased with your criticisms on the Apology, especially with your address, in putting what I am told is the severest of all your remarks in Greek. This (according to the art of Captain Bluff in the play) is whispering very softly, so softly that it is impossible your antagonist should hear it.

But notwithstanding all you have said, I have heard some who have seen the original say, that there are very good things in it. If so, I think it is pity some one doth not translate the book into English.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.,

PHIL. COL.

By the orthography of the following letter one would be inclined to think, it came from the author of the Apology himself.

JOAN CRABVERJUICE, TO CAPTAIN HERCULES VINEGAR, PRESENTS THIS KIND EPISTLE.

LOVING KINSMAN,—Chance having brought some of your works to my view, I was agreeably surprised to find Vinegar

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so nearly allyed to verjuice; at first I disdained claiming you as a relation, being a true English assid myself, you of foreign extraction; had you been Ale-gar, I should not one moment have deferred addresing my beloved cousin —— But as virtue don't consist in names, and resides in some degree in most nashions, I am willing to join my innate perfections to yours, and try what effect we can produce together.—I don't suppose you are ignorant of my sundry virtues and uses, nay, perhaps are more skilled in them than I can be, yet give me leave gently to explain part of them.

First, to begin with the rickety infant, verjuice with some balsamic ingredient, with the assistance of a soft hand and a good fire, will soon set your son and heir upon his legs. The same mixture may be very successfully applyed to our young ladies of fashion, who hobble along the Mall as if their pritty feet had been swathed by East India nurses, or that each charming creature expected a present of a pair of crutches from her lover, to aid her in that loitorous exercise called walking. Then am I excellent in restoring to their proper use the worn-out knees, ankles and toes, of those who have exercised each to much in midnight amusements, such as kicking the watch abroad, and their wives and vallets at home.

Yet beyond all, am I infallible in the reformation of your *pétit maitrés*, courtiers, and all others of our useless indolent countrymen; this balsom, together with a heating on the shoulders, with one of my never failing branches, as I am a true English plant, I will engage shal inspire them with all the honest principles of our nation. There is never a sailor on board our noble fleet under the command of that hero Vernon, who is not armed with a tuff plant of the crab-tree, or a heart of oake cudgell, to whom, and to no other I yield, as he is king over the trees of the forest. Many good qualities I have in a kitchin, can very well supply all good housewives in the place of lemons and oranges. Also your punch-drinkers may make a shift with me in cases of necessity.

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As I am not well skilled in natural philosophe, nor mistress enough of grammur, to know whether I am of the masculin or feminine gender, or spell right or wrong, be so good as to excuse all errors, and attribute the mistakes to the transformation of the *anus mirabilis*, 1740.

If you think me a worthy relation, and will venture to give me a place in your paper, I have abundance more English ascids at your service.

I am,
Noble captain,
Your respectfull kinswoman,
And
Most humble servant,
JOAN CRABVERJUICE.

April 8th, 1740.

P.S.—A never-failing nostrum for the use of all the weakly beaus and tottering belles in his Majesty's dominions. Its vertues too numerous to publish more than the following two extraordinary ones, viz. It will cause the ladies to speak truth, and render the beaus fit for the service of their country.

RECEPE.

Barbadoes Tar,—Opedildock mixt with verjuice to the thickness of orange butter, rub well before a great fire, each weak joint of the body, wraping up warm in flannel all the parts affected.

The reader may please to remember that some time ago I informed him of my intention to erect a Court of Judicature. That court will open to-morrow, when abundance of criminals will be tried. Amongst which are A. P——e, for misprision or concealing of several crimes. Col. Apol. for the murder of the English language. T. Pistol, for breaking open a house near the bottom of Parnassus. And one Forage, alias Brass, alias His Honour, for several high crimes. With the most material occurrences on these trials we shall acquaint the public in this paper.

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SATURDAY, *May* 17, 1740.

——"*Audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam.*"—HORACE.

PROCEEDINGS AT A COURT OF CENSORIAL INQUIRY HELD BEFORE CAPTAIN HERCULES VINEGAR, GREAT CHAMPION AND CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN, ON MONDAY THE 12TH INSTANT, BEING THE FIRST COURT HELD IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS CENSORSHIP.

A. P. Esq. was indicted for that he, being a person to whom nature had bequeathed many talents, in order and with design that he might well and duly give people their own; nevertheless, he the said A. P. the said good talents and design neglecting and no ways regarding, but having too much fear before his eyes, one Forage, alias Brass, alias His Honour, and many other sad fellows to the jurors unknown, all sorts of roguery to commit and perpetrate did allow and suffer, without giving to the said Brass, &c., any thing of their own, and by these means he the said A. P. did encourage, comfort, aid, abet, and receive the said Brass, &c.

The prisoner being called on to plead, his counsel stood up and spoke in the following manner:

COUNSEL. May it please you, Mr. Captain, and you, gentlemen of the jury, I am of counsel for the prisoner, and I do apprehend it will be needless to trouble you, Mr. Captain, with any of the manifold exceptions which might be taken to this indictment, since the crime alleged against the prisoner is such, that, was it never so fully charged, or was he ever so clearly convicted of it, no judgment would, I conceive, be given against him. For what is it we are accused of, but of holding our tongue, or, in a legal phrase, of not giving people their own? Now we hope, Mr. Captain, you will not punish any one for not doing that which he would be punished in other courts for doing. We therefore desire to read the statute of *noli me tangere*, by which it will

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appear that the prisoner could act in no other manner, without bringing himself into visible danger, which the law will not oblige any man to incur.

COURT. Read the statute.

COUNSEL. Begin at p. 10. And if any person, &c.

CLERK READS. "And if any person shall presume to speak or write any thing against the said Brass, such person, his wife, his children, and all other his relations whatever, together with all those of the said name, shall be ruined and starved."

COURT. (Shaking his head.) The prisoner must be discharged.

2. T. Pistol was called to the bar, but the gaoler answered, that he had been that morning taken out of his custody by the officer of another court, the said Pistol being at this time in almost every court of the kingdom.

3. Col. Apol. was then sent to the bar.

CLERK. Col. Apol. hold up your hand.

Some time was spent before the prisoner could be brought to know which hand he was to hold up.

You stand indicted here by the name of Col. Apol. late of Covent Garden, Esq; for that you, not having the fear of grammar before your eyes, on the . . . of . . . . at a certain place, called the Bath,[1] in the county of Somerset, in Knightsbridge, in the county of Middlesex, in and upon the English language an assault did make, and then and there, with a certain weapon called a goose-quill, value one farthing, which you in your left hand then held, several very broad wounds but of no depth at all, on the said English language did make, and so you the said Col. Apol. the said English language did murder. To which the prisoner pleaded not guilty.

Several exceptions were taken to the indictment, as that the wounds were not described and the English language

[1] What if an obligation bear date at Bourdeaux, in France, where shall it be sued? Answer is made, it may be alleged in a certain place called Bourdeaux in France in Islington in the county of Middlesex. Co. Lyt. 261 *b*.

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was not said to have died, &c., but they were all overruled.

ANNE APPLEPIE, SWORN. The prisoner is my master. I have often seen him with a goose-quill in his hand, and a bottle full of liquor before him, into which he dipped the weapon, and then made several scratches on white paper, but with what design I can't tell. He would often ask me how I spelt several words, upon which I told him I had never been at school, and he answered, he had been at school, but had almost forgot what he learned there.

PRISONER. Have you not often seen me look in a book?

ANNE APPLEPIE. Yes, sir.

COURT. What book?

ANNE APPLEPIE. I can't read myself, but my master used to call it Bailey's Dicksnary.

At which there was a great laugh.

THOMAS TROTT, SWORN. An't please your honour, my lord, I lived with the prisoner several years. About four years ago, my master the prisoner, and I, were riding together towards the Bath. Tam, says my master, for so he used to call me, what dost think? Sir, says I, I can't tell. Why, says he, I am going to write my Life; dost think 'twill sell? Ay, be sure, sir, says I: for I had heard my fellow servants say, my master was a great writer, and Poet Horreat, which they said was the top poet in the kingdom. And so an't please your honour, my lord, as we jogged on, my master passing by a river, called to me, Tam, says he, dost thou see the exquisite sweet flowings of that water, so sweetly will my Life flow. These were his very words, but I little thought he meant any harm, though I did not understand him. And so, my lord, we came to an inn, and I observed the prisoner reading something that was written upon the window, and crying out, That will do, an excellent thing for my book, stap my vitals!

PRISONER. Did I not write something down in my pocket-book, at the same time?

THOMAS TROTT. You did so.

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PRISONER. You see, sir, what book was meant. It was my usual custom to collect those scattered pieces of wit, which, by repeating in company, I often gave a sparkling turn to the delicate adroitness of conversation; and sometimes by writing the same on other windows, I have transconveyed the fiery rays of a lucid understanding from one town to another.

THOMAS TROTT. I know no more of the matter, but that I heard among the neighbours t'other day, that my master had made a terrible business on't, and that he would be devilishly worked for it in the Champion.

Then J. Wetts, Mr. Leuis, and some others were sworn and brought the fact home on the prisoner, after which three numbers of the Champion were read, and the several quotations compared with the original.

COURT. Well, Mr. Col. Apol. what have you to say for yourself?

PRISONER. Sir, I am as innocent as the child which hath not yet entered into human nature of the fact laid to my charge. This accusation is the forward spring of envy of my laurel. It is impossible I should have any enmity to the English language, with which I am so little acquainted; if therefore I have struck any wounds into it, they have rolled from accident only. I confess in my book, that when I am warmed with a thought, my imagination is apt to run away with me, and make me talk nonsense. Besides, if the English language be destroyed, it ought not to be laid to my charge, since I can evidently demonstrate that other *literati* have used the said language more barbarously than I have. I desire a critical operator may be sworn.

A CRITIC SWORN. Sir, I can affirm on my oath, that the English language has had more violence done it by a very great and eminent physician, who is M.D. C.R. Ed.S. and F.R.S. than by the prisoner at the bar, for though the prisoner certainly left several sore places in it, yet in the condition he left it, it might be understood, and sometimes expressed itself with much vigour; but the M.D. &c. hath so mangled and mauled it, that when I came to examine

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the body, as it lay in sheets in a bookseller's shop, I found it an expiring heavy lump, without the least appearance of sense. I shall give you one instance, sir, of this barbarous treatment. "Perhaps the primitive animal body might consist of the first pure, specific and hallowed elements, harmoniously combined, and elegantly ranged in their original natures, of which our present patched gross bodies, are only the confused dense kind; as our present globe of earth, its water, salt, air, light and earth, are but probably the putrefied carcase of the primitive planet; but both may continue to have some remote analogy to one another, as a carcase hath to a living beauty, or an Egyptian mummy to a Cleopatra."[1] After this instance no one will I believe lay the murder of the English language to the prisoner's charge, since it may be more properly called the murder of the language to bring sentences together without any meaning, than to make their meaning obscure by any slip in grammar or orthography.

The prisoner then called several persons to his own and his book's character; as to his own they all gave him a very good one, and particularly a certain fat gentleman, who often told the court that he was a pleasant companion.

As to the book, they all agreed it was a very entertaining one; that several parts of it were really excellent, and that if he had not, from the warmth of his imagination, run into nonsense, nor, from the coldness of either his circumstances or his principles had crawled out of his way into politics, his book would have been perfect in its kind. That, even as it was, the author had discovered a genius, though he appears neither in his head or his heart to be much of a true Englishman.

The Captain then summed up the evidence, and, just before he concluded, Mrs. Joan whispered in his ear, that the Apology was ordered by the author to be twice advertised in the Champion, upon which the Captain, not from the motive of a bribe, but of the prisoner's submission to his correction, and likewise considering that he had stood already three

[1] See Cheyne's Philosophical Conjectures, Discourse the First, p. 8.

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times in the censorial pillory, and been well pelted, directed the jury in his favour, and they found it chance-medley.

Brass was then brought to the bar, but it being late, and his indictment so very long that it would have reached from Westminster to the Tower, his trial was deferred, and the court adjourned to the next day. But before they rose Dr. Cheyne's late book was ordered to be immediately taken into custody.

SATURDAY, *May* 24, 1740.

———" *Virgaque levem coerces*
Aurea turbam."—HORACE.

I TOOK up the other day one of Lucian's dialogues, in which that witty author introduces Charon addressing himself to several passengers, and representing to them the smallness of his boat, and the necessity of their leaving every thing behind them for want of room. Then Mercury proceeds to examine into the baggage of each individual, and obliges one to lay aside his beauty, another his riches, his pride, his cruelty, a third his honours, a fourth his delicacy, and thus having at length stripped them of all their vices and follies, he admits them into the boat.

The same evening I attended my wife Joan to the entertainment of Orpheus and Eurydice, where, among other very beautiful scenes, we were diverted with several prospects of hell. A scene which the ingenious Rich so constantly introduces in his performances, that my honest friend Leveredge hath been made a devil of for these twenty years last past. I will not examine whether the fire which is presented to the spectators be so proper to the poetical hell, since it hath been very excellently adapted to the season, and will, I suppose, be left off, when the summer requires an advertisement that care will be taken to keep the house cool.

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Whether the author I had read in the morning, or the exhibition I had seen in the evening, or both together, might occasion the following vision, I will not determine. But, on my retiring to rest, my fancy hurried me towards those regions I had seen represented, and I imagined myself on the banks of the river Styx, where Charon was just arrived with his boat from the infernal side of the river, and a great number of persons were crowding in order to get in.

The ferryman made much the same speech as he had made in Lucian, and Mercury (who always attends on these occasions) was desired to suffer no person to enter, unless stark naked.

A lady of no extraordinary beauty came forward and undrest with more readiness than I expected, but as she was stepping into the boat, Mercury stopped her and insisted on her *tête de mouton*. She begged heartily to retain it, but seeing Mercury, who was very obstinate, pull out a pair of scissors, she whipt it off herself, and discovered a crown shaved as close as a friar's.

The next who advanced was a beautiful young creature of about fifteen, so young that we were surprised to see her appear big with child; but more so when we found she had pulled off her clothes and her big belly together. Some body spoke to her on this occasion, and she answered, that it was the fashion for all young ladies to appear with child in the world she came from.

A fine young gentleman came next, he was mighty unwilling to strip, which we attributed to his affection for his clothes, which were a laced paduasoy; but, on his at last yielding to Mercury, we discovered another reason for his shyness.

Half-a-dozen officers presented themselves all together; on which account, I imagined, some battle had lately happened in the upper world, but was informed, that they had all died of a violent cold caught in an encampment.

A tall man came next, who stripped off an old grey coat with great readiness, but as he was stepping into the boat,

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Mercury demanded half his chin, which he utterly refused to comply with, insisting on it that it was all his own. On inquiry, I was told that he had been sent hither once or twice before by the pit. After a long dispute, Mercury bid him go back and be d—mned again; to which he answered, he would see him d—mned first.

Then approached a man with a very grave countenance, who, I observed, had shown much contempt for the gentleman last before mentioned, and indeed spoke very little to any of the company. Mercury assured him, that he would suffer no person to go aboard with that vast quantity of wisdom. A violent dispute arose, but the matter was soon compromised, and on his agreeing to put off his gravity, he was permitted to retain his wisdom.

Mercury now laid hold on a gentleman who was stepping in full drest, upon which he presently cried out "A breach of privilege;" but he was obliged to leave his clothes behind, as well as a large quantity of ayes and noes, which he carried at his fingers' ends. He was told he might have carried these over if they had been either in his head or heart.

The next passenger begged very heartily that he might be admitted to take a piece of ribbon along with him, as it was what he had valued more than his honour or his country. Mercury took pity on him, and told him though he was obliged to stop the ribbon itself, he would permit him to carry over all the merit of it.

A lady of a most austere countenance then addressed herself to Mercury, and protested that she would never part with her virtue, that she had preserved it without the least flaw for forty years in the upper regions, though she had had the misfortune to live in the impurest times, when women were grown so intolerably forward, that it was the most shocking thing in the world to—She was going on, when the examiner stopping her short, cried out, Take your virtue with you and be d—mned, but leave that horrible grim face behind.

She was no sooner past, than a most charming young creature

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came up, attended by a great number of beaus and smarts of all kinds. She dazzled the eyes of all her beholders, and mine among the rest: for I thought except my wife Joan in her prime, I had never seen any thing half so handsome. I expected, from what I had observed before, that she would have been obliged to part with her beauty, but was amazed to hear the gentleman with the winged heel demand only her innocence, which several women there assisted him in attempting to strip off; but all in vain, it stuck too close to her, and in spite of all their efforts, she took her place in the boat, where she shone with all the loveliness of innocence and beauty; and, as Dryden paints his Cleopatra, who resembled her in the latter only,

> "She cast a look so languishingly sweet,
> As if secure of all beholders' hearts
> Neglecting, she could take them———"

I was meditating on the hard fate which beauty generally meets with, when my eyes were diverted by an elderly gentleman with a piece of withered laurel on his head. As soon as he was stripped, we observed a little book which he had bound close to his heart. I read the words Love in a Riddle very plain, but he was obliged after many entreaties to leave it behind him. I was surprised to see him pass examination with his laurel on, and was assured by the standers by, that Mercury would have taken it off, if he had seen it.

A young man with a meagre aspect followed him, who as I heard, was the great Methodist. He was desired to lay aside that vast quantity of religion, but was some time obstinate, till he was at last prevailed on by several men in black, one of whom enlarged on the folly of being righteous overmuch. He then took his religion, and distributed it amongst all the black gentry, and they afterwards went all into the boat without any more interruption.

A bustling person came next, as naked, to my apprehension, as when he was born. However, he was refused admittance till he had taken off all his patriotism. He disputed a long

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time, and made no little noise, until Charon holloaing out to him, that he should have no place, while he kept the least part of it about him, he gave two or three hearty shakes, and immediately took his place.

A very awful personage now advanced. He had something in his air that commanded respect, and at the same time inspired you with love. He stripped himself with great readiness, not only of his clothes, but his titles, which he hung upon posts in imitation of the ancients. And being now as we thought naked, was going into the boat, when Mercury told him he was mistaken if he thought he had stripped himself of all. He required him therefore instantly to lay aside his honour and integrity. The hero (for so he seemed) turned round with a solemn disdain, and said he would rather stay on the shore to all eternity. This answer was received by all present with vast applause, and several who were before preparing themselves for the boat, turned about with him, and seemed resolved to keep him company.

Charon was now about to put off, when a huge mob called out to him. He answered he had not places for so many. They answered he must then turn out those he had already in the boat. I was impatient to know who these were who came laden with a vast quantity of papers, which they insisted that Charon should take aboard, and that a gentleman who was coming would pay for their passage. Mercury at last growing angry, took up the papers, and threw them into the air; the wind soon wafted them, like feathers over the water, and the bearers were at length pacified by an assurance that they should find them again on the other side. I thought as they flew aloft, I could plainly read the words Gazetteer and Freeman.

A very fat gentleman then approached with a vast attendance, and began to strip, which he had presently accomplished, his titles and dignities falling all off with the greatest ease. He was no sooner naked, than all his retinue immediately ran away from him, some of them bearing off his spoils along with them. Mercury was very curious concerning a hole in his breast, lest he should conceal any prohibited goods therein,

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but the gentleman protested that he had nothing there but his heart, which had been lately taken out and dissected, as well as his head, which I observed looked in a very sorry condition. He was then bid to put off his generosity, of which they told me he had a vast quantity; but on Mercury's taking away his fear, his generosity immediately burst with a vast crack, and dissipated itself into the air, leaving a great stink behind it. Charon called to Mercury to take particular care that he laid aside his politics, upon which Mercury searched his hands, being, it seems, the present seat of politics, when a bank bill was found fast inclosed in his fist, which he begged very heartily to carry over, it being, as he said, his intention to bribe the devil. When all his entreaties were vain, he offered Mercury part, which he resenting as an affront, thrust him headlong into the boat. I then jumped in upon him, with design to lend a hand to row him over, when the boat, which was over-loaded, sunk down, and the shrieks of the passengers, together with my apprehension of the water, put an end to my vision.

SATURDAY, *May* 31, 1740.

"*Olim* truncus *eram ficulnus, inutile lignum,*
Cùm faber, incertus scab *num faceretne Priapum,*
Maluit esse deum."[1]—HORACE.

A CERTAIN minister once having mounted his pulpit, began in this manner. In the fifth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, and part of the first verse you will find it

[1] "Scamnum. *Ita editiones et codices, quos viderim, Omnes. Perperam tamen et perabsurdum. Nemo quisquam mihi persuaserit aut Horatium hæc Scripturum fuisse, aut amicos queis recitabat, tam facile condonaturos. Insulsum quippe τὸ ἀντίθετον, non enim opponitur ullo modo τῷ Priapo scamnum, nam si dicas hoc in hortis, illo in domibus usui esse, plane nihil ad rem, nisi scamnum futile quoddam esset et ad rem domesticam minus utile. Hoc mendum, licet omnes interpretes, summo quidem cum silentio, prætermiserint,* (*subolentibus forsan nonnullis, Bentleii saltem emunctis naribus*) *levissima mutatione, nempe unius literulæ, castigatum erit. Repone igitur*

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thus written: "It is reported commonly that there is fornication among you." The whole congregation were alarmed, and several virtuous ladies began to be in fear for their friends and neighbours, when lo, to the great surprise and ease of his hearers, the doctor confined himself only to one word in his text, and enlarged only on the nature of a report, without mentioning another word of fornication. So the learned reader will perhaps expect from my motto, a serious essay on the freaks of fortune, who confers not only riches, but power and even honours with the same caprice, and on as sorry sticks of wood as the artificer above, where Horace introduces the statue of Priapus giving the following account of himself: "I was formerly the trunk of an old fig tree, a very sorry stick of wood; the artificer a long time doubted whether he should make a joint-stool of me, or a Priapus, until at last my good fortune determined him to convert me into a deity."

But it is not my present purpose to enter into this course of speculation; and I shall confine myself like the preacher above mentioned, to one single word in my motto; namely, *truncus*, in English, a trunk. Nor will the reader, I hope, despise my subject when he considers that one of the greatest geniuses of our age hath condescended to write an essay on a broomstick.

The ancients held the trunk of a tree in such great veneration, that they believed every tree had an Hamadryad, or sacred nymph, which was coeval with it. Of this superstition Natalis Comes, in the fifth book of his Mythology, tells us two stories; namely, of one Rhæcus, and the father of Parebius, the former of which was rewarded for piously preserving a tree; and the son of the latter paid the price of his father's folly, who cut one down, notwithstanding the

refragrantibus et reclamantibus quantum queant et scriptis et editis scab *num, et sententiæ hæc erit ratio. Faber incertus erat num faceret ex me* scab *faceretne Priapum. Ubi* scab *pro* scabrum*; ut noster* sat *pro* satis; *Carm.* 2, 19. et *nos* Cantab *pro* Cantabrigiensis *usurpamus:* scabrum *porro noster epist.* 1. 7. *in eodem sensu habet. At hic substantivi, Græco more, vi potitur. Hinc angli, a* scab. *A* shab, *i.e.* a paltry fellow."—CUNNINGMANNUS.

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entreaties of the poor nymph to the contrary. Nay, there are some remains of this superstition even at this day: for it hath been observed, that those rash young fellows, who are too apt to lay the axe to the root seldom come to a good end; on which account several prudent fathers inhibit their sons from the privilege of cutting down a stick. My worthy friend P——r W——rs, Esq., is so zealously attached to the Hamadryads, that I have heard him say, he looks on rows of fine oaks to be a vast ornament to the land whereon they grow: for which reason, not only those nymphs, but the Dryads, the Oreades, the Napiæ, and the Limoniades, are so much his friends, that when he gets into their neighbourhood, it is seldom long before they deliver themselves up to his possession.

The oaks or trunks of Dodona are well known in history. They were supposed vocal, of which Mr. Pope in his notes on the fourteenth Odyssey says, "He doubts not but this was an illusion of those who gave out the oracles to the people. They concealed themselves within the cavities (the trunks) of the oaks, and imposing by this method on the superstition and credulity of those ages, persuaded the world that the gods gave a voice and utterance to the oaks." He hath a note in the sixteenth book of the Iliad of much the same kind, which ends with this observation, "That it is a practice which the pious frauds of succeeding ages have rendered not improbable."

I have often thought the superstition of the Hamadryads must have very strongly prevailed among the Romans, or Virgil would never have introduced the story of Polydorus into his Æneid; which a reader, who is not a heathen, cannot esteem one of the greatest beauties in that immortal poem, as it suits better with the extravagance of the Metamorphoses, than the sober dignity of the Æneid.

There are many instances of the respect which the moderns pay to trunks. The great judge of dramatic poetry, formerly when plays were acted here, was called the Trunk Acorn, from an oaken cudgel which he had in his hand, with which he used to signify his applause: his name was afterwards

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corrupted into Trunk Acre, and thence into Trunk Maker. Nor is it a small evidence of our great respect for trunks, that we call that machine which is of the last and greatest importance to every commonwealth by the name of the tree. But the greatest instance of this religious adoration, is the attributing the name of trunk to the principal and most dignified part of the human body, namely, the belly, or the habitation of the guts, which is called by all writers the trunk of the human body.

And here I shall take an opportunity to offer my conjectures on a passage in Montaigne, which I believe many of his readers have misunderstood. That writer in the twenty-second chapter of his first book, among other very strange customs which he there reports of several nations, tells us: "That there are a people, where (his wife and children excepted) no one speaks to the king but through a trunk." This trunk is, I believe, generally imagined to have been a hollow stick of wood through which the voice was conveyed as through a speaking trumpet; but this would have had too violent an impulse on the royal tympanum. Mr. Warburton imagines that this trunk was the vehicle in which remonstrances and petitions were sent enclosed, and the key probably delivered to the Prime Minister. Mr. Tibbuld conjectures that the trunk means the Prime Minister himself, who might be called a trunk,[1] as he might peradventure be the keeper of the king's treasures, and men were said to convey their messages to majesty through him, as he possibly was the only person who could approach his sovereign. I was long at a loss what to make of this passage, until after much reading upon and in trunks, I at last, by mere good luck, met with an old picture, with which I shall present the reader, and which I think perfectly well explains the method of application intended by Montaigne. This trunk then was a piece of wood made somewhat like the form of a human body, and much larger than the life; that part of it where the head should have been, reached up to a great ear, behind which the king either was, or was

[1] Q. If it should not be strong box?

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supposed to be; to the lower part of the trunk, (namely, that which clowns tell you, you may repair to, when you say any thing they don't like) all persons applied. Thus *a* represents the great ear; *b* the body of the trunk; *c* the place of application; *d* a gentleman or nobleman applying; *e* those who wait until it comes to their turn.[1]

I shall not trouble the reader with any attempts to discover what nation is here meant. Mr. Cotton in his translation (for I have not the French by me) expresses himself in the present tense, so that the custom appears to have been extant when Montaigne wrote, nor shall I examine whether it be spoken literally or only figuratively, of some enslaved people, by that author. But I must take notice, that it was one of the cunningest inventions to engross the royal power to himself, which could have been possibly imagined by any minister, who, by conveying himself into the guts of this monstrous trunk, might discharge what he pleased into the mouths of his petitioners, and, at the same time, impose on them a belief that it came from his master, and thus those great persons whom Montaigne in the very preceding page, informs us, used to stoop to take up the royal ordure in a linen cloth, probably carried nothing better than plain ministerial about them, since the minister probably discharged in this manner all the honours and wealth of his country. I shall conclude with observing, that we have among us many phrases, pointing at the antiquity of this custom. Such are the name of a gold-finder, sh—n luck is good luck. And lastly, the idea annexed to the words a sh———n fellow, meaning one who would apply for fortune to the vilest part of the vilest trunk.

[1] The letters refer to a very rough caricature which it has not seemed desirable to reproduce.

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SATURDAY, *June* 7, 1740.

"*Respondesne tuo, dic sodes, nomine.*"—HORACE.

THERE is nothing more ridiculous than the superstition concerning names. I have already mentioned the foolish fondness which we are apt to entertain for our own, and the weak desire of immortalising them; nor is the antipathy, which history acquaints us, that men have often taken to names, less absurd. The Romans, to express their detestation of Antoninus Heliogabalus, made a law that no succeeding emperor should be called Antoninus; and on the death of Harry IV. of France, the family of Ravaillac were obliged to change that name, which was so odious in France, that a writer of that king's history, whom I have read, never once mentions it, but when he speaks of that assassin, does it only by the appellation of *le scélérat*, or other terms of reproach.

Very grave authors have condescended to remarks on this head, which might make a reader even of a saturnine complexion smile. I remember to have somewhere seen an observation, that Rome, which was at its height of splendour in the reign of Augustus, fell to decay under Augustulus; and that Constantinople was both built and lost by a Constantine.

The good women who quarrel about particular names at a christening, some contending to give this, some that to a child, as it belongs to themselves, as they approve its sound, as some wearer of it in the same family hath been lucky, or other good reason, little know that they have no less an authority than Pliny the Elder in their favour, who seriously advises parents to give pretty names to their children.

Montaigne tells us, "That every nation hath certain names, that (says he), I know not why, are taken in no good sense, as with us, John, William, and Benoist. In the genealogy of princes, also there seems to be certain names fatally affected, as the Ptolemies of Egypt, the Henries of England, the

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Charleses of France, the Baldwins of Flanders, and the Williams of our ancient Aquitain."

Perhaps an English reader will not agree with this instance in the Henries, as we had but two very miserable kings out of eight, which is pretty fair; but as to his observation of the general dislike which some nations have for particular names, it is most certainly founded on truth, though he doth not give himself the trouble to examine into the reason of it, which is not, I apprehend, as some think, from any greater agreement, that certain sounds bear with this than that language, nor from any of the other chimerical reasons ludicrous persons assign; but it is, indeed, because the name hath been made odious by some person who hath borne it, and hath transmitted it to posterity with his iniquity annexed.

I shall give instances of this in several particular names, nor do I doubt but the reader, who may be perhaps the innocent proprietor of any name here mentioned, will be of my opinion.

The first I shall mention is Thomas. It is, I believe, pretty certain, that there hath been formerly some very remarkable silly fellow of this appellation, whence this name is transmitted to posterity with no great honour. Witness Tom Fool, Tom Dingle, Cousin Tom, Silly Tom, and the application of it to the most insignificant of birds, namely, a Tom Tit.

The idea annexed to Charles gives us reason to apprehend that some very brave and bold fellow (long before the days of Charles the Bold) whose history our Saxon ancestors have not recorded, was so called. The learned Lyttleton, in that excellent Collection of Antiquity, which he places at the end of his Dictionary, derives it from Kerl or Carl, an ancient word, says he, by which robust and brave fellows were called. His Greek derivation from κῆρ ὅλος, or a fellow that is all heart, notwithstanding the affinity of the sound, doth not please me, as I find no such name among the Greeks, and our ancestors were not so universally acquainted as we at present are with that language.

By the name with which we have christened that dancing light which constantly deceives and leads people out of their

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way, I mean a will with a whisp, which the great N. B. Philol tells us is evaporated out of a fat soil, we may conclude that some very light insignificant fellow was formerly known by that appellation, famous, it is probable, for tricking and deceit. The aforesaid Philol would persuade us, that he had something warlike about him; for he derives the name of William from Guild Helm, harnessed with a guilded helmet, or Wiol Helm, the shield or defence of many; or rather, that wanted the shield or defence of many. Though, if I might offer my conjecture, I should rather choose to derive it from violin, which might probably typify some nonsensical, talkative fellow, who abounded much in sound; or might allude to some one who might not improperly be played upon with a good stick.

As to the name Robin or Robert; for they are much confounded. The many observations, which might be made on this name would incline one to believe there had been several famous persons of it, who gave rise to them. Or if they all took their rise from one, it might be said of this one, what Mr. Dryden remarks of Zimri—

> "A man so various, that he seem'd to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

For first in cookery, there is a sauce called Robert's Sauce, which is made of onion, mustard, butter, pepper, salt, and vinegar. Hence we may imagine there was some person of the name of Robert, that represented a strange kind of composition made up of repugnant ingredients.

There is likewise another performance in cookery, which goes by the name of a Round Robin, and seems to point out the figure of some Robin of antiquity.

Sir William Davenant and Mr. Dryden in their alteration of Macbeth record another sort of Robin,

> "Liar Robin,
> You must bob in,"

alluding to a very ill quality in a gentleman of that appellation.

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The diminutive of this word carries likewise no good meaning: for first, the expression of Tag Rag and Bobtail which mean the most abandoned and profligate mob, insinuate that some ancient Robin was the head of a gang of thieves. Moreover, to bob signifies to cheat, and a dry bob, a taunt or scoff, according to the Philol, nor hath the last any good meaning in other authors.

Whether all these proceeded from the famous Robin Hood, whose story is too well known to need repetition; or whether Robin Hood himself was not christened from his iniquity, I shall not venture to determine, any more than I shall whether robbery came from Robin, or Robin from robbery: though I must observe my Lord Coke's derivation of robbery from *robaria*, proves the word no more to be of Latin extract, than if he having called all ale, *all ala*, it would have proved that the Latins drank that liquor.

The proverb, That many talk of Robin Hood who never shot in his bow, is well known; but there is another mentioned by the learned Philol, of most mysterious signification. I shall give the proverb and the comment in his own words.

ROBIN HOOD'S PENNYWORTHS.

"This proverb is usually applied to such as having gotten any thing dishonestly, sell it at a price much below its value; according to the proverb, Lightly come, lightly go; and Robin Hood is alluded to, because, being an expert archer, and so coming easily by it, he could afford to sell venison as cheap as pork or beef; according to the Latin and Greek proverbs." Which are literally rendered gold for brass.

This proverb may likewise be applied to those who shared part of Robin Hood's plunder, which probably they squandered in as ridiculous, as they had received it in an odious manner. Or it may squint at those to whom he returned part of what he had stolen, and perhaps made them pay twice the value of it another way.

Before I dismiss Robin Hood, I shall take off a vile

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appellation, which hath been given by some people of late years, to the most useful and valuable of all His Majesty's subjects, I mean the merchants of London, namely, that of Sturdy Beggars; whereas it appears by my Lord Coke's 3 Institut. fol. 197 in his chapter of Roberdsmen,[1] that Sturdy Beggars, Ribauds and Roberdsmen were all one and the same persons; against whom there was a petition to the king, in the 50th of Edward III.

I shall mention but one instance more concerning the name of Robin, and that is taken from a bird called a robin redbreast; of which some superstitiously hold, that, let it do what mischief it will, it is not to be hurt. Whence this absurd opinion arose, I cannot assert; but if it be as mischievous a bird as some say it is, I should certainly be as willing to twist off its neck, as that of any other vermin.

We intended to have gone through more names, but our paper will not at present permit the farther prosecution of this subject, it must be therefore referred to some other opportunity. And we hope that learned and useful body, the R—— S——y, will be pleased to accept of what we have already with great labour fished out of the bottomless pool of antiquity, and enroll in the number of their members their humble servant, Hercules Vinegar.

TUESDAY, *June* 10, 1740.

———"*Insuevit pater optimus hoc me,*
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando."—HORACE.

THERE are few finer sentiments in Terence, than that which he puts into the mouth of Demea, in the 3rd Act of the

[1] The gang of the infamous Robin Hood were first so called, and hence the name became general to any set of thieves or rascals.

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Adelphi; where the old gentleman, giving an account of the education of his son, says,

> "*Inspicere, tanquam in speculum, in vitas omnium*
> *Jubeo: atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.*"

I order him to consult the lives of men, as a looking-glass, and to set his conduct by the example of others. The pleasant parody of the facetious Mr. Syrus on this occasion would not be borne by the nicety of our modern critics; and, to confess the truth, I think it an instance, even in that chaste writer, of bringing in a jest at any rate; a fault into which many dramatic poets have fallen.

Indeed nothing can be juster than Demea's observation, nor less deserves to be ridiculed; the force of example is infinitely stronger, as well as quicker, than precept; for which Horace assigns this reason, That our eyes convey the idea more briskly to the understanding than our ears. I shall venture to carry this speculation a little farther, and to assert that we are much better and easier taught by the examples of what we are to shun, than by those which would instruct us what to pursue; which opinion, if not new, I do not remember to have seen accounted for, though the reason is perhaps obvious enough, and may be, that we are more inclined to detest and loath what is odious in others, than to admire what is laudable.

Not to mention the trite story of the Lacedemonians, who exhibited drunken slaves to their children, I cannot pass by that of the old harper, who, as Pausanias informs us, sent his scholars often to hear a very sorry scraper, his neighbour, that they might by those means entertain an abhorrence of discord, and ill music. A method, which, I apprehend, had more effect on them than the enchanting harmony of Handel's compositions would have produced, if that great man had enjoyed the use of speech two thousand years ago.

I have heard of an old gentleman, who, to preserve his son from conversing with prostitutes, took him, when very young, to the most abandoned brothels in this town, and to

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so good purpose, that the young man carried a sound body into his wife's arms at eight and twenty.

Perhaps, I may be told with a sneer, that these wretched scenes have not always the same effect; and it may be, I believe, necessary for a young man to have his monitor with him, to prevent his being cheated with the outward and false appearance of gaiety and pleasure. On which account, I esteem the ingenious Mr. Hogarth as one of the most useful satirists any age hath produced. In his excellent works you see the delusive scene exposed with all the force of humour, and, on casting your eyes on another picture, you behold the dreadful and fatal consequence. I almost dare affirm that those two works of his, which he calls the Rake's and the Harlot's Progress, are calculated more to serve the cause of virtue, and for the preservation of mankind, than all the folios of morality which have been ever written; and a sober family should no more be without them, than without the Whole Duty of Man in their house.

Can there be a more instructive lesson against that abominable and pernicious vice, ambition, than the sight of a mean man, raised by fortunate accidents and execrable vices to power, employing the basest measures and the vilest instruments to support himself; looked up to only by sycophants and slaves and sturdy beggars,[1] wretches whom even he must in his heart despise in all their tinsel; looked down upon, and scorned and shunned by every man of honour, nay, by every man of sense, and those whom his rotten, rancorous heart must, in spite of himself, reluctantly admire; who knows that he is justly hated by his whole country, who sees and feels his danger; tottering, shaking, trembling; without appetite for his dainties, without abilities for his women, without taste for his elegances, without dignity in his robes, without honour from his titles, without authority from his power, and without ease in his palace, or repose in his bed of down. If such an idea can make us

[1] Another name for Roberdsmen.

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nauseate ambition, I believe if we turn over the pages of our history we shall find such examples.

Since then it is so wholesome a lesson to show us what we ought not to do, or what we ought not to be, might we not instruct our youth much better by example than precept? I am convinced, schools might be so contrived that our children should be educated in better principles than at present, and a very large expense of birch saved to the nation.

Suppose, for instance, a school was instituted, of which the master should get drunk twice or thrice a week, or oftener if he pleased, and expose himself to the scholars. This vice, in a person of such dignity, would appear infinitely more odious than in a common servant or slave.

To make his scholars sensible of the contempt a man justly incurs by being absolutely governed by his wife, it might not be amiss that the master should sometimes be laid on a bench in the school, and receive five or six gentle lashes on his posteriors from his consort: which would probably have the same effect on the master himself, as he had felt from chastising the same part in a beautiful youth, an exercise, however, not to be entirely omitted by him; for he should sometimes flay a poor boy or charity scholar, to show his pupils the baseness of insulting over their inferiors in fortune.

Every master (if he could afford it) should keep some worthless fellow for an usher or deputy, who should set the master against the best of his boys, place the most illiterate blockheads at the head of the school, discourage learning, laugh at virtue, and, to finish all, keep a correspondence with the usher of another school, from whom he should receive pay, to sacrifice his own master and scholars. These examples would instruct the boys, by showing them the detestable colours of all villainy and knavery in life.

Examples of all the other vices might be exposed in the same manner, from which, besides other advantages, persons might be kept in countenance in the disposal of the government of great schools, since a good-for-nothing fellow

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might be then said to be preferred to it strictly for his merit.

And, as it may be necessary to breed up our youth in the principles of good Englishmen, for, *nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via*, 'Tis never too late to learn, nor to teach; an early abhorrence of bribery may be instilled into them, by instituting the following play, viz. two of the most learned, and two of the most illiterate should be candidates for the laurel. The learned boys should depend on their merit, but the other two should distribute a great number of marbles, balls, tops, or other playthings amongst the electors, by which the latter should carry the point, and be hoisted into the school upon two joint-stools on the shoulders of their school fellows.

I know but one objection to this scheme of education, which is, that if our youth were bred in this manner, they would probably be so virtuous as to look on their ancestors in a very contemptible light: but whether this is not better than that all other nations should look on them so, I submit to my readers.

When the age of school is over, boys may be instructed by examples according to the state or calling in life, for which they are designed. Perhaps they may see some little of what they ought to avoid in the learned professions. Indeed such youths as are bred up to be prime ministers, are unfortunate in this respect, as they can only be furnished with the admirable; but this disadvantage may be somewhat compensated, by diligently reading the Gazetteers, wherein some principles may be found; which persons, educated to be staunch Englishmen, may think (as Shakespeare says) best honoured in the neglect.

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THURSDAY, *June* 12, 1740.

"*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.*"—VIRGIL.

WHEN first I communicated my design of taking up the pen to my bookseller, who is a man of much knowledge in his profession, he shook his head, and answered me, "Ah! sir, there are a great many papers in the world already." He is a close person, and of very few words: for which reason all who know him catch eagerly hold of every thing he delivers, which, as it is often as obscure, so we treat it with the reverence of an oracle.

In the same manner I behaved to him on this occasion. I asked him, "If he thought there was any extraordinary merit in any," he answered, "No." "Do you imagine it impossible to excel them?" "No." "Is there so much weight in prepossession and favour? And are some of them so well established in the opinions of the people?" "You have it."

Indeed, I have had reason to admire the sagacity of his observation; for we were a long time in the world before we were taken much notice of, and the London and General Evening Post, two papers of most extraordinary merit, were read in many coffee houses, where the Champion's name was never heard of.

However, notwithstanding this prejudice, and notwithstanding an opposition which was carried on in the most unprecedented, and by the meanest methods, such as desiring coffee houses not to take our paper in, dealing with hawkers not to spread it through the town, and, if asked, to deny there was any such paper extant, of which we have many proofs, with many other excellent devices known only to the adepts of the present age; notwithstanding all these, we have at length arrived at a success and reputation which may justly make us vain, and which (after returning thanks to our readers for it) we do assure them we shall endeavour more and more to deserve.

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When I look back on the precipice of oblivion (if I may so call it) whence this paper so narrowly escaped (our little stock being at one time almost exhausted), I must own myself in a more than ordinary manner elated with my present good fortune: for, besides the discouragements I have before mentioned, the difficulty of pleasing all palates will be easily acknowledged, not only by those who have attempted it, but even by such sensible persons as will give themselves the trouble of reflecting on it: for first, a cursed spirit of indignation rages against every writer before he hath established a reputation. Another obstruction is, the great difference of opinion concerning all works of wit and humour, so that there is nothing truer than Shakespeare's observation in his Love's Labour's Lost,

> "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
> Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
> Of him that makes it."

Thus we often hear one gentleman expressing himself with a "most exquisitely good, most inimitably fine indeed;" and another presently after, laying down the same treatise, and crying out, "What cursed stuff is here!" Thus the audience at a play-house are something divided about what is low,[1] and the critics on Homer, Virgil, Milton, and Pope, have been at variance concerning what is high. Thus the characters of several authors, and of particular works, have been controverted through ages; and I have heard the divine translation of the Iliad, which I have lately with no disadvantage to the translator compared with the original, censured for too much deviation, by some good scholars, whose knowledge in the Greek hath been unluckily a little deficient in the alphabet of that language.

But the greatest difficulty with which a miscellaneous author must struggle, is the variety of his readers' palates. If he be serious, one half of his readers cry he is dull; if ludicrous, the other half call him ridiculous, foolish, farcical.

[1] A word much used in the theatre, but of such uncertain signification, that I could never understand the meaning of it.

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All persons moreover are desirous to be entertained with what they are most conversant with and best understand. I believe I have, since my undertaking this province, received advertisements from every order and profession among us, reproving me for not taking more notice of them: from all which, I have the pleasure of observing the particular bent which at present governs among them. Thus the ladies, who reprehend me for not sufficiently inspecting the several assemblies (most of them at present *sub dio*) of the polite persons of both sexes, all wonder I do not censure the men for making so much noise about a woman, who hath no other charms, at first sight, than the most beautiful face, and one of the finest persons in the world. Letters in a military style and spelling accuse me of taking too little notice of cockades, lace, and hats and feathers. Several intimations are likewise received, (from what corner I know not, not from a religious one; for there is not a word of religion mentioned,) that the land tax falls too heavy on the clergy. Nor can I omit a letter from a country gentleman, who sends me word he is busy in making interest against the next election, and wonders, I never take an opportunity of informing the country of the number of employments in the court and revenue, with their several salaries and perquisites.

I have two epistles by the same post, the one dated from Oxford, the other from Cambridge, which when I opened and saw the word Greek written in a very distinguishable manner, I apprehended I should be desired to insert frequent quotations from that language; but, to my surprise, I was only earnestly entreated never to put any Greek words in my paper without translating them, kindly assuring me in a postscript, which I had well nigh overlooked, that those learned bodies did not require me to sacrifice my whole paper to their use.

If my reader already should think me exposed to some hardship, what opinion will he be of, when he considers, that as all professions seldom talk, so they seldom desire to hear of any thing besides themselves; and at the same time are

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all so involved in mysteries, that what we write of each particular profession will be unintelligible to all besides the members thereof: for instance, in physic [1] "The solids (which concentred, consolidated and condensed into their real or first formation, size, would not equal a grain of sand) are permanent and durable, and continue pretty much in that state of elasticity and firmness they were first created with; and they are strong or weak, small or coarse, firm or lax, loose or elastic, blunt or sharp, as they were first made by the Supreme artificer, or are altered somewhat by the original dyscrasy or distempers of the parents. The mother can only mend or spoil their juices, which might be easily perfected by long continuance of a sweetening diet, during their younger days; which, if they survive, they generally grow stronger as they grow older, become the genii and the governors of the world, because the solids thus purified come from the father alone, and continue much the same all the time of their duration on this globe, except so far as the small temporary and fugitive alteration that diet, exercise, or evacuation, or mild, ponderous medicines, long continued, may make on them," &c.[2] Now all this may be sense for aught I know, but it can be only understood by a physician. Again, in natural (or, as our author calls it, conjectural) philosophy. "This spiritual animal body, at first divinely organised, may be rolled up, folded together, and contracted in this present state of its duration, into an infinitely small *punctum saliens*, into a miniature of a miniature, *in infinitum*, lodged in the loins of the male of all animals, (so it is highly probable the female was but a secondary intention or a buttress to a falling edifice) and proceeding in a diverging series, and progressive gradation, that in due time it may be fit to be nourished, and increased by the juices of the proper female, and thereby enabled to bear the coarseness and injuries of this ruinous globe, and gross element to which it is condemned for a

[1] This is not the beginning of the sentence, nor can we well tell which is, there being almost two pages from one full stop to the next.

[2] Cheyne's Practical Essay on the Regimen of Diet, p. 3.

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certain period."[1] This is a tid bit for a philosophical palate only. I could give other instances in other sciences; but I believe it already apparent, that I can oblige but one set of my readers at a time by meddling with the sciences.

In politics, I am no less at a loss: for, while some of my correspondents furnish me with essays, which would be in no wise relished in Westminster Hall, others advise me to let politics entirely alone, adding that the post is a more expeditious way of travelling for my papers than a waggon or a stage coach.

I take the opportunity to assure my readers, all possible care shall be used to please them all; but if at any time by obliging one individual, or a particular set of correspondents, or by complying with the earnest request of any one who is ambitious to entertain the public in our paper, we should be unintelligible, or appear dull to our readers in general; we hope they will pardon us, though they should, now and then, not taste our essay, as it may be compared to an eleemosynary bottle given by the master of the house; and they will be sure to find in the body of this paper a little better entertainment than in those of our cotemporaries.

Lastly, as to politics, our readers are to regard them as their physic, not their food; and they may be assured Dr. Lilbourne will dose them as often as it is requisite. He likewise gives them notice, that he is preparing a grand nostrum to be taken by the whole nation before the next election.

[1] Id. Philos. Conject. on the Original Animal Body, p. 7.

THE END.

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